MOROCCO THE BIZARRE

GEORGE EDMUND HOLT

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MOROCCO THE BIZARRE

A LIVING MOORISH SAINT. *Frontispiece.*

MOROCCO
THE BIZARRE

OR

LIFE IN SUNSET LAND

BY

GEORGE EDMUND HOLT

AMERICAN VICE AND DEPUTY CONSUL-GENERAL TO MOROCCO, 1907-1909; ACTING CONSUL-GENERAL, 1909-1911; AMERICAN MEMBER COMMISSION D'HYGIENE DE TANGER, 1908; AMERICAN MEMBER INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC WORKS FOR MOROCCO, 1909 AND 1910; OF COMMITTEE ON AWARDS IN GENERAL AND COMMITTEE ON TARIFF, 1910

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TO MY WIFE

JENNIE B. HOLT

In memory of the charm of Al Moghreb al-Acksa—Sunset Land.

In memory of full days on the long trail and the moonlight flooding the purple Anghera hills.

In memory of sweet-scented orange groves, and the harbour-song of the sea, and the low-hanging stars.

In memory of those who with me have heard the kindly voice of Morocco, and have understood its joy and its sorrow.

Baltimore, Maryland, 1914.

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CHAPTER I

TANGIER: THE CITY WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men.—KIPLING.

FOLLOW the red lines representing the routes of the transatlantic liners plying between New York and Gibraltar, move your pencil an eighth of an inch due south from "The Rock," and it will rest upon a tiny black dot marked "Tangier." The Orient has many so-called gateways, and of these Tangier is the nearest to the Occident. One may enter through others—Algiers, Tripoli, Tunis, Cairo—but nowhere will one find a truer East than that offered by Morocco. During the two hours occupied in crossing from Gibraltar to Tangier, one passes from the twentieth century to the tenth, from West to East, from present to past. There is, as Pierre Loti says, "a white shroud which comes over one, stopping all the stress of modern life: the ancient shroud of Islam."

We are in a new world, a new humanity. One plunges blindly into the midst of a civilization which has not changed perceptibly since the days of Moses. From the first moment the Occidental finds himself striking against a stone wall of Oriental philosophy

and humour and religion and deceit, and a few other things which do not enter largely into our own everyday life.

Geographically a part of Morocco, the city of Tangier is not recognized by the Moorish body politic as a part proper of the Shareefian Empire, and actually is left out of certain maps. It is a city apart. By becoming the home of the foreign diplomatic and consular representatives, and of so many other "infidels," it has lost caste—expatriated itself as it were. The point of all the world where East comes closest to West, it illustrates the eternal truth of the contention that never the twain shall meet. Between East and West there is no similarity of ideas or ideals, none of that subtle *entente* which unites the Christian world despite every misunderstanding. To the East, the Occidental is an intelligent—sometimes an exceedingly intelligent—and powerful animal, to be classed with other animals and treated like them, as far as possible. Which, after all, is not far different from the Occidental opinion of the Oriental!

The Moors possess a civilization founded unalterably upon the Koran, which, although five hundred years behind that of Europe, very well fills the requirements of a nation permeated with religious doctrine and fanaticism, and simple in its demands. To understand why the Moor prefers the crude wooden plough, hewn from the crotch of a tree, to those of iron and steel which civilization offers him; to comprehend why the Moroccan native would rather drive his camel or mule through a stream than over a bridge, is, to the Christian foreigner, more difficult than to realize that he is looked upon by the ignorant Moor as a victim of circumstances, as a sacrifice to a civilization that leaves him time neither

TANGIER.

for thought, kindness, nor religious reflection, and which drives him to ignore his gods, such as they may be.

It is not within the power of our understanding to realize that it is of more importance to the Moroccan Mohammedan to abide by the laws of the Koran in regard to bathing, and splash water no more and no less than three times upon each leg or arm, than to learn the mysteries of a checking account at La Banque d'État, and have a snug sum on deposit therein. It is equally beyond the mental powers of the Moor to understand the Christian who has no *mueddin*, no call for the worship of God to answer. So, in the final equation, we are none of us gods, and all of us men, and black ignorance imbues us from Patagonia to the humanity-washed shores of the most civilized of cities, which is the way of the Conglomerate God.

Tangier, besides being the home of the infidel, is a show-town, and to it come the Baedeker-bound tourists, loud-voiced, and inordinately proud of their ignorance. The tourist has caused to exist a class of Tangerine society unknown before his advent—a class including guides, hotel touts, messengers, runners for curio shops. Their one business is to pander to the gamut of desires expressed, either in words or actions, by the visitor, whether it be the purchase of a cup of coffee or a sight of girls dancing in bath attire.

Perhaps the Moor and Jew are justified in looking upon the visitor to Morocco as legitimate plucking. I know that they consider all foreigners as scum of an unhallowed earth, without brains and without respect for their gods, with nothing more than money to make up for the lack of all these things.

So, mayhap, we should be looked upon as fish entering the net. Not to say that the Moroccan of the guide-hotel-tout-messenger class confines himself to the extraction of financial feathers from the tail of the Christian : he will render the same service to his own countrymen or fellow-Mohammedan just as quickly—if he can. Which reminds me of a tale of the Ameer Shafeek.

The Ameer was a Turkish prince who, at the time of the "Young Turk" uprising, was sent away from Turkey by his family physician for a change of climate, the temperature being high in that country. Wherefore he came to Tangier. Arriving upon an earlier boat than he had intended taking, he found no one to meet him at the landing-stage, and so employed a sagacious guide by the name of El Larabi (Beloved of Allah, or something of the sort) to take him to the Hotel Sevilla. The way from the landing-stage to the hotel requires perhaps ten minutes of ordinary walking ; but this the Prince knew not. Therefore El Larabi, Beloved of Allah, induced him to engage two mules, upon which they rode off. Three hours later they reached the hotel, and the Shafeek, probably more weary than ever before in his indolent and pampered life, was glad to seek a bed and to delay all questions until the morrow. The following day he discovered that he had been "guided" entirely about the city, out into the country beyond it, and then had re-entered through the gate nearest the landing-stage—when the Beloved of Allah had tired of riding. Half of what the Ameer paid for the mules went into El Larabi's pocket, of course, to swell the fee he had secured for guiding the Ameer to his hotel.

The average tourist is utterly overwhelmed at

the confusion encountered at the landing-stage, and is apt to think that a revolution is in progress, or that he has fallen among Ali Baba and his forty thieves. The latter may be a conjecture more or less near the truth, but the confusion is in no wise extraordinary; it maintains from sunrise to sunset because of the fact that the pier is the gateway through which pass all tourists coming or going. And where passes the tourist there is money to be earned, begged, or stolen.

But the natives who cluster on the pier, like flies on the edge of a honey-pot, in all sooth are harmless enough, and compare favourably, I think—after one learns their little ways—with the infamous band of hotel touts who assault the traveller on the pier of civilized Gibraltar. What confuses one is, of course, the new experience of hearing scores of people shouting in an unknown tongue, the emphatic and ceaseless gesticulations, the strange garments which, in the popular mind, are always associated with the fierce Bedouins of Africa. However, most people get through the experience without the loss of much more than their tempers, and finally make their ways, in charge of one or more of the fierce Bedouins, into the Siageen, or main street of Tangier.

As every town has a main street, I should give little space to words of the Siageen of Tangier were it not for the fact that this thoroughfare is about the only one seen by the average visitor to Morocco, and, also, because it leads to interesting sights—if one understands.

After a moment's travel, and a few abrupt turns, the visitor finds himself passing through a small square bounded on both sides by post-offices and cafés, and filled by a cosmopolitan class of people.

This is the notorious *socco chico*, or little market, which to people unacquainted with the country seems the quintessence of Moorish life.

Let us get out of the way of man and beast by sitting for a moment in this little café, while I point out to you some of the things that go to make up real Tangier life. No, we will not sit so near that moustached gentleman there, as I chance to know that he is a German spy who might be interested in our conversation. Spies always are a bar to free discussion. We will sit here, where nobody can sit behind us.

Now, without attracting attention, turn your head slowly to the left. You see that little chap sitting there—the one with the glow of insignificance upon him, smoking a cigarette? Well, that is Monsieur Q——, who was French Vice-Consul at Casablanca in 1907, and he it was who gave the signal for the bombardment of the city by the French warships. You observe the little red decoration that he wears? That is the ribbon of the *Légion d'Honneur*.

Ah, see! that Moor who comes and sits beside him, waving away the offer of a drink! That is Si Achmed be Mohammed be Abdelkhader, of whom you may have heard. No? Well, Si Achmed is now Inspector of the International Native Police in Tangier. He is an Algerian prince who is paid an annuity by France to remain outside of Algeria. His father was a great patriot, and led the last stand of the Algerian Moor against the French 'way back in 1840. How, then, did Si Achmed become French? That I do not know. Perhaps . . . but no, I cannot say. I only know that he was made Inspector of Police because he stirred up an important revolution in Haiana, near the Algerian border. Strange? Oh no, not at all strange—for Morocco. Si Achmed,

you see, went over to the Haiana tribe, which is very powerful, and induced them to revolt against the Sultan. So then, of course, the French sent for him and gave him a profitable post, upon which the revolution disintegrated. Yes, that is politics. No, it is *not* every one who can stir up a revolution; otherwise there would not be profitable posts enough to keep peace in the country.

Do you see that short, poorly dressed Moor standing there beside the donkey—the man with the scar across the back of his head? It is said that he has killed more men with his own hand than any other man in Tangier. How is he at large? I fear you don't understand. He is one of the partisans of the notorious Raisuli, and his murders have been committed in the interests of his chief. That is loyalty. Oh yes, he has been in prison—a few weeks, perhaps. You think he would be a dangerous man to have at large? Not at all. He doesn't kill indiscriminately. But of course if Raisuli desires the removal of some one . . . well, they do the same to his friends, such as the case of the man who was Raisuli's agent in Tangier, when Raisuli was governor, years ago. Only a little time ago I saw him standing in the road up there by that yellow-brown building sticking its head over the trees, and he was talking to another Moor. Then a third one came up quietly and shot him in the back. Yes, the one who had been talking to him was in the conspiracy; he had been holding his attention. It was all over in a couple of hours. The assassins made their escape promptly, and inside of two hours the dead man was buried and forgotten. Burials are immediate here. They'd been waiting for him a long time.

Now look at that old man in the white flowing garments jogging past upon the mule, with the black attendant on each side. That is El Guebbas, the Sultan's Commissioner. But he is not Torres, the greatest commissioner for foreign affairs Morocco has ever had. For forty years Torres played with the European Powers that wanted to gobble up Morocco. It was he who said, "One lie will keep Europe busy for a year, and we have a treasury full of lies." He was a real diplomat.

Who is that gentleman walking behind the soldier with the crimson garments? I supposed you knew. That is His Excellency the Balkan Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Morocco. You didn't know there was one? Well—never mind; you are not the only one who doesn't know. Why doesn't he ride? Why, he considers it . . . Look out! That was a narrow shave. That donkey with the load of scrap iron nearly knocked him over. Yes, the soldier has explained who the gentleman is. What is the donkey-driver saying? Wait a moment . . . ah, yes, the donkey-driver wishes to know why in the name of the Prophet His Excellency is not gentleman enough to ride.

The woman entering the café? That is Madame ——. Who is Madame ——? Well, it is true that she is better known to the European foreign offices than to the general public. She is the lady who has stirred up more revolutions than most men I know. Yes, here and in Algeria. She is afraid of nothing on earth, and she is acquainted probably with every chieftain of importance between the Mediterranean and the Sahara. See! That man she sits down beside is a German "political agent"—well, spy, if you will. Of course they know each other.

Suppose we stroll along. Ah, wait a moment! Watch that man riding past now—the one with the white *k'sa*—the fat one, yes. That, friend, is Ali Mafish, though he calls himself *le Docteur* Ali Mafish Bey. No, he never was a bey. He worked on a railroad in Egypt until he came here. Not long ago, no. Some one showed him the way, and now—well, he is pretty much the Moorish Government in Tangier. Nationality? French, of course. How could he be of importance otherwise? President of the International Committee of Public Works for Morocco, which has spent a hundred millions of francs; President of the Committee on Awards in General, which spends as much; President of the Customs House Committee, which regulates the tariff. Oh, he is a very great man, I assure you—and a wealthy one.

Philosophizing, we thrust ourselves into the current of people and laden donkeys and mules and horses, and are carried up one side of the Siageen, towards the great market-place, the Sok el-Kebeer, glancing into the plate-glass windows of French or Spanish stores, or through the open doorways of the tiny, packing-case shops of Moorish or Jewish merchants, where the owner reclines comfortably amidst his goods, all of which are within easy reach of his hand. Such a hubbub of voices and other noises. Shouting donkey-drivers, merchants crying their wares, sweet-sellers shouting the name of their patron saint, "Mulai Idrees," bread-boys cursing each other, clattering of shod hoofs on the cobble-stones, tinkle of water-carriers' bells, and the constant reiteration of the shout "Balak! Balak! Balak! a Sidi!" warning people to beware of the laden donkey approaching.

Napoleon, I think it was, said, "The market-place is the Louvre of the people." This is as true of Morocco as of France, as true to-day as a century or ten centuries ago. In all Al Moghreb, with the possible exceptions of the great *soks* at Fez and Marraksh, the market-place at Tangier is the best spot to witness the real life of the Moors. Within sound of the English guns at Gibraltar, the great market sheds European civilization as a duck sheds water. All about are evidences of the possession by Europeans of the "Infidel City," as Tangier is called by the Moors. Office buildings, shops, tenement houses, a school, a telegraph office, a modern hotel, a score of signs of European conquest surround the *sok*, but in the *sok* itself—there is only pure Moorish. Even the improvements recently made by the Comité des Travaux Publiques—the paving of the roads and their curbing, the removal of shops as old as the oldest inhabitant, the building of new horrors of unpainted pine—all fail to modernize in the slightest degree.

The Moorish bread-sellers, women, sit as imperturbably upon the paved roads as they have sat for centuries upon the ground or upon the cobble-stones, wrapping themselves in their white *haiks*, covering their faces now and then from the stare of "a dog of a Christian," selling the loaves of bread for a penny, tossing the loaves in their hands to judge the weight, and exchanging humorous tales of the *hammam* (bath) with their fellow-vendors of *khoobs*.

The tiny tents of the cloth-sellers still line the roadways—tents just big enough for one woman to sit among her stock of linens and cottons and silks and embroideries. The diminutive shops of tobacco-

A CORNER OF TANGIER.

Of all places in the world Tangier is the one where the East comes closest to the West, yet it proves the truth of Kipling's lines that "Never the twain shall meet."

sellers, of the vendor of garments, of the man who sells the curved knives, the long brass or silver-mounted guns, the leather bags and brass trays and innumerable other things that are desired by the shopper; the tents of blacksmith and barber and veterinary; the piles of sea-salt which make one corner resemble a relief map; the spider-legged, fly-besieged tables of the candy-sellers—all these cover deep the new roads the European has laid.

And the noise! The brassy tinkle of a score of water-carriers' bells; the hoarse call of the auctioneer selling horse or carpet or dagger; the clatter of the hoofs of donkeys and horses and mules, and the embroidered curses of their drivers; the call of a saint to the faithful before the white squat tomb of Sidi Mekfee, the patron saint of the *sok*; the jabber of a harmless lunatic, arguing crazily with a passer-by; the coarse shouts of the vegetable sellers and all other sorts of vendors; the "Alarbi! Alarbi!" of the beggar crying for alms[1]—all of these go to make up the voice of the great *sok*.

There the men and women of a hundred tribes meet; pure white, bronze, black. Colourless city merchant meets the camel-driver from the Sûs; Anghera tribesman drinks tea with his brother Berber from Marraksh. Sudanese dancer finds there some fellow-minstrel from the Sudan, and together they clash their cymbals and sing their songs and go through their old dances. Slaves pass through the *sok*, perchance their close-drawn white *haiks* rubbing against the dainty Parisian frock of Madame, the wife of the Balkan Ambassador, on her way to a

[1] A Moslem beggar, when he receives alms, does not thank the giver, but Allah. The human almoner is but the channel of God's gifts. When free food is given out, invitation is given to "eat God's food."

reception at the Legation that borders one side of the market-place.

Soldiers, in baggy red coats and yellow trousers, stamp awkwardly along the roads, grinning flirtatiously at bread-sellers or passing servant girls—soldiers just returned, perhaps, from punishing a rebellious tribe in the interior; perhaps on their way to a rendezvous whence they shall go out to fight other enemies of the Sultan. Native police, French and Spanish protégés, strut importantly about, speaking loudly, rudely shouldering the Christian pedestrian, but saluting respectfully the one on horseback. A Moorish notable rides through, enfolded in flowing white garments, his escort running at his stirrups. Perhaps a French police officer, in uniform of blue and gold—and then the red-coated police come tumbling out of their stations at the head of the *sok*, and arrange themselves in rows to salute their chief.

This is the day-time, with the summer sun blazing above.

At night, when the stars form one vast tapestry of the heavens, all the din and movement ceases. Perhaps a dozen little squares of yellow light indicate the shops still open, or a rough triangle the front of some tent wherein the occupant still labours or smokes. A figure ghost-like in Moorish *djellab* or *sulham* passes across the *sok*; one lone policeman guards the station, leaning upon a gun whose bayonet glistens in the starlight, and as from afar off comes the tinkle of a gimbri, or the wail of a flute.

Life in Tangier is confusing at first. This is because of its cosmopolitan attributes. In Tangier one lives in the midst of numerous national civilizations, and one has but to take a step in any direction and one civilization changes for another. The

American in America is an American in Tangier, when alone or with other Americans ; but let him but reach out, and his hand comes in contact with the world of the Moor or the Jew or the German or the Frenchman or of some other people. The Englishman is as thoroughly English in Tangier as in London,—and he brings with him his roast beef and Scotch-and-soda. The Spaniard brings his Spain with him, and the Frenchman his France. Italy sends its spaghetti and macaroni and chianti along with its subjects ; and the East Indian or the Brazilian or the Belgian in Morocco surrounds himself with the distinctive things of his own world.

Languages, monetary systems, postal services, and churches are multiple. To be in touch with the Moroccan universe one must speak the languages of the separate worlds—English, Spanish, French, Arabic, Italian, German. One may post a letter in either the French, English, German, or Spanish offices, and receive one's mail from any or all of the four, each of which maintains a separate courier system for the interior and coast towns of the country. One's purchases may be paid for in almost any recognized currency : but one must know how to convert English into French, French into Spanish, Spanish into Moorish,—and if one is an American, one must also learn the value of an American dollar in all these other currencies. Moreover, the mysterious "rate of exchange" fluctuates from day to day, sometimes from hour to hour, and the four shillings of English money which at 9 A.M. may be worth four and fivepence in Spanish money, at noon may be worth four and sixpence. To a still larger extent runs the fluctuation of *hassani*, or Moorish. Four English shillings may be worth five and eightpence

hassani in the morning, and in the evening six shillings or more. Thus it is that one frequently sees the Jewish money-changers running heartily up and down the streets manipulating their accounts in the Spanish, French, and German banks of Tangier.

Sunday comes. Perhaps it is the Moorish Sabbath, which falls on Friday of the Christian week. Then the Moors close up their shops and go to mosque, while the Jews and the Christians carry on the work of the world. Perhaps it is the Jewish Sabbath, arriving one day ahead of that of the Christian. Then it is the Jewish shops which are closed while their masters are in the Synagogue, and the Moor and the Christian labour. Finally the third Sunday of the week comes, and the Christian dons his best bib and tucker and hies him to the church—English, Spanish, or otherwise, as his heart may dictate—while the Moor and the Jew fling their shop-shutters open to the buyer. With three Sundays in the week, life's not so hard.

Also there are feast-days and fasts and *fêtes*; surely every day that is not Sunday is a feast-day for some nation. Each day in the calendar marks a Spanish feast or saint's day. Perhaps Monday the 11th of June is St. Henry's Day; whereupon all the Henries in Spain, or Spanish Henries out of it, celebrate the feast of the saint for whom they were named. Tuesday the 12th may be Saint John's Day, and it is observed by the Spanish Juans. Wednesday perhaps is the anniversary of the French military success at St. Denis, or somewhere else; at any rate it is properly observed. And as the French have never forgotten a military or naval victory any more than the Spanish have never forgotten a saint, it is sometimes necessary to observe several *fêtes* on the same day. On Thursday may fall the birthday

of the Emperor Wilhelm, or King Victor, or Albert of Belgium ; whereupon the German or Italian or Belgian colony, assisted by pleasure-lovers of other nationalities, mark the event. Friday being the Moorish Sunday does not prevent the observance of the anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution by Norway, or the discovery of the North Pole by Peary ; nor does the Jewish Sabbath on the following day prevent the Moor from beginning the month's fast of Ramadan, during which neither food nor drink may be swallowed between sunrise and sunset, nor his thirst and hunger stayed with tobacco. And if one imagines that the Christian Sunday is a day of rest, one is mistaken, for it is upon this day, perhaps, that the Jewish feast of Sukkot (Tabernacles) or that of the Passover begins.

This cosmopolitanism also characterises all public functions. Let us accept the invitation of Madame Joinville, wife of the French Diplomatic Envoy, for tea this afternoon. We enter Madame's drawing-room and the hum of many voices talking many languages. We salute Madame.

"Ah, Madame, comment vous portez-vous ? Vous êtes très bien, n'est-ce pas ? "

We turn to Lady White, who is assisting Madame.

"And you ? " we question, bowing over her hand. "You appear to be enjoying your usual good health. Your daughter, I hope——"

We give way for Señora Sorolla, who, after speaking to the hostess, smiles upon us, with—

"Y Señor Smith, como esta Usted ? Y su familia ? Usted ha visto a la Señorita Mercedes aqui esta tarde, no ? "

We regret that we have not seen Miss Mercedes this afternoon, and after showing the charming Spanish

Señora to a comfortable chair, we go to command the Moorish servant to fetch a glass of water for her. We find him.

"Shoof h'nays, Mohamed!" we say. "Jhiblee wahid kass del maa, daba daba."

"Wah'ka, Sidi," responds Mohamed, bringing the water, which we carry to Señora Sorolla. But we find her conversing with Signora Caviggia, wife of the Italian Minister.

"Muchissimas gracias," she thanks us. "Conoce Usted a Señor Smith?" she asks the Signora. No, the Italian lady does not know us, but is charmed to make our acquaintance.

"Señor Smith est Consul de los Estados Unidos?" she asks.

"Si, Signora," we respond, and have time for no more because of the approach of the Baroness Roden, wife of the German Military Attaché, who says—

To Señora Sorolla: "Como estas, querida amiga?"

To Señora Caviggia: "Buenos aires, Signora."

To us: "How do you do, Mr. Smith?"

And to be polite, we reply in the German tongue.

Then, our head aching, we go to hunt up Mohamed for another glass of refreshment, but not without exchanging greetings *en route* in Portuguese, Belgian, Swedish, Norwegian, Russian, and, perhaps, Sanskrit, Mongolian, and Hindustani.

A certain progressive German firm, recognizing the fact that social success is achieved by being able to say in all the languages of earth, "Good-afternoon, madame, how do you do? Have you had tea?" put upon the diplomatic market a brand of men's shirts, on the interior of the cuffs of which were printed those remarks in fifty-seven different languages. So, if you ever chance to see at a diplomatic

SCENE IN THE GREAT MARKET-PLACE, TANGIER.

function the secretary of the Balkan Legation standing in a corner and gazing carefully at his cuffs, you will know that he is seeking social prominence.

At Madame Joinville's one is almost certain to meet El Menehbi—El Melidi el Menehbi—sometime Grand Vizier and friend of Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz.

Tall and lithe and dark—with a drop of black blood—El Menehbi is perhaps the most "civilized" of any of the Moors. He plays tennis excellently, and in his magnificent home in Tangier has a court which is frequented by the best Tangerine society—and sometimes by other persons. His afternoon teas are the cause of no little favourable comment—and despite the fact that this Knight of St. Michael and St. George has more than a dash of negro blood in his veins, it is considered quite *en règle* among the diplomatic people to play up to the Menehbi. Thirty all![1]

And from Madame Joinville's "afternoon" one may step into the great market-place and encounter, by luck, Bigote.

Without Bigote, Tangier would not be Tangier, any more than Rome would have been Rome lacking Caesar. Bigote is a Moor—a Moor of the market-place. It was my friend Emerson who gave him the inspired title of "the Apostle of Genial Vice." Undoubtedly he is the most cheerfully depraved person to be found in a life's search.

During a long acquaintance I failed to probe the depths either of his cheerfulness or of his depravity. At the native *cafés* where in the mist of *keef* smoke wretched Moors squatted about upon the flea-infested

[1] In his early days the Menehbi had been a street Arab in Mazagan; then he set up as a cobbler and won notoriety for wit and clever ideas. The late Grand Vizier, Bu Hamed, visiting Mazagan, heard of him, and gave him a place in his household. The young man rose rapidly.

matting sipping muddy coffee out of tall, unwashed glasses, passing about among themselves the long-stemmed, fancifully decorated *keef* pipes, he would lose in the peculiar Spanish-begotten card-games his money first, then his slippers and leather bag, his superfluous clothes until, with only a single garment between him and the world, he would glide away, perhaps to meet me at the door of my hotel or in the *socco grande* with a cheerful smile of confession and a plea for "coffee." No adversity disheartened him. If he failed to lighten one purse, he went without rancour to another. And as for depravity, lying was one of his virtues, thieving was a higher soul effort, laziness his ideal. One day he complained to me in his treble-tongued language:

"When-a you got somethin' to do for-a pay money, you give him Hamido. Porque? Why no give him to me? Hamido him got mother take care him; me no got mother, nothin'. Yallah!"

As a matter of fact he was telling the truth. Hamido, aged twenty-one, did have a mother, and she did take care of him, mostly. Bigote, a trifle older, had no mother to take care of him—to buy clothes that he might gamble them away, to supply him with the never-empty glass of coffee which, so it seemed to me, constituted his only food, to purchase the little bundles of nose-torturing cigarettes which he smoked incessantly. But after even such a lovable character as Bigote has thrice failed to account for the change from a sum given him for the execution of a commission—perhaps smiling cheerfully and pointing to a new pair of slippers with the words, "Me no got change; me need slippers, so buy him"—has twice committed abduction upon articles without which one finds it inconvenient to get along,

such as shoes, or hat, or coat, and as many times has been confined in the filthy Tangier prison—then, I say, one hesitates about risking further the Spanish dollars which are current coin in Tangier.

"Bigote" is a Spanish name, and means "Moustache." It was playfully pasted upon Muhammed Cassim Wild Ben Khadoor when he was a boy. His upper lip was at that time unsightly with sores, and his affliction gained him the name. For one day Sevilla, proprietor of the Hotel Sevilla that stands as an ugly, low-browed guard over *el socco grande*, and during the years shelters many varieties of genius, from artists to diplomats, in his half-humorous, half-brutal way, had called the boy "Bigote"—and, at the word, the imposing polysyllabic name of Muhammed Cassim Wild Ben Khadoor had untwined itself from its owner's dirty personality and crept away to the heart of the Moorish mother in the village of Suanee. Not for long, however, as that beast of burden had shortly thereafter gone to join her sisters in the smiles of the Prophet.

Since that time the life of Bigote had been hard, and his adventures had been malodorous. For years he had committed the petty depredations that are habitual and unpunished among the Moorish boys whose homes are the *socco chico* and whose bedrooms are convenient doorways. To him one day came a swarthy Spaniard with a low forehead, his red neck-handkerchief dirty and moist, his broad-brimmed, sweat-marked hat pulled down to hide his eyes—came with gold and a request. After dark that night they crept stealthily from the *socco* gate, the Spaniard covered by a dirty *djellab* bought for the occasion, and made their way to Bigote's village, two hours' distant. And while for the ensuing week the

search went on for a Spanish criminal who had escaped from the Spanish prison at Ceuta, the Spaniard lay in the straw hut that Bigote called home, and Bigote impudently puffed a cigarette in the market-place and smiled.

I know not how it was found out. What I do know is that while the Spaniard was returning sulkily to the African prison, there were howls and the sound of blows at the whipping gate of the Tangier casbah—and that sometimes one may see stripes across Bigote's back—broad white stripes like the bars of a prison, through which one may see the soul of Bigote looking furtively.

But as all this occurred when Bigote was only a lad, perhaps he should be leniently judged. I am sure he would be wiser now. Yes, in these days he would take the Spaniard's gold, and then promptly sell his secret to the proper authorities. You see, one does not care to visit a second time the whipping gate of the casbah of Tangier.

As he grew up, he drifted into safer and more depraved occupations. He joined the vast number of the so-called guides—Tangier's army of the unemployed—thereby gaining facility in the art of lying.

For ten shillings—three times the legitimate price—Bigote will stick a bespectacled, baby-skinned tourist, with all his innumerable appendages, upon a sea-sick mule, adjusting this bit of helplessness in the abyss of a Moorish saddle as a mother might tuck her babe in the cradle, and all the while he will talk to the unsuspecting innocent in the sweet Arabic tongue.

"Yes, Father of Asses," he will say, "we are even now upon our way to see the desert. Aiwa; the great Sahara, fool with the four eyes, which lieth a

thousand miles from here. Urrrah, my mule carrying her little one, Zid ! "

For ten shillings, I say, Bigote will take the tourist and his Baedeker, and his camera and his binoculars and all things that are his, to the sand dunes which the *shurgy* has piled up back of Tangier, and without extra charge will delight him, thrill him with lies. But for the extra labour he is repaid by the opportunity to fling Arabic epithets at the travelling representative of civilization.

" Yes," he will say in English. " Yes, dis d' desert ; d' Sahara desert."

(" Oh, Allah," in Arabic, " help me refrain from beating out the mud that is in the head of this camel from abroad ! ")

" Yes, dat's true. On odder side dem dere mountains is desert too. Big desert."

(" May Mohammed curse me if my pet *burrico* has not more brains than this pig of a Christian.")

" An' dose people dere, him Bedouin, just now come from Timbuktu, of Wild-el-Sheetan ! "

" Wildil Sheetan ? " repeats the tourist, mouthing it as though satisfied with his ear for languages—a failing which is not confined to Tommy Atkins. " What does that mean ? "

" Wise one," replies Bigote promptly, with such a childlike smile, that straightway he wins his way to the heart of his victim, and to an extra tuppence for coffee.

And perhaps after the red-saddled mule has been shackled for the night in the *socco*, and Bigote and Hamido are squatted outside the door of the café adjoining the hotel, drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes, Hamido will say :

" And who was the foreigner thou hadst with thee to-day, Child of Misfortune ? "

"Thinkest thou that I know the names of all the *halluf* who come to Tangier in the boat without sails, to spend their money in losing the little sense that Allah gave them?"

"He came, then, to spend his Christian gold?" continues Hamido.

"Certainly he came to spend. Ten shillings and coffee the Christian dog gave me to take him to see the desert! May the wrath of Mohammed fall upon me and all my children if there exist such fools in all Morocco as come over from Djibel Tarik! Verily the Rock that is called Gibraltar must be a mad-house. And hast thou been idle as usual, Child of Evil?"

"Callest thou me *thy* child, Son of a Donkey?" pleasantly responds Hamido. "No, I have not been idle. To-day I have taken to the Sultan's harem—mark that well! the Sultan's harem!——"

"But never has the Lord our Master—the peace of Allah be upon him!—had a harem in infidel Tangier."

"Art still a fool? Tookest thou not thy fat idiot to the desert? How, then, cannot I take his wife, or his sister, or his grandmother—I know not which and I care not—to the Sultan's harem. And the old hag who poses as the Sultan's former beauty—she it is who used to be a slave of Hadj Nasser of Slaween, and to beat out his grain—sold her a brass ring, and a tale that Mulai Hassan himself (Allah bring him rest) gave it her. The ring she gets by the score from Benchimol the Jew, paying—I know not what, perhaps a peseta a score."

"And what paid the woman?" asks Bigote, making a mental note that his next tourist would be taken to the harem.

"Three dollars Spanish—of which I get half,

BETWEEN THE TANGIER GATES.

Here, in the Bazaar, all manner of Eastern goods are for sale. In the tiny packing-case shops the Moorish and Jewish merchants recline comfortably among their goods, all of which are within arm's reach.

thanks be to Allah," answers Hamido. And the two join their laughter and hold their sides.

Thus it is that in the light of the *socco* campfire or smoky café are discussed the physical and mental attributes—not to mention the morality—of the tourists who visit Tangier, sometimes, it is true, more frankly, or with greater depravity than did Bigote and Hamido discuss the twain they had befooled even as every tourist is befooled by the simple, unsophisticated Moor of Tangier.

CHAPTER II

A VISIT TO RAISULI THE BANDIT

It's like a book, I think, this bloomin' world,
  Which you can read and care for just so long,
But presently you feel that you will die
  Unless you get the page you're readin' done,
An' turn another—likely not so good :
  But what you're after is to turn 'em all.

KIPLING.

FOR a year I had been planning a short interior journey, including a visit to Raisuli, the world-famous bandit chieftain who in successive moments of enjoyment pulled the tail of the British lion, snatched a few feathers from the American eagle, and then returned to his leonine enemy. In other words, the man who kidnapped and held for ransom, one after another, Mr. Walter Harris, the noted Moroccan correspondent of the London *Times*; Mr. Ion Perdicaris, millionaire American and friend of the then United States Consul-General to Morocco; and Sir Harry Maclean, Military Instructor for the Shareefian army, and an Englishman. In his choice of captives, Raisuli has always evinced the judgment of a connoisseur.

Save to the hardened traveller, a midsummer trip in the interior of Morocco offers little to make up for the discomforts necessarily attending it. Regard-

THE ENTRANCE TO ARZILA.

The high-walled city looks from the outside not unlike a vast rugged rock. In olden days it withstood heavy sieges, and even now the Sultan would have trouble in capturing it.

less of the multitude of servants, completeness of camping equipment, or brevity of the day's ride, it is a strain upon the physique and good-nature of the traveller. I had been planning to go alone, but the day I was to depart, a Philadelphia friend of mine arrived in Tangier, and almost before he could get a peep at the Infidel City we were off. For the ensuing fortnight I imagine that we both thought more or less constantly of the cool sea-breezes playing hide-and-seek on the terraces of Tangier. We had wind, but it was the enervating *shurgy*, or east trade wind, which blew, hot and dusty, without intermission, across the Fahs.

We started with a small caravan, consisting of my consular soldier, Sid Hassan Raisuli, a cousin of the bandit, who was in charge of the caravan, and three or four native servants, with as many pack animals bearing camping equipment. We all rode mules, that humble animal being far preferable for the purpose to the horse. It seems never to tire, and has the sure foot so nerve-resting on the mountain trails. Before we had left the city many hours behind us we struck real African weather, as it is pictured in the school geographies—temperature of about 125 degrees Fahrenheit, the blinding glare of the sun, and the rising heat from a bare baked ground ; fine superheated dust which seemed always to be upon the point of choking one.

Our trail led due south, for we had planned but a brief journey for the first day, knowing that the initial energy does not last long and that human bodies tire easily until used to exertion. But even the twenty miles which lay between Tangier and Ain Dahlia, the home of Sid Hassan Raisuli, where we were to spend the night, seemed a long, long trail,

with little to make it interesting and nothing to make it comfortable. On one side we passed the famous hill of Zinat where Raisuli, the Anghera chieftain, had built him a fortification. Not many months before the fortress had been utterly destroyed by Government troops, who had failed to catch Raisuli, however.

At the tiny village of Ain Dahlia the headmen had gathered to welcome us, and dinner was already on the fire pots. Scarcely had we wearily dismounted when a struggling sheep was dragged forward and its throat cut. This was the sacrifice offered in honour of our visit. A part of the sacrifice we ate an hour later, embodied in a delicious dish of *kesk'soo*. The villagers attended to the rest. This was a ceremony which occurred at least once every day, and sometimes more often, during the fortnight our journey lasted. And while we were at dinner, Gordon and I, seated on opposite sides of a big brass tray laden with food, the various headmen of the village brought individual offerings of eggs, butter, milk, honey, chickens, and other products of the agricultural districts. Although we were well supplied with food, to have refused these tokens of hospitality would have been discourtesy, so they went into our supply boxes, and the headmen sat about for an hour or two smiling with joy and repeating to each other the expressions of thanks we had used in accepting the gifts.

Sid Mohamed Abdeslem had brought, in his own handkerchief, a half-dozen eggs, and had given them to our servant with the request that Their Excellencies the Americans be told the following :

That it is only a small token, from a poor man, of the affection in which is held the great and

glorious American nation, and especially the wise, the great, the honourable Consul of America. The village belongs to him and to his friend utterly, and we are his slaves as long as he desires to honour our poor village by his august presence. Allah is great.

To which "the wise, the great, the honourable Consul," through his interpreter, had replied that, whereas the travels of all men were governed by the kindness and wisdom of Allah, he had shown his friendship for the American Consul by sending him to so hospitable and delectable a spot as Ain Dahlia, where the men were of great uprightness and strength, and where the sun took pleasure in shining upon lusty boys and beautiful girls who only reflected the quality of their parents.

At first it is something of a mental strain to think up these things at a moment's notice; after a time one becomes accustomed to doing so. Never, in the country districts, is there any lack of politeness—a condition of affairs which would make the coast towns of Morocco more pleasant did it but maintain in them.

We slept well that night, for we were tired. True, there were weird noises caused by all sorts of insects creeping about in the thatched roof; tiny but persistent draughts drifted in through chinks in the stone wall, and candidly we suspected companionship of crawling and hopping things which are not altogether unknown to the Christian. But we rested.

The next morning at sunrise, after a hurried glass of strong coffee and a bowl of milk—drunk in the courtyard of the house, amidst a confusion of saddled mules, mules in the process of packing,

and scurrying servants—we took the Arzila trail that wound like a lazy yellow snake over the refreshed hills on which the glittering breath of the night still rested. For four hours we filed over the hills, slipping through the gnarled fingers of olive grove, fording streams that washed seaward idly through the valleys, clambering noisily up stony inclines, and clinging fly-like to the doubtful reliability of cliff flanks. Now and then our trail led us past tiny white-domed tomb of Moorish saint, where a few pennies and the blessing of Allah were exchanged. Occasionally it took us through the farm or orchard of some well-to-do Moor who, after greeting us, escorted us to the edge of his land and wished us God-speed. Once or twice a native, jogging along on a mule or a donkey, joined us for a mile or two, exchanging courtesies and questions and politely examining the Christian.

Then a sudden twist around a hill, a canter down a grassy slope to the beach, and in the southern distance lay Arzila—high-walled Arzila, resembling a vast rugged rock at the end of a wave-edged carpet of sand. As we approached the city spread out, mosque tower and turret peeping over the massive battlemented wall and feathery palm to fan the inhabitants ; still nearer, and the blue sky burst through the embrasures in the fortifications and through the orifices which still testify to the power of the French cannon-balls of the last century ; the main gateway, tunnel-like through the fifty-foot wall, breathed upon us its cool welcome ; the red-coated guard saluted, and we entered the city—the city where dwelt the notorious Sid Achmed ben Mohamed er-Raisuli, otherwise the Bandit Raisuli.

Probably no other Moor is so well known, either

THE MAIN STREET OF ARZILA.

The town of a thousand or so inhabitants, which is Raïsuli's stronghold.

in or out of his own country, as is Raisuli. He sprang into foreign prominence many years ago by the kidnapping and holding for ransom of Walter Harris, the wealthy correspondent of the London *Times*, and added to his prominence at a slightly later date by the capture of Ion Perdicaris, the American. Which little *coup* resulted in the sending of many American warships to Moroccan waters, the famous message, "Raisuli dead or Perdicaris alive," and the extension of Moorish geographical knowledge. Finally he put the capstone on his reputation by turning the same trick for the third time and holding in captivity Kaid Sir Harry Maclean.

It was shortly after the release of Kaid Maclean —for a consideration including 20,000 pounds sterling, British protection, much munitions of war, immunity for his sins, and other inducements—that we visited Raisuli.

Arzila is not a big town; there are not more than a thousand persons within its high walls, but it is a fitting home for the Raisuli. Once upon a time Arzila was one of the greatest of Moorish strongholds. It is claimed by Moorish historians that at one time two hundred thousand men besieged it for three months in vain. Now its former strength is represented mostly by ruins, and yet it would be a hard nut for the Sultan's forces to crack should the Raisuli be forced to defend himself in it.

History is supposed often to repeat itself, but rarely indeed does it do so with the exactitude shown in Raisuli's public career. He was threatened; he kidnapped Harris and forced his enemies to terms. He was governor of the Fahs, and when he was deposed from power retaliated by abducting Perdi-

caris, thus forcing the Sultan to restore him to position. Again he was deposed; again he turned bandit, captured Maclean, and again became a power in Moorish affairs. Yesterday an outlaw; to-day an esteemed Moorish dignitary; to-morrow —what?

It was this question which made my visit to Raisuli of so much interest. Not only for past misdeeds, but because of those which he probably would commit in the future, was he an individual worthy of attention. And although I felt this to a large extent before I went to Arzila, I was more strongly impressed by it after I had seen and laughed with and talked with the man who perpetrated the three greatest political jokes of modern times.

Our first duty upon arriving in the town was to call upon its basha, or governor. Our soldier had preceded us, and had notified Raisuli of our presence, and of our intention to call upon him at once. His unpretentious office opens upon a big courtyard, through which people are constantly passing. As we approached the building, our soldier ahead of us, some twenty or twenty-five country Moors arose from a kneeling posture before the doorway—through which we could see a white-robed figure sitting upon a high cushion—and formed a passage-way for us, raising their hands in salute. When we had entered, these hill-men took up more comfortable positions about the courtyard. I ascertained afterwards that they were village chiefs whom Raisuli had caused to be arrested and brought before him to force them to contribute their "taxes." Many of them went to prison the next day, to join the ninety already in jail at Arzila, sixty others being held for Raisuli at Tangier.

We were in the presence of the Kidnapper of the Great.

The fact that Raisuli has never been photographed has given rise to much erroneous belief in regard to his personal appearance. Not only is the outside world ignorant of how he looks, but he rarely shows his face in Tangier because of his fear of cameras. Several years ago a writer in an American journal described him in the following words : " In personal appearance Raisuli has the carriage of a gentleman, like all Berbers. He is tall, lean across the hips, light and bright eye, and of a complexion, it is said, that must have been quite fair before it was bronzed by the suns and weathered by the storms of his highland home."

All this is quite conventional, and may have been true of the Raisuli at that time, but now the word-picture scarcely fits. " The Eagle of the Angheras " is fat. Despite his weight of perhaps 250 pounds, he is agile enough, and as he arose from his cross-legged sitting posture to greet me, I noticed a lack of the grunt of exertion with which the average Moorish official is afflicted.

I suppose it was natural that I should have expected to see a fierce-visaged, warlike man, bronzed and scarred by the hardships of many a campaign. But, instead, I found my hand clasped in a firm, chubby one, I looked into laughing brown eyes set wide apart, and was welcomed with a smile as innocent and winning as ever graced the features of a Purity Leaguer. It was a surprise ! So this mild-mannered man was the same who had earned such a terrible name, who had been thrown into prison at Mogador to starve to death, who had defied the Powers, laughed at the Sultan, matched his wits

against those of the canny Scotch Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, and come off victor in every way. Even his dark brown beard and moustache, neatly cropped, failed to make him look ferocious.

After we had been cordially welcomed to Arzila, informed that a house had been put at our disposition, and that the town was ours as long as we wished to remain, we extended an invitation to the Raisuli to come and take tea with us the day following. Raisuli accepted.

Can you fancy anything more incongruous than Raisuli, "the Eagle of the Angheras," the terror of Sultans, drinking tea—very sweet tea—out of a cup holding little more than a thimbleful? But that is what he did. Upon a big cushion beside me, in the house he had given for our use, Si Hamed ben Mohamed er-Raisuli sat for an evening hour, consumed many cups of tea, and laughed and chatted with apparently as little care as though he were not Basha of Arzila by unlimited luck, and a living man through the humour of Allah.

Yet he took no chances, for his scribe made the tea. I smiled a trifle when Sid Buddrah Deen, this same scribe, pulled towards him the brass tray bearing the tea-things and poured a handful of Japan carefully into the pot. Raisuli saw the smile, and returned it.

"It is a habit," he said, "which I contracted many years ago. Is it not a wise one?"

And I could only admit that it was, for in Morocco a single cup of tea is sometimes strong enough to cause a provokingly sudden exit of the drinker to another, and perhaps more peaceful, world. Such an incident always is unpleasant at a tea-party.

There was something unique about that little evening gathering—something out of the ordinary.

It was expressed in the eyes of my young friend from Philadelphia, who unobtrusively pinched himself to make sure he was awake. Two weeks is not a great while between dinner with one's sweetheart in Philadelphia and 8 o'clock tea with the Raisuli in Arzila. There is quite a difference between electric bulbs and smoky candles, evening dress and Moorish sulhams, the cooing of one's fiancée and the rumbling, tumbling Arabic of a bandit prince. We were the only Christians within a radius of forty miles.

Raisuli likes to ask questions. He asked them almost faster than I could answer them. When an American answers questions about his country, it is not usual for him to err on the side of modesty. I resolved to impress Raisuli as the story of his adventures had impressed me. I think he was impressed—but perhaps only with the opinion that America produces some very great liars. I told him of our big buildings, and he looked surprised; I spoke of our underground and overhead trains, and he looked doubtful; of our flying-machines, and his face was incredulous; of the wealth of Morgan and Rockefeller—and he remarked that the tea had a flavour which pleased him. So I changed my ammunition for a variety which seemed more to please him.

"There can be no question whatsoever," I said, "that Raisuli is the best-known man in Morocco, not even excepting the Sultan." A smile encouraged me. "In fact," I went on, "were it not for you, Morocco would scarcely be known among the nations of the world." Something seemed to tickle my guest. "And I remember a time when your name was on every American lip." Raisuli was pleased, undoubtedly—yet there was a strange glint in his eye at the last statement.

"Is it far to America?" he asked.

I told him it was only ten days from Gibraltar, and jokingly asked him to come to America with me, saying we had not forgotten him.

"Allah forbid!" he fervently remarked; then laughed. "I fear my welcome would be too cordial."

This was the nearest we came to a mention of the Perdicaris episode. Then we talked of many things—of Arzila and the Berbers, of the French in Morocco, of the time when the railway between Tangier and Fez would reduce the distance between the two cities from days to hours, of the new Sultan Mulai el Hafid, and of Abd-ul-Aziz quiescent in Tangier.

"We are a strange people, we Moors," said Raisuli. "To-day we tire of a Sultan, to-morrow we proclaim another, and the day afterwards we say, 'Well, well! why did we change? Let us have the old one back.'"

I asked Raisuli what he thought of the chances of Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz some day regaining the throne. But Raisuli lacks not in wisdom.

"Mulai el Hafid," he said, "is a great and glorious Sultan. Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz is a very good man—a man of kind heart. Of course I am his friend. But to-day Mulai el Hafid is Sultan. To-morrow—will be to-morrow."

Finally Raisuli, with true Moorish politeness, asked permission to depart. I should have liked to have talked more with him, but Moroccan etiquette demands that the request be met affirmatively. So we said farewell, until he should come to Tangier, or we should meet elsewhere. The big man shook the stairs as he descended them, folded his white *sulham* about him, and, attended by his scribe, disappeared in the darkness.

A PICTURESQUE MOSQUE.

The uniformly shaped towers, with their chimney-like peaks, are visible at considerable distances above the low roofs of the Moorish towns. This strikingly situated one is inland from Arzila.

I wonder whether the time will come when I shall see the head of the Raisuli grinning in ghastly horror from some city gate ; whether the big laughing man who has played with nations will starve to death in chains in some filthy casbah, or whether he will retain his power and his cunning until Mohammed summons him gently from a world rather dangerous—for those who laugh at Sultans. Allah is great! Who knows?

The town of Arzila has much to make it attractive besides the genial bandit. There are crumbling towers inhabited by sacred white storks, and even upon the tower of a tiny old mosque one of these birds of good omen has built its nest. There are mysterious and overly ancient subterranean passages running beneath the town, but they are the abode of *djinnoon* and spirits of evil fame and so are never explored. There are old gates there, too, which have been appropriated by spirits as their domiciles, and there is no native—even the atheistic guide—so brave that he will go through them save in the broadest of daylight, and even then with a hastened foot. There are beautiful orange groves where a great peace sings happily among the green leaves and swinging fruit, and there one may sit upon the edge of Rebekah's Well, and hear the perfume-laden breezes tell the misty tales of the land of illusion.

In the environs of Arzila there is a beautiful olive grove which forms an admirable setting for a wonderfully white saint's-tomb, and farther away some insignificant ruins of what is said to have been one of the trading posts established by Hanno. More probably it is the ruins of a Roman post.

The dignity of the foreign Powers is upheld at Arzila by Señor Bencheton, an estimable Jewish gentleman who for many years has represented five

or six nations as Vice-Consul or Consular Agent. All hospitality, such few foreigners as reach Arzila have him to thank for many courtesies. Occasionally there is some joking at his expense—humour in which he himself is prompt to join. The roof of his residence resembles a harbour full of fishing smacks, for it supports half a dozen mast-like flag-poles, Señor Bencheton having one for the use of each flag which, as consular representative, he is entitled to fly. There is also a humorous tale of how he made his escape in a row-boat from Arzila, several years ago, when Raisuli was looking for him. The little craft, with Señor Bencheton and all his consular flags in the bottom, was the target for a horde of Raisuli's men until it drifted out to sea. The Consular Agent escaped injury—although not a fright.

Sometimes his multi-representation results confusingly. For example, he may be called upon to settle a dispute between a Spanish protégé and a British protégé. Then, in his capacity of British Consular Agent, he hears the complaint from the British protégé ; then as Spanish Vice-Consul he hears the defence ; then in his Spanish capacity he introduces the complainant to Señor Bencheton as British representative. Finally, he judges the case as a British official.

But besides his importance as an international representative, Senor Bencheton has an added dignity. He has a bed in which . . . but wait.

Hospitably, Señor Bencheton had invited me to spend the first night in Arzila in his home, as the house we were to use needed cleaning and arranging. When bed-time came, shortly after sunset, he explained in careful Spanish that he had an honour for me which he reserved for distinguished visitors : I

should sleep in the very bed in which His Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales had reposed while on a shooting trip to Arzila many years before, and some time previous to his accession to the British throne. England's future king for one night had slept beneath the Bencheton roof-tree, and great had been the honour cast upon the house by his act.

It was a good bed, an excellent bed, a bed both long enough and wide enough for either King or Consul. I slept well, though perhaps I dreamed that tall guardsmen watched beside my door, and that gentlemen-of-the-bedchamber dozed near.

The next day we proceeded to El Arache, or Larache, as the Christian knows it.

El Arache is somewhat difficult of access, owing to the fact that approach to it from the hinterland demands that one cross the Wad el-Kus or Likkus river, and, in Morocco, ferrying has not been worked out to a very fine point. First there is much dickering to be done with the boatman, and then only one animal may be taken across at a time—and mules are noted for their objections to getting into a boat when not in, or getting out of a boat when once in.

If you are at all acquainted with Greek mythology, you know the story of the Gardens of Hesperides which were guarded by a foaming-mouthed dragon, and where grew the golden apples. El Arache is built upon the site of the Gardens, some of which remain in its vicinity, and the foaming-mouthed dragon is the Wad el-Kus, which still plunges and foams in its efforts to cross the bar raised against it by the sea. Inland, the river twists and turns like a veritable dragon. An enchanted land, in all faith, where one can find mythological gardens and raging

dragons, even as they were found by the daring adventurers of a century lost in the files of history.

But the town of El Arache is far from being a garden spot ; in fact, it is the least attractive of any Moorish town I have seen — Casablanca excepted. Noisome odours abound and the streets reek with filth. There are enough foreigners to spoil the scenery, and not enough to better the town. A few French beer-saloons do a thriving business, and the air is tainted by the presence of foreign cocottes who are supposed to enliven the mausoleum-like depression of the cafés. Still, one may dig beneath all this and find the real Moorish life unspoiled. That was what we did.

We met a new kind of basha. He was a basha who believed in railroads for Morocco. Had the country been as he foresaw it, there had been no need for our hard day's ride from Arzila to El Arache : an hour upon a modern train would have transported us from one town to the other. But probably it would have lacked the charm of that road along the beach, the rolling Atlantic pouring its song into our ears, the waves washing the horses' feet and making them frolicsome—a distance of thirty enchanted miles.

We found the basha seated with his scribe, busily engaged in official business, and I was pleased to recognize him as a Moorish gentleman whom I had met upon a previous occasion in Tangier, one Sid Abderahhman ben Abd-es-Saadek. His greeting was cordiality itself, and whilst we waited the arrival of his *khalifa*, or agent, in whose charge he wished to place us, and thus guarantee that we should be comfortably housed and otherwise cared for, he offered us Moorish tea. Then there was a great

THE MARKET-PLACE OF LARACHE.

A town not far from Arzila, famed for being built upon the site of the mythological Gardens of the Hesperides.

OUTSIDE ARZILA.

In the environs of the town is an olive grove dominated by a single palm and forming an admirable setting for a white saint's tomb.

sipping, for Moorish politeness demands that one's tea be drunk audibly. Perhaps, too, the fact that it is served boiling hot makes this a sensible sort of politeness. And six fillings of the tiny cup is considered the proper amount to indicate one's appreciation.

No doubt we would have continued drinking indefinitely had not the sixth cup heralded the arrival of the *khalifa*. We thereupon bade Sid Abd-es-Saadek farewell for the present, inviting him to come and take tea with us in the afternoon, and, led by a gorgeous *khalifa*, and still more gorgeous soldier, sought the lodgings which the basha had set aside for our use.

We found that it was his desire that we should use the house known as "The Sultan's House," a name given it because it is the one which is occupied by the Sultans upon their rare visits to El Arache. It is a commodious house built upon the city wall, near the residence of the basha. From its barred windows one secures a view of wide-reaching swamp land cut by the meanderings of the Lekkus. Its interior is dome-shaped, and its single doorway opens upon a large court surrounded by the servants' quarters, kitchens, supply rooms, etc.

The usual sheep was awaiting our arrival, and entrance into our "home" was signalized by its expiring groan. I cannot say I like this sacrificial custom; still, sheep must die in order to be eaten. Shortly afterwards a female negro slave arrived, saying she had been sent by Sid Abderahhman to cook for us. She was followed by various other servants, considerately sent by His Excellency. The negress was a good cook, and we were surfeited with *kesk'soo* and chickens and salads and vegetables and sweets during our sojourn of three days.

In response to our invitation, Sid Abd-es-Saadek spent several hours with us in the afternoon of our first day as his guests. Over the tea, we discussed the effect which modern improvements would have upon Morocco, and I was not a little surprised that he should be in favour of the introduction of rail-roads, bridges, and other things of civilization with which he was acquainted by hearsay. And he realized, too, that with them would come foreigners to control and operate them—but this he seemed to think would be desirable. He has a progressive mind, has Abd-es-Saadek, a fact which was recognized by the Sultan when he appointed him Commissioner of the Riff and gave him full power to arrange the Riffian muddle with the Spanish envoys. A gentle man, a man of peace rather than of war, of thought rather than of action, Abd-es-Saadek has demonstrated that broadness of mind is not confined to the Christian ; and he has proven also that kindness on the part of a basha is not weakness, for among the Moors of El Arache he is wont to stroll and talk and have his joke—and his subjects love him. Kindness seems to be the keynote of his character. The picture we took from El Arache was of its kindly basha sitting in the doorway of his house telling the ninety and nine attributes of Allah on the beads of his rosary and awaiting the call of the evening *mueddin* from the mosque at the end of the street.

One bright morning, ere the dew had dried from the wayside flowers, we set out from El Arache for El K'sar Kebir, an important town some six hours inland from El Arache. Between the two towns lies the great plain where, in 1578, was fought "the Battle of the Three Kings," in which a trio of monarchs lost their lives along with 15,000 of

their warriors. Dom Sebastian, of Portugal, with 17,000 men had marched upon El K'sar *via* Arzila, and on this plain was confronted by the hosts of the Sultan, Abd-el-Malek. Accompanying him was Mohamed XI., the deposed Sultan of Morocco, whose calls for succour had caused the invasion of Dom Sebastian. Before reaching the plain, the ill-fated ruler of Portugal had crossed the river Mekhazan, a tributary of the Lekkus, and the Moors had destroyed the bridges behind him, thus preventing retreat. The Portuguese were annihilated, Dom Sebastian was killed, but both Abd-el-Malek and Mohamed XI. also ended their life-work on the field, the former by drowning in an attempt to escape across the Mekhazan, and the latter from an illness which had caused him to be carried to the battlefield in a litter. This battle ended Portuguese influence in Morocco, and greatly strengthened the Shareefian Empire.

El K'sar Kebir—or the Great Castle—ill deserves its name, for it is little more than a conglomeration of badly built brick houses, narrow, evil-smelling streets, and a market-place which is a confusion of unpleasant sounds and worse odours. More conscientiously does it live up to the legend regarding it, which is to the effect that, a powerful saint once cursed it, prophesying that in view of his curse, it should be burned in summer and drowned in winter. I have never been there in winter, so I do not know what happens; but I will testify that in midsummer there is little question that the saint was on the right track. It is the hottest place that I have ever been in. The intense heat of the sun seems to centre upon the town, and the red bricks soak it in as a sponge soaks water. From spring to autumn the

town never cools off. And I am told that in winter time a neighbouring stream rises and overflows the town, thus verifying the old saint's prophecy.

Despite the unpleasant weather one is apt to find that El K'sar has some things to make up for it. There are many mosques, and an over-roof view of the city, with the dozens of slim towers and squatting domes, is worth while. Fortunately we did not have to reside in the city, but had placed at our disposition by the basha, Kaid Bushta, wild El Bagdadi, a comfortable and picturesque house and garden on the outskirts—a property which had just been given him by the Sultan.

Kaid Bagdadi is a somewhat noted person. He it was who one day rode like a devil through the great market-place in Tangier, reins hanging, a gun in one hand and a knife in the other, shouting "Raisuli! Where is Raisuli? Show me the dog and the son of a dog!" Bagdadi did not find Raisuli, or I should be writing about one or the other of them in the past tense; but Bagdadi's little group of fighters found the bodyguard of the Raisuli, and thirteen warriors were transferred suddenly from the great market-place in Tangier to some higher locality. There were bullet-holes in the door of the hotel we had left in Tangier.

Bagdadi, like Raisuli—and the two now are friends—has not the appearance of a fighter. He is dark, with black beard and hair and eyes, and fat, and slow of movement ordinarily. His face seems always to be smiling, and he has none of the pompousness which one usually associates with great warriors. But in Morocco it is a very good rule not to judge by appearances, for this same little quiet man is about the worst proposition when he gets excited that

Morocco can offer. He was commander-in-chief of the forces of Abd-ul-Aziz at the time of the defeat. It was not Bagdadi's fault; had there been a dozen like him, Abd-ul-Aziz would still be Sultan. The succeeding potentate recognized his worth, and made him basha of El K'sar. Since then he has found that his faith was not misplaced, for it was Bagdadi who captured Bu Hamara, the Pretender, who for ten years had been a thorn in the flesh of Abd-ul-Aziz.

A word about Bu Hamara. His capture took place at about the same time as the execution of Ferrer, and the European Press, as well as some of the American journals, devoted much space to the publication of accounts of the cruel torture of Bu Hamara by Mulai el Hafid. Some of the papers went so far as to picture Bu Hamara being pounced upon by two ferocious lions in the courtyard of the Imperial Palace at Fez. It is, I imagine, the general opinion that the Pretender, after being taken to Fez in an iron cage (which actually did occur), was submitted to inhuman tortures by the Moorish Sultan. But the truth of the matter is that Bu Hamara was shot—and his execution was justifiable in every way. The rifle with which he was executed now occupies a place of honour in the Sultan's palace.

From El K'sar to Tangier the road stretched some seventy miles, and there is no town upon the way. Therefore we found it necessary to camp for one night. We had pushed on as far as possible before darkness overtook us, and then found ourselves in the M'zora tribe, near what is known to the Moors as El Utad (the Peg)—a megalithic monument which is almost all that remains of three great circles of stone pillars. Preparing to camp, we discovered that for some reason or other the M'zora

tribesmen were not inclined to be friendly. They would sell us no food, they would give us none, they would not even permit us to draw water from their wells. And it was only after some argument that they condescended to permit us to camp on their tribal ground. But camp we did ; and although our supper was frugal and our beds hard in spots—for repeating rifles and Colt revolvers do not lend themselves to the making of downy couches—we slept and were refreshed. It was a somewhat amusing commentary on things that, finding ourselves in a position where something might happen, we deemed it wise before retiring to deprive our "guard" and servants of such guns and revolvers as they possessed. Knowing that in case of a rush they would become excited and probably turn loose the artillery in the wrong direction, we eliminated the danger of accidental death and concentrated our arsenal where it would be under our control.

Nine hours in the saddle the following day brought us to Tangier and the cool terraces where the sea-breezes played. It was amusing when we were informed that the fortnight we had spent in the interior was the hottest two weeks that the north country had had for twenty years. We had chosen well our time !

CHAPTER III

HIS SHAREEFIAN MAJESTY ABD-UL-AZIZ

Think, in this battered Caravanserai
Whose portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp
Abode his destined hour, and went his way.
KHAYYAM.

MULAI EL HASSAN III., Sultan of Morocco, and the father of the three succeeding monarchs whose reigns brought the Shareefian Empire to its close, took his seat beneath the white umbrella in the year 1873. Hassan is remembered as one of the country's best Sultans. He was a man of tireless energy, wise head, and enough cruelty in his make-up to know how to rule. None of these attributes did he succeed in passing on to a son in sufficient degree to make him a great sultan. The first of the three, Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz, was too youthful and too kind-hearted to hold the throne. His successor, Mulai el Hafid, was cruel enough but not wise enough to hold his place; and the third and last brother was never anything more than a French puppet, put on the throne when El Hafid exchanged the pleasures of Paris for the troubles of the palace at Fez.

It was Hassan who said, "A Sultan's throne should be his saddle." He followed his own maxim, even to his death in Rabat, after a soul-killing

campaign through Sus. During his reign the country was prosperous and at peace with other nations. He died in 1894, and Abd-ul-Aziz, then only fourteen years of age, came to the restless throne of the Filali shareefs. And the manner of his coming was interesting.

At the right hand of Mulai el Hassan had stood a figure of iron, Bu Hamed—called "the Iron-Handed Vizier"—the Bismarck of Morocco. Servant of Hassan during his life, the death of his master left him free to carry out the wishes of the dead.

Mulai el Hassan died in the midst of his army, encamped near Rabat, at midnight. Bu Hamed, ever resourceful, concealed the fact of his death; cut a hole through the red stone wall of the city, and buried his master in secret. Then did he summon a meeting of the *ulema* or wise men, and, after they had forgathered in the mosque, announced three—to them—important matters. The first was that Mulai el Hassan was dead; the second was that he had named Abd-ul-Aziz as his successor; the third was that the doors were locked, and that no one would leave the mosque alive unless Abd-ul-Aziz were formally declared Sultan of Morocco.

Abd-ul-Aziz was declared without much hesitation.

Thus came to the throne the one who, of all men, is blamed for the break-up of the Moorish Empire. It was said that he had "sold out" to the French. It was said that he had adopted the ways of the N'zerene (Christian). So, Abd-ul-Aziz was deposed by an indictment of the *ulema* of Fez—drawn up after the army of Abd-ul-Aziz had gone from the city to meet the half-brother who headed the revolution against him.

Those were exciting days—even for the foreigner in Morocco. The country was in a state of restlessness almost equal to that of an American presidential election, and there were times when a concerted attack upon the Christians did not seem far off.

The two opposing armies met at last; and at the end of the day Abd-ul-Aziz was no longer Sultan of Morocco; but he knew the extent to which he had been duped.

There was little of majesty or kingliness in the flight of Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz from his capital city, and even less in his almost unheralded arrival in Tangier harbour aboard the diminutive steamship *Magnus* in December 1909. With Edgar Allen Forbes, who was about to sail in search of adventures down the West African coast, I passed the little steamer lying in the harbour, and saw a white-robed figure walking back and forth upon the deck, while a number of black slaves hung over the rail or chatted in the shade of the cabin. We recognized in the dejected figure him who, until a few weeks before, had been his Shareefian Majesty, Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz, Sultan of Morocco, Prince of Believers, Commander of the Faithful, an absolute monarch of a rich country of ten millions of people, now a fugitive from his brother. Not a cannon of the city battery had spoken of his coming; discreetly silent had remained the steel throats which formerly roared out their welcome, even at the arrival of a letter from the master. Stripped of his honours and dignity Abd-ul-Aziz spent the unhappy day on board the comfortless boat, and landed at midnight upon the beach far from the eyes of those who had been his subjects.

The battle between the troops of Abd-ul-Aziz

and his half-brother, El Hafid, had been fought near Marraksh on August 21, and immediately afterwards Abd-ul-Aziz, trusting to the advice of his faithless viziers, had left Fez and had gone to Rabat, hoping that the tribes would gather to his aid if stimulated by his presence. But once out of Fez, he found no support, and discovered that he could not return. All being lost, the unfortunate young monarch requested French protection at Rabat, and was granted it.

The proclamation of the new Sultan, Mulai el Hafid, was made in most towns the day after the news of the result of the battle reached the ears of the city fathers. Tangier was the last to accept the new ruler, but he was proclaimed there on August 23, and great was the rejoicing — though no one particularly knew why. It seemed more like the desire of children to change their toys rather than a change of government. All the town burst into colour. Even the most miserable shoemaker's tent flung to the breeze a gaily coloured silk handkerchief or a radiant ribbon. The firing of guns began, and happy Moors went singing loudly through the streets. Finally there was a procession, headed by the notables of the city—including many who had held lucrative posts under the Sultan at whose dethronement they were rejoicing—which swelled to great numbers. It stopped its march at the doorway of the great mosque, where the victory of the new Sultan was announced, and prayers offered for his health and safety. On the city gate, at a point where all must pass upon entering or leaving the city, a written proclamation of Sultan Abd-ul-Hafid was posted. This proclamation I managed to secure the day following. It ran thus :

Every day happiness bows to you, saying good-morning with great respect, while those who are envious of you are under your feet.

VICTORY, POWER AND TRIUMPH
CONQUEST TO OUR MASTER
ABD-UL-HAFID
PRINCE OF BELIEVERS.

May all your days continue to be white, and the days of your enemies black.

Thus was Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz deposed, and a new Commander of the Faithful exalted to the high rank of Sultan of Morocco.

Under the influence of the French, Abd-ul-Aziz was permitted to continue to live—instead of the usual thing for vanquished sultans—in peace and tranquillity near Tangier. Various conspiracies promptly began to form, but to those who had plans to restore him to the throne, the ex-Sultan turned a deaf ear, knowing that failure would surely mean death for him.

I next saw Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz when I had the pleasure of accompanying him to the American battleship, *Georgia*, which with the *Nebraska* was visiting Tangier. Admiral Richard Wainwright was in command, and at the suggestion of the then American Minister, Mr. Gummere, the ex-Sultan had been invited to inspect the ship.

This visit was of interest to me for many reasons, but principally because of the fact that since his dethronement Abd-ul-Aziz had not entered the city of Tangier—his house being outside the walls—and I was therefore curious to observe what treatment would be accorded him by those who not long since had been his abject slaves.

In order that as little attention as possible might be attracted, the visit was set for nine o'clock in the morning. At that hour, with an interpreter, I awaited the former Sultan on the pier, a steam launch from the battleship being in waiting. Shortly after the time set, my interpreter called my attention to a horseman riding rapidly along the beach, accompanied by four black slaves. Abd-ul-Aziz, in coming to the pier, had gone clear around the city rather than pass through its streets.

At that hour there were not a dozen Moors upon the pier, but every person there, most of whom were low-class guides or rough fishermen, recognized their former ruler. I was somewhat surprised to see them rush forward and kiss the hem of his cloak, the while excitedly murmuring words of salutation. That is the secret of ruling the country; the secret which made the father of Abd-ul-Aziz, Mulai el Hassan, such a great monarch: he kept moving about among his subjects, and thus held their respect; he was an actuality, not a name.

We hurried along to the launch and shortly were aboard the *Georgia*. Naturally Abd-ul-Aziz was much interested, for he was gazing upon the finest battleship he had ever seen; in fact, the only one he had ever boarded. For an hour he was taken about, almost in silence on his part, though he listened attentively enough to such explanations of the ship's equipment and powers that were made to him. From top to bottom of the boat he went, ducking under the great low-lying turrets of the sixty-ton guns and soiling his white *k'sa* with grease in the engine-room. It is difficult to surprise a Moor, and yet I think Abd-ul-Aziz was surprised. "Ajuba! ajuba!" (wonderful! wonderful!) was

about the sum total of his comment, except when he listened to the ship's telephone and, for the first time, heard a human voice emanating from a machine. His Majesty put down the receiver quickly and with decision, and made his exit from the booth. "Djinnoon," he exclaimed, with a smile, "djinnoon m'shamizien" (spirits, very bad spirits).

A surprise awaited us upon our return. From one end to the other the pier was thronged with people. How the news of the presence of the ex-Sultan had travelled so rapidly I know not, but there could not have been less than two thousand people awaiting our arrival. It was the only way to land, so Abd-ul-Aziz faced the music bravely. It was well, perhaps, that his esteemed brother, Mulai Abd-ul-Hafid, Prince of Believers, Commander of the Faithful, and their rightful newly-chosen Sultan, was not there to see; for the dethroned Prince got as sincere an ovation as any one could wish. Instantly his foot was upon the pier he was surrounded by a throng of Moors struggling and fighting for a chance just to touch his hand or his garment, and the air was filled with cries of blessing. Grey-bearded old men bowed to the ground as their hands touched his; and depraved bootblacks became worthy as they hurriedly raised a fold of his cloak to their lips.

I think Abd-ul-Aziz felt uncomfortable, and yet I think, too, that it touched a tender chord in his heart. There were tears in his eyes, though his lips seemed to smile cynically, as he mounted his horse and rode rapidly away, the cheers following him. But he was young, and he had been Sultan, and, no doubt, it hurt.

During the construction of a new home for him,

Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz lived in a spacious house on the big hill west of the city, called Djibel Kebir. In this house, with its beautiful environment of stately eucalyptus trees and fragrant gardens, I had the pleasure of spending an hour or two one spring day with him, and to penetrate a little below the surface of the monarch and reach the individual. Then it was that I discovered his love for children and for the beautiful things of nature, and, perhaps, some of the reasons why he had lost his throne.

Abd-ul-Aziz is a young man—less than thirty when I saw him last; and half his life was spent upon the throne. The death of his father's guide and his own "iron-handed" vizier, Bu Hamed, deprived him of perhaps the one man who could have made him a great Sultan, and placed him in the power of foreign parasites who, through him, drained his kingdom. Never a strong character, Abd-ul-Aziz was little fitted by nature to know his own weaknesses—weaknesses which, however, were well understood by those bent upon his destruction. More of the dreamer than a sultan whose saddle should be his throne, more interested in a glorious sunset than in the panoply of war, caring rather to play with a child than to talk matters of state with his grand vizier, probably few men were less fitted for the task of governing a treachery-filled country and its rebellious tribesmen. But as an individual, as a kindly, warm-hearted, friendly man, Abd-ul-Aziz is admirable.

I had seen the Sultan; now I desired to see the man. Therefore perhaps my interpreter was justified in having a spasm when, instead of talking polite rot to the former monarch, I tried to get on the common ground of personal likes and dislikes. The love of

the average Moor for children seemed likely ground, and I stepped carefully upon it. Abd-ul-Aziz responded readily, and inquired if I had children. My response was to hand to him two or three photographs of my five-year-old daughter which I had just received.

Abd-ul-Aziz said that he had never before seen either a little American girl or her pictures, and, with a good deal of pleasure in his own ignorance, asked many questions about how American girls were brought up, of what material their dresses were made, whether they were taught sewing and embroidery and the conduct of a house, as are the Moorish girls, and his questions and comments showed that the hours he had spent with children were remembered by him with more pleasure than those he had spent with kings and princes.

An interesting anecdote of Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz is told with relish among the Moors.

After his dethronement and while he was living on Djibel Kebir, he was one day walking alone along a path which led past his house, when an old countrywoman, bearing upon her back a hundred-pound bundle of faggots for firewood, approached, and, when near him, dropped her load for a rest. Without recognizing Abd-ul-Aziz, she began talking to him.

"Witness, Sidi," she said, "the result of having a fool for a Sultan. In the old days under Mulai el Hassan (upon whom be everlasting peace!) this bundle of faggots would fetch me five *reales* in the market-place, whereas now it will bring but four. Well, well! Times have changed—and our Lord, Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz, of whom I don't think very much, has ruined us all. Perhaps now that we

have a new Sultan, the old price of firewood will return ; but I have my doubts."

"Hast carried thy load a long distance?" asked the ex-Sultan.

"That I have," responded the hag. "Fully five hours has it taken me, for I took the road at sunrise. When I was young, and when Mulai el Hassan was Sultan, I could travel the distance in four hours or less ; but times have changed, *aweely ! aweely !*"

Smiling, Abd-ul-Aziz took from his *shakarah* a coin and handed it to the woman, saying :

"O mother, put thy load by the roadside and my servants will take care of it, for I buy it from thee. Here is more than thy pay, and now hasten ye home and rest."

"Rest !" snorted the hag. "Rest ! with Sultans to change the price of firewood by their follies? Work, you mean ; for who knows but Mulai el Hafid will not be worse than Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz. But thanks, master, for the purchase of the wood ; and may you never suffer at the hands of the Sultan."

Whereupon she resumed her return path, but had not gone very far when she met a slave of the former Sultan, and, in passing, asked him who the gentleman might be who had purchased the wood.

"Fool," said the slave, "know you not the face of our most noble Lord and Master, Abd-ul-Aziz ?"

"*Aweely ! aweely !*" began crying the woman, as she hastened off. Then, suddenly turning in her tracks, she rushed back to Abd-ul-Aziz and burst into a torrent of words, saying that she was an old fool, that a mere matter of the price of firewood was not a thing for the great Sultan to bother his head about, and that surely the days of the country were becoming shorter now that a new sultan reigned.

Abd-ul-Aziz kindly reassured her, and sped her upon her way with :

" O mother, the words thou hast spoken contain much truth. There is little difference between a fool who knows not the Sultan and a Sultan who knows not his Master. And when it comes to firewood, why probably thou couldst cut more than the Sultan could pay for. So be at ease ; we be two fools and station changes little our folly."

And he held out his hand for the old woman to kiss, and she went upon her way calling upon the gods to witness the wisdom and goodness of Abd-ul-Aziz.

CHAPTER IV

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
SIR WILLIAM JONES.

MOROCCO is one of the very few countries of the world where that long word "extraterritoriality" is significant. Few people know the actual meaning of the word; still fewer know what it means to Morocco. Briefly, it signifies that, in accordance with various treaties, all foreigners or sojourners residing in the country are under the legal jurisdiction of their own country and not amenable to the laws of Morocco except in certain matters, such as ownership of land, prescribed by treaty and custom. Thus it is that the American tourist or the American resident in Morocco obeys, not the law of the Sultan, but the law of his own country. And the same with all other nations. This wise provision is made because the Shareefian law has certain little peculiarities, such as torture and decapitation and life imprisonment for debt, which are not appreciated by the freeborn Yankee or the still more independent subjects of European kings.

Thus in Morocco there must be something to

take the place of the legal machinery which in this country grinds out judgments and verdicts and multifarious decisions. This is accomplished through what is known as the Consular Court, of which the Consul is Judge. In the Consul is vested the power to try all cases which may arise between or against American citizens or protégés in Morocco, and his verdict, given without the aid of a jury, is final except in cases involving unusually heavy fines or long terms of imprisonment.

The Moors apply the law of like for like, punishing a bodily member for the crime of which it has been an instrument. Thus for forgery, the right hand is mutilated ; for spying, the eyes are put out ; for treason or blasphemy, the tongue amputated. I am sure that Americans would never take to this method. Christians generally are debarred from bribing the native judges through fear of exposure—exposure of the judges, that is ; not of the Christian. The Mohammedan judge who accepted a bribe from a Christian would be eternally disgraced.

I have observed that it is something of a shock to the American consular official who has been filling posts in civilization to be sent to Tangier and, without preliminary consideration, to assume the power and responsibilities of Judge of the Consular Court. The responsibility is something of a strain, it is true, for whereas in America the judge may leave the greater part of the burden upon the jury, in Morocco the judge must depend entirely upon his own judgment in face of fact as he may be able to ascertain it. That his power is not much less than omnipotent in all things somewhat simplifies his work, but there yet remains no inconsiderable weight upon his shoulders.

Those who know aught of Consular Court work are apt to suppose that in his judicial capacity, as in his consular duties, the Consul is instructed by the Department of State. But such is not the case ; the only instruction to the Consul is that he is to apply the American law. Thus in civil, criminal, and probate matters the Consul is left absolutely to his own responsibility.

To the lay mind the application of a little American law in the places where it will do the most good does not seem to be a difficult duty. Perhaps it is not in this country ; I don't know, for I have never tried it. But in Morocco there has been many a headache over legal affairs in the land of the Moors. One may not worry until the point is reached when, by the signing of one's name, the order becomes effective that some poor devil is to be locked up in prison, or the decision is registered regarding the sanity of some one, or the probate of will is affected involving the disposition of a big estate. Then the responsibility is apt to interfere with nocturnal rest.

The visitor to Morocco, should he chance to get in touch with the judicial end of his Consul's duties, may be somewhat envious of the power he holds. But should it happen, as it occasionally does, that the Consul calls upon him to assist as "associate" judge in an important case, thereby dividing the responsibility for the decision, the glamour of the Consul's judicial environment is apt to fade quickly.

However, the judicial duties of the American representatives are just as liable to bring out the amusing side of life as the burdensome and unpleasant—and they invariably display human nature in unusual ways. In a country with more living

civilizations than a man has fingers, to avoid confusion and get at facts is not a child's work.

Take, for example, the matter of placing a witness under oath. In an American court there is a mumble of words on the part of the clerk, a more or less distinguishable answer from the witness, a charge of perhaps fifty cents on the clerk's books, and the thing is finished.

But in Morocco the first thing to ascertain is the nationality of the witness—and he may be of any one of fifty. Let us suppose him to be a Moor, or other Mohammedan. Now to the Mohammedan the Christian oath is no more binding than should he have chanted "Eenie meenie minee mo," perhaps less, for he would not have understood that. The Mohammedan must have his own oath administered to him. He must face the east, where lies Mekka, the shrine of Mohammed the Prophet. Facing the Prophet the Moor cannot tell him an untruth. At least that is the supposition; but I have some doubt. And if it be desired to make the oath still stronger, the Koran, in the Arabic language, is placed in the hands of the witness as the oath is administered.

Next comes a Jew to give testimony. Now the *shudi* has some forty-seven different ways of rendering invalid any oath that may be given him by a Christian. Naturally he is in no wise bound to tell the truth to the "infidel." He has found that the average Consul considers him to be under oath if his head be covered, either by hat or handkerchief. But once upon a day it became my duty to find out the truth, if such an accomplishment were within human powers. It was a case of importance; there were four witnesses who swore to a thing, and four who swore to its direct opposite. All were Jews; all

heads were covered, and all swore on the Talmud. Yet it was manifest that four were perjuring themselves.

So I began to trail down to its end the subject of Jewish oaths. Naturally my first discovery was that thus far they had not considered themselves in the slightest degree bound to tell the truth. Wherefore, being armed with discoveries anent the intricacies of their religion, I sent them into the synagogue, with my Jewish interpreter, to swear upon the *sefer*. Soon they returned, having taken, with heads covered and hands upon the Book, the oath to tell the truth to any question I should put them. Then four still swore to one thing and four to its opposite. Then I recollected another thing. I asked my interpreter, "Did these men wash their hands before taking the oath?"

His reply was in the negative.

So the eight Jews returned to the synagogue and, with washed hands, again took oath. Upon their return it was the same story: the vote stood four to four.

I continued the hearing of the case, and spent another day in study. The next morning my eight witnesses, in charge of my interpreter, went back into the synagogue; they washed their hands and they covered their heads, they went into the presence of the Grand Rabbi, and they took the oath upon the sefer *without mental reservations*. Then I got at the truth of several things, one of which was that the Moroccan Jew, unless his Rabbi, in administering the oath, specifies that there shall be no such thing, may make "mental reservation," which enables him to avoid telling the truth with the facility with which some Congressmen avoid investigation.

A STATION OF THE NEW INTERNATIONAL POLICE.

In the case of Mohamed Ali, as I shall call him, the ludicrous side of life was predominant. Mohamed Ali was the naturalized Moor whom I have mentioned elsewhere, who, while under the stimulant of strong drink, grossly insulted the Moorish notaries, and the Judge (Kadi), and the Minister of War, and the Sultan's Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, and His Majesty himself, and stopped only on the far side of the Prophet Mohammed. Wherefore it was greatly desired that I should have him decapitated with thoroughness and expedition. But while I sympathized with the ravaged feelings of the Moorish officials, I could not see my way clear to such a summary proceeding. So I heard the case in open court, the Minister of War and the Commissioner of Foreign Affairs preferring the charge against the American, through their slave, Ali Zacky (upon whom be peace !)

The court was opened, the charge heard, the witnesses called—twenty of them. Ten witnesses swore solemnly that Ali Mohamed was drunker than a lord, and that he knew not what he did. The other ten swore that he was so sober that he was uncomfortable.

And the joy of it was that the prosecution had brought its ten witnesses to prove that Ali had *not* been drunk, while Ali himself had brought his friends to prove his unqualifiedly intoxicated condition !

This may look queer to you ; it did to me. But the explanatory point is that the Koran prescribes that a man shall not be held responsible for what he does when under the influence of liquor, although it prescribes punishment for intoxication itself. The Moorish officials desired to prove that Ali had not

been drunk, and that therefore he was deserving of horrible punishment for having insulted the name of the Sultan and the Prophet. Ali, of course, was trying to prove his irresponsible condition in order to face punishment only for the lesser crime of intoxication.

I frankly admit that when ten of the leading Moorish officials of the city—oh upright men!—come into court and swear that Ali Mohamed was certainly not drunk; when ten of his own witnesses—including two Americans who, crossing from Gibraltar with him on the day of the crime, had been forced fairly to pry him off their chests—swear with equal solemnity that he was so much under the weather as not to have recognized his own father, and to have tried to have him locked up as a pick-pocket—then, I say, judicial dignity is generously sprinkled with the pepper of humour.

Ali drew sixty days in the native jail.

The day after his release he repeated his offence. This time he was brought before me at once, tried to salaam to me, and lost his balance. It seemed to me that no question as to his condition existed. Again he went to jail for sixty days. I was somewhat puzzled—the things seemed to smell of intention. During the period of his second incarceration I secured information, and upon his release he was brought before me.

"Ali," I explained carefully, "I have had you brought here to give you a warning. Next time you shall get a beating instead of a term in jail." (I hoped the bluff would be efficacious.) "You have been having too good a time."

Ali's smile spread and spread.

"Tell me about it, Ali," I commanded.

"Well, Mister Consul, you see, me go to prison first time, an' me find frien' there; him man who keeps keys that there prison." Thus Ali.

I concealed my grin as best I could, for I had ascertained that during the months Ali had been in jail he had been serving as warden!

"Then this man, my frien', Mister Consul, him ask me take care prison. His fam'ly sick li'l bit. So I take keys and watch odder fellows. I have very good time, yes."

"Yes, Ali," I commented, "I've heard that you had a very good time indeed. How much money did you 'catch'?"

At this query Ali could no longer restrain his smile; it spread until it disfigured him.

"You know 'bout that?" he remarked rather than asked. "Well, me make some money; dat's true. It was dis way, Mister Consul. W'en I take keys from frien' wi' sick fam'ly, I say to me myself, 'W'at's d' use, Ali, of watchin' dese here fellers f'r nothin'?' So I think about it li'l bit, an' after w'ile I goes to see *khalifa*, an' him an' me we come to a 'greement. Every feller w'at comes to prison got to pay me four *reales*, ten cents 'Merican. Course I give half to *khalifa*. Many fellers come prison, Mister Consul; lot of 'em. Each one he pay me ten cents."

Suddenly his smile faded, and real responsibility took its place.

"But, Mister Consul," he said, "me good keeper dem dere fellers. Me no let one get out. All like me, dem fellers, very much. Want me come back. W'en I go way, all say Ali you good man, you come back. You want me go back, Mister Consul?"

"No, Ali," I answered softly. "I think that the

Government has boarded you about long enough. If you stayed there another three months you'd be basha of the town, and then you and I would have trouble. Beat it, Ali; beat it!"

The old vernacular brought joy to Ali, who had been a cook in a New York hotel.

"Yes, Mister Consul," he replied. "Me goin' to beat it." He hesitated a moment, searching his memory. Then he salaamed slowly, low and impressively, and said: "Skiddoo f'r me, Mister Consul. Broadway an' d' w'ite lights. Goo'-bye—an' t'anks."

So Ali returned to the country of his adoption, where officials may be insulted with impunity, almost with honour, and where, let us hope, graft works in a less open way its wonders to perform.

"You can always rule the Moslem by telling him the truth, by dealing with him honestly, and by respecting his women and his religion" (Richard F. Burton). But this method appeals to so few Christians.

It was not long after this, however, that Ali again left New York; this time to make the holy pilgrimage to Mekka, to the shrine of the Prophet he had cursed, and thereby to become purged of his sins. Upon returning from Mekka he came to me and proudly informed me that his pilgrimage had made a new man of him.

"Then you are now a Hadji," I said to him, 'Hadj' being an honourable title used by those of the Faithful who have been to Mekka.

"Yes," he answered. "Yes, sir; me now Hadji. No get drunk no more, Mister Consul. No can drink more after pray with Mahamet. Me good man now."

And Hadj Ali bowed with new dignity and retired,

never again to look upon the wine when it was red. His prayer with Mohammed, in person, had reformed him.

It is generally supposed—and the supposition is born from the pens of poorly-informed newspaper or magazine writers—that gentlemen who have indiscreetly got the bank's funds confused with their own, people who "can't come back," remittance men and the like, find in Morocco the land of plenty and the garden bountiful, safe from the law. In fact, it is not long since such an article was published in one of our seven hundred leading magazines, depicting Al Moghreb as a land filled with people with pasts of a more or less sombre hue. The writer of the article —who, *en passant*, might reasonably have been arrested on suspicion—even had the vast good fortune to meet, somewhere in that mysterious interior where no explorer other than he has ever trod, a "desert Bedouin," who, of course, turned out to be an American bank president whose self-imposed exile had been so lengthy that he had forgotten most of his native language. But not all, for, if I remember correctly, his first words to the correspondent were, "What are *you* here for?"

The picture has been erroneously drawn. It is true that the United States has no extradition treaty with Morocco, but we "get" them just the same, as various gentlemen now contributing to the State's support can testify. In fact, in this respect, Morocco has the advantage over some countries with which we have extradition treaties, for the formality of extradition is done away with. The Moorish Government, in a case of this sort, merely turns the foreigner over to almost anybody who may ask for him and who is strong enough to take him aboard ship. That is all

there is to it: courtesy only. It is arrant nonsense to write that there are American fugitives living *incognito* in Morocco to-day. All foreigners are too well known to permit of such a thing; and in the districts where foreigners might be able to avoid fellow-countrymen — well, most men "who can't come back" prefer a few years in the penitentiary to a crude removal of the vital portions of their anatomy by inquisitive tribesmen.

Once upon a time the Court had to exercise its jurisdiction over more than a hundred American citizens in Morocco. That is, there were as many people residing in the country who, in some manner satisfactory to the naturalization authorities in the United States, had complied with the American law sufficiently to secure the "papers" which duly recorded them as being American citizens. In the present year of grace perhaps a dozen remain upon the list in the archives of the Consulate-General at Tangier of those entitled to the protection of the U.S.A., and to have the flag thrown over their coffins on their last journey. The manner of the reduction of the list is interesting, but before touching upon the sometimes humorous, sometimes pathetic phases of the matter, it may not be amiss for me to explain why in Al Moghreb American citizenship or employment is held in somewhat higher regard than one's worldly goods.

It is because of the protection which it affords. Protection in Morocco is the equivalent of a burglar-proof safe, fire and life insurance, in America. He who has no foreign protection corresponds to the American voter who keeps his savings in an old sock, and lets his fire and life insurance expire the day before he is consumed with his goods and chattels.

The Moorish Government — "Government" meaning everybody in power—is a grasping octopus, beside which our corporations become philanthropic institutions. If a Moor, through the kindness of Allah and the labours of his "Ladies' Aid Society," becomes possessed of a hundred dollars, and the fact reached the ears of the *m'kadem*, or village chief, promptly is an accusation brought against him. The *m'kadem*, being a combination of the Supreme Court and executioner, finds no extenuating circumstances, and becomes the owner of seventy-five of the dollars that formerly clinked in the *shakarah* of the subject of His Shareefian Majesty.

Thereupon it is only natural that this same subject complain to his *kaid*, or tribal chief. The kaid occupying towards the *m'kadem* relatively the position of the *m'kadem* toward the original possessor of the hundred dollars, the *m'kadem* is promptly mulcted to the extent of fifty dollars.

Ere long it becomes necessary for the kaid to render the customary tribute to the basha of the district wherein he lives, and under whom he holds his position as kaid. Twenty-five of the dollars pass with others into the capacious coffers of the basha. But not to remain, all of them. For the basha who, for a cash consideration, has purchased the office of Governor, has been forced to negotiate with the Grand Vizier instead of His Majesty; and, the Grand Vizier having heavy expenses of his own, the basha has agreed to remunerate him for the appointment. Thus, when his "assessment" is made up, ten of the dollars change ownership, and go with many others into the treasure-chest of the Vizier.

Having reached such an exalted *cache*, it might be suspected that they would cease their division, but

such is not the case, for the expenses of His Majesty the Sultan are heavy—what with wars and rebellions and the purchase of the service of mercenaries—and who, if not the viziers, should contribute to the campaign fund? So, regretfully but surely, the treasure-chest of Sidi Mohamed ben Mohamed ben Sen Hadji is drawn upon, and five of our original dollars become a small portion of the Vizier's gift to the Commander of the Faithful.

And when the Sultan disburses his money, the dollars become divided among his soldiers or his slaves, and are spent for tea or sugar or tobacco at the little shops, and the shopkeepers purchase grain or flour or fodder for their cattle, and so perhaps a penny finally returns to the unfortunate subject whose original hundred dollars has thus contributed towards the enriching of so many people.

The beautiful part of it all is, that if humble subject, or tribal chieftain, or powerful kaid, or great vizier, fails to "come across" with a share of the plunder, foodless and murky prison-cells and deucedly uncomfortable chains await him.

As the native who has foreign "protection" or who is a citizen of some other country is free from this, "papers" showing him to be a citizen of the United States are a pretty valuable possession—which is the reason that in olden times, hundreds, or even thousands, of dollars was considered a moderate price to pay for a document with a red seal and the signature of a foreign Consul. For this document perhaps stated that Hadji Mohamed was an American protégé, and implied that he could not be mulcted for the running expenses of the Moorish Government. And the same was true of naturalization papers, but they were more difficult to get,

demanding a more or less protracted trip to America.

You can quite see, I think, that you would not be averse to paying a few hundred dollars if that payment would exempt you from the payment of taxes, police-court fines for speeding your machine, and such minor matters as paving assessments, water taxes, and that little sum you give each campaign to the man who tells you how to vote.

There are two documents which the Moors value above all other earthly possessions: their "protection" papers, whether they be merely employment certificates—for the employees of foreign residents likewise are protected—and the title-deeds to their real estate. Marriage licences, bills of sale for black or white slaves, bills payable and accounts receivable, wills, and love-letters all take seats in the gallery. For the other two is the parquet circle reserved. Few Moors ever permit these important documents to leave their persons. Search the average native of Morocco—be he Moor or Jew—and you will find, next to his skin, and suspended about his neck by a cord, a long narrow tin box, and in this tin box you will find some document that passes for "protection" papers, and another that alleges his ownership of real estate. Both may be fraudulent, rank forgeries perhaps, but that does not decrease their value in the eyes of their owner.

The lengths to which many natives—especially those who have some property, or who are "wanted" by the Moorish Government, or who have powerful enemies—will go to secure protection is wonderful; far more wonderful than the fact that many a native is victimized by foreigners whose protection they seek. When it is remembered that not one out of

a thousand can either read or write, it becomes apparent that to take advantage of the Moors where a written or printed document is concerned is no difficult trick. Thus it was that a certain foreigner drew unto himself a goodly portion of worldly goods by disposing, in Southern Morocco, of large numbers of "protection certificates" which, according to his statements to the natives, made them his protégés in agriculture. By and by one of these protégés got into trouble and was carried before the Governor, whereupon he produced his "protection" papers, and besought the good offices of the Consul of the country he had been told would serve him. Then it was discovered that the foreign gentleman had sold to several scores of ignorant natives, at a price ranging from £10 to £100, half-page advertisements from a London newspaper for a popular brand of whisky! What made this possible was the big red seal which the advertisement bore in the lower left-hand corner, and a facsimile signature of the advertiser.

There is a vast difference between the naturalized Jew and the naturalized Moor. The effect of naturalization upon one is internal, upon the other the contrary. The Moor is like the revolver whose loaded condition was not known, until it went off. The Jew proclaims his possession of ammunition to all the world. The Moor retains his humility and produces his "protection" at the proper time with tranquillity and faith. The average Jew mouths his citizenship from the housetops, vaunting it over his less fortunate brethren. It exudes from him as an odour; his dress, his bearing, his voice leave no room for doubt. The haughtiness of Caesar was craven in comparison. Nero was an unostentatious monarch contrasted with Moses Ibrahim, American, in

Morocco. I have never been able to ascertain the source of the instructions given the Jews upon their naturalization. Perhaps there are shyster lawyers in New York—manufacturers of "straw witnesses"—who might tell. But the effect is superb.

Moses ben Ibrahim comes to his Consul's office garbed in black skull-cap and greasy gaberdin, belted by a gaudy cord. His bows to the honourable Consul are profound, for the backbone of Moses has been made prehensile by life among the Moors. Moses, between salaams, imparts the information that he is about to go to America, the great and glorious, to reside for five years, and become a citizen of that unequalled country. He goes.

Perhaps three years, perhaps three months later, the Consul is handed an engraved card bearing the name :

Mr. Archibald A. Atkinson,
Exporter,
New York.

Mr. Archibald A. Atkinson is admitted, and there, in "Christian" garments of the latest vintage, a gilt-banded cigar between his be-diamonded fingers and the odour of "Canadian Club" on his breath, stands Moses ben Ibrahim of yore, calmly announcing to his Consul that he thinks the Consulate should be open longer hours, and that only American interpreters should be employed.

Unless the Consul is fortunate enough to remember the charge of fraud against Moses ben Ibrahim, or ungentlemanly enough to refer to the naturalization laws which prescribe five years' residence for the securing of citizenship, Mr. Archibald A. Atkinson probably proceeds to attempt to make the Consul

his own office-boy. "Before and after taking" becomes a phrase pregnant with meaning.

Once upon a time there was a Jew from down the coast whose papers showed that he had lived in America seventeen years. The fact that he could speak not a dozen words of the English language—including the effective expression, "You bet!"—might have been overlooked, as might also the fact that he had not the slightest idea how he had been naturalized except that "anodder feller got his papers for him," but when asked if he knew what is the Constitution of the United States, his reply was :

"No ; me N'York all time, seb'nteen year."

Through an interpreter the Constitution was then carefully explained to him as being the basic law of America. Before the interpreter had finished the explanation, Mr. American had rammed hasty hands into numerous pockets, and produced a badly-worn and greasy little book which he held up to our vision, crying, "Const'ution ; Const'ution, you bet!" Examination showed it to be a pamphlet of regulations of the Tobacco Workers' Union, Local 317, New York City!

When the American Government decided to enforce certain laws appertaining to the residence abroad of naturalized citizens, especially that portion of the law which decrees that no naturalized person shall reside in the country of his nativity for more than two years, or in any other country for more than five years, on pain of losing his citizenship, there was much seeking for cover. Few indeed of the Americans in Morocco but had taken up an apparently permanent residence in the land of their birth, and who had not already resided there more

than two years. Thus there was great effort to take advantage of some one of the three "exceptions" to the law which permit foreign residence.

One of these exemptions prescribes that foreign residence on the part of a naturalized citizen may be permitted for purposes of education; another grants the same right if it be for the health of the citizen; the third exception is that of "causes over which one has no control." The last is the favourite refuge of the naturalized citizen seeking cover—it seems so generous. And it is generous, for it preserves the citizenship of unfortunate persons who lack the financial resources with which to buy the coloured strips of pasteboard or paper demanded by inconsiderate pursers; it protects the widow whose husband has died abroad, leaving her penniless, but rarely childless. But the official endowed with the proper enforcement of these laws has his hands full. It is truly remarkable what sins can be covered by "education, health, or causes over which one has no control"!

Each day brings with it some bit of interesting life for the entertainment of the American Consul in Morocco; some bit of humour or blind faith or blinder superstition. Each time one's office door opens the chance is that something hitherto unheard of is coming through it. *Djinnoon*, or spirits, who surreptitiously deposit little bags of gold on official desks are not uncommon—especially when Moses Ibrahim has registered a serious complaint against Abraham Cohen—and it is a difficult task to return them to their owners. Jewish gentlemen, with the weirdest reasons for the non-payment of sight drafts, come and go quietly, and much too politely. Moors who lie unmitigatedly in open court unless facing the

east, and Jews who go them one better if their hands be not washed and their heads covered, are commonplace. Ten-year widows coming to register the birth of a new citizen, the newly-weds endeavouring to settle disputes over the furniture, and merchants who have injured themselves blowing up their own safes and who wish redress against the Moorish Government—all these are part of the day's work of the Consul. And without them, life in Tangier would indeed be dull.

CHAPTER V

THE COURT GOES TO CASABLANCA

For to admire an' for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried.

KIPLING.

DESPITE its notoriety, as a result of the famous French bombardment of August 1907, Casablanca, or Dar-el-Baida, is the last city in Morocco to which I would have made a pilgrimage of my own accord. But fate, in the disguise of a misled missionary, demanded the presence at Casablanca of the Consular Court. Being at that time the Acting Consul-General, and consequently sitting Judge of the Court, I prepared to go, wondering reproachfully why the trouble might not have demanded my journeying to Mogador or Fez or any of the lesser known and more interesting towns of the empire, rather than to the French-controlled, semi-Parisited Casablanca.

One may naturally suppose that a journey by sea from Tangier to Dar-el-Baida — 180 miles — is no phenomenal undertaking. I supposed that it was merely a case of a night's voyage for myself, my clerk of court, a servant or two, and a case of

supplies. But in Morocco a certainty is the last thing to be depended upon. It was our luck to take passage upon one of the boats of the then new Spanish line of steamers, "El Correo de Africa." The Company had just received the contract from the Spanish Government to carry mails, and bought up a lot of old coastal steamers, given them fresh paint, named crews to run them which had never before been in African—or, for the most part, any other—waters, and sent them forth on their missions.

The *Cabanal* was not a bad little boat. It once had been the *Catalonia*, and before that the *Djibel Haddek*, and previous to its Moorish incarnation an English cargo boat built in Glasgow. By digging under the paint in different spots one could find a lot of the old names. It was a good steady ship—when it was anchored in Tangier harbour. Shortly after we sailed, in mid-afternoon of a hot summer day, it began to exercise. I don't know just what was the matter with it; perhaps the wheel was not held steady, or perhaps there was an itch somewhere that it was trying to scratch.

Dinner was served at five o'clock. Spanish boats have but two meals, one at eleven, the other at five—both logged with oils and spices and weight and variety. Dinner began joyfully, with a dozen persons, including all the ship's officers—who were nice little chaps, but dreadfully unversed in sea-life. Just as the soup was brought on by stewards of questionable sanitation but with lovely, nicely waxed moustaches, something happened to the ship. A Spanish police officer, *en route* to his duties at Dar-el-Baida, was the first to notice it. He excused himself and went to his cabin for his spectacles. Perhaps he could not find them, but nobody ever

thought of him again. A couple of Jewish travelling men and a British Vice-Consul from down the coast decided to go on deck and observe the coast-line. I think it was the coast-line ; it may have been the quadrant. They were followed promptly by a major portion of the officers,—and then the few of us who remained to keep the Captain company observed a lull in the service ; there was a noticeable absence of stewards. At last the Captain and the Court gazed sorrowfully at each other, because there was no one else to gaze at. Impressively the Captain filled two glasses with Spanish claret, and raised his own to touch that of the Court. Then the Court retired. I do not know what became of the Captain. But the next morning I found that the *Cabanal* had been anchored all night. Probably the Captain tied it up before he went to bed.

We spent the night anchored off El Arache, and the next morning a fog was up before we were. It was a real fog. By close inspection we could make out the native row-boat hanging barnacle like to our side, waiting to receive the mails for El Arache. When they had been delivered, we expected that we would continue our journey. But that was where we learned something of Spanish seamanship.

During the night the sea had quieted and the boat now was lively with handsome Spanish officers strolling about in immaculate white duck uniforms embroidered with a sufficiency of gold lace and braid. It occurred to me that they were taking unnecessary risks ; if one had fallen overboard he would have sunk like a plummet. Every man was rolling cigarettes—daintily and with flourishes—and more daintily smoking them. An air of peace brooded over the ship—

an air laden with nicotine, clinging closely,—but we remained anchored.

"Why, oh why," we asked the Captain, finally, "do we not proceed to Casablanca?"

Then we learned that there was a heavy fog, that it was the first trip of the officers down the Moroccan coast, that there was danger of collision, that the boat might run ashore, that if the Captain sank his ship the Company never would forgive him, and that, besides, he was under contract only to carry mails, and, as long as it didn't matter whether the mails were delivered to-morrow or the day after King Alfonso's birthday, why should the passengers object? Naturally we recognized the logic in the Captain's words, and ceased our complaints. We had forgotten that it was a Spanish mail-boat we were utilizing.

Thereafter we searched for amusement. A little half-Jewish half-Spanish language professor from down the coast led the way. With big pride he fished from his trunk a Mauser rifle and began shooting at bottles considerately thrown overboard for him by the Captain and the first mate. There was no lack of courtesy on that ship! I, too, had taken with me a sporting rifle, on the slim chance that there would be boar-shooting near Casablanca. Just as we broke the last bottle, the fog lifted a bit, and we saw about the boat the black snouts of a dozen hammerhead sharks. For a while a miniature bombardment took place; no doubt the natives in El Arache began packing up for an exodus.

If one has never shot rapidly swimming hammerheads from the deck of a steamship of small tonnage, one does not know how easy it is to hit the swinging bell in the shooting gallery. As nearly as my mathe-

matics will figure it out, one has to contend with the following movements :

First, the ship's up and down, forward and back, round and round.

Second, the hammerhead's ; which is a straight line between the pole-star and Boston ; speed 327 nautical miles per hour.

Third, the motion of the water, which changes unexpectedly from a depth of two feet above the fish to seventeen underneath it.

Fourth, the gyroscopic motion of oneself to keep erect on the boat, and the tremble of a hand that has spent most of the night on one's stomach.

It is therefore mathematically impossible that a bullet aimed at the hammerhead should strike it, utterly disregarding trajectory, energy, foot-pounds, velocity, and such unimportant items. And yet there were several of those big fish that swam so close to the bullets that streaks were parboiled along their sides. I have seen Barney Oldfield chasing the wrong end of a world's record ; I have seen Beachy come down six thousand feet in six seconds ; I have seen a Moroccan Jew accepting payment of a debt —but never have I witnessed anything which for hastiness can get within astronomical observation distance of a hammerhead with a bullet in his tail. He is a six-foot denizen of the deep who could play cross tag with a wireless message.

So we spent the day off El Arache, anchor down.

So we spent the night off El Arache, anchor down.

The next morning there was still a fog, but no indication that the Captain intended turning the propellers. So we talked to him. We got out a chart and showed him that if he went ten miles out to sea and then steered due south the only thing in

the way of land into which he could run was in the Antarctic region. We thought that at the rate we had been going we wouldn't strike that for several days. We had made fifty-five miles in fifty-four hours and some minutes. But the Captain still objected on the ground that we might collide with some other steamer ; presumably one which was also anchored to the Moroccan coast-line. We spoke profanely of the lonesomeness of the Moorish coast, and by sailing lists and forceful language demonstrated that there was no other boat within two hundred miles of El Arache. We even offered to run the boat for him at our own risk. But that Captain was a rank Conservative !

Finally, in the afternoon of the third day the fog lifted somewhat, and the Captain started up, with one eye on the coast and the other eye out at sea. Slowly we struggled along for a few hours. Then the Captain found another soft spot on which to anchor. How we ever got to Casablanca with our anchor down all the time is more than I know. We had not arrived there yet, however. We wakened to find ourselves tied up to sea-bottom off Rabat and Sla, or Sallee, sixty hours out and almost a hundred miles from Tangier. Certain historians narrate that Hanno the Carthaginian went four hundred miles down the coast in four days, with galleys. I thought of that—and I admired Hanno as being probably the first violator of the speed laws. Probably he tied his galleys to hammerhead sharks.

For diversion, having ascertained that the eccentricities of the Spanish postal laws demanded that the *Cabanal* should lie up off Rabat-Sla for twelve hours, we chartered a little steam tug whose master wanted to lift a mortgage, and tried to go ashore.

The cities of Rabat and Sla are built upon opposite sides of the Bu Regreg river, which there reaches the sea. It is not a large river. Nor is either Rabat or Sla a large town, although both have histories interesting enough. In our little tug we roller-coasted over the bar at the mouth of the river and got into still water on the other side. It is one of the worst bars on the coast. Most of the time one cannot cross it ; that is the reason so many people stay in Rabat and Sla, and why so many others never go there. If the wind is from the west, one could not land in an aeroplane. If it is from the north or south the bar is a roaring hill-chain of angry purple-green : one doesn't wish to go a-wandering over that variety of hills. If the wind is off shore, that is from the east, the bar sleeps. The wind blows from the east occasionally. It did the day Mulai el Hafid was proclaimed Sultan. By some dispensation of Providence, the day we crossed the waves were not more than seventeen feet high, and proportionately deep. I was standing in the prow of the boat, picturesquely grasping a guy wire in one hand and a kodak in the other. Suddenly I discovered that the ushers had made a mistake and that instead of being in the dress circle I was in the gallery. I sat down suddenly—but not so suddenly as the boat. But I beat it up. Afterwards I inquired of the engineer-pilot-proprietor why in thunder—I think it was "thunder" I referred to, it may have been some other place—the fire-box was up in front where the refrigerator should have been. He didn't know. But it was there. Two daintily-browned disks on the seat of the Court's white duck trousers explained why I had beaten the boat in the ascent.

This incident took my mind momentarily from the fact that my clerk and a roustabout were making a half-crown bet as to whether the boat was keel up or funnel up. My clerk won: he was betting that there was "no crimson telling until the gory ijot took another bash at it." My clerk was something of a purist, and apt to affect Chaucerian English. But this time I would have bet with him, ten to one on the crimson, had I not had particular and individual annoyances that prevented.

We got over, though, much as a woman gets over a barbed-wire fence.

Just on the other side of the bar, we met the mate of the *Cabanal*, who had landed earlier in the day, and who now informed us that he was expecting the boat to continue on her way immediately upon his return. So we did not land, but admired the creamy-yellow walls of Sla and the red-and-green of Rabat from the middle of the Bu Regreg—a point, no doubt, whence they have been observed times innumerable by pirate fleets outbound for pillage. But that was before the bar became as it now is.

There are, in history, various interesting things about the twin towns of Rabat-Sla. One is that Sla was the home of the immortal Sallee pirates who cast black fear into the hearts of civilized Europe not many decades ago, and who, after annoying Uncle Sam for some time, made a touch of about £10,000 and got away with it. Imagine the U.S.A. paying the price of a corner lot in Chicago in order that a shipload of pirates from the Barbary coast might let our shipping alone! Of course we had less shipping in those days than we have now. But not much!

To return to the pirates. They were real pirates, and they levied tribute upon all who came their way. Many a good English or Spanish or Portuguese galleon has sunk to oblivion off the Morocco coast, stripped clean of their treasures, crews and passengers killed or taken into captivity worse than death. Robinson Crusoe avers that he was a captive at Sallee. Christian slaves in the time of the Sallee pirates were apt to be worried. After one had worked industriously for, say, twenty or thirty years, at some light employment such as cutting rocks for the Sallee walls or digging the moats about Rabat, one was remunerated by being carefully embalmed alive in the top layer of mortar on the city gate, so that true believers might come and stand and reflect before the outline and say, "He was a good Christian. He made a fine bas-relief."

Rabat has a more peaceful history than Sla. It is a newer town. A long time passed before the Moors who had the bright idea of building a town on the north side of the river thought of the possibility of building another one on the south side. The man who finally saw that it might be done became a saint, and has a fine tomb near the town.

Rabat's most interesting story is of the manner in which one of Morocco's greatest Sultans, Mulai el Hassan, father of the present potentate, was taken into the city after his death. It was at a time when the country was normal; that is, that the death of the Sultan would mean a period of anarchy which might change the name and address of the reigning family. Mulai el Hassan's right-hand man was Bu Hamed, called the "Iron-handed Vizier." The favourite son was Abd-ul-Aziz, whom the father wished to succeed him. There were others who

looked with envious eyes upon the throne, and who had not confined their operations merely to looking. Mulai el Hassan, worn out by age and his last long campaign in Sus, died suddenly while in camp near Rabat. Bu Hamed, with that wisdom which had earned for him the admiration and trust of Mulai el Hassan, decided to conceal the fact of the death of the Commander of the Faithful, and to take the remains into the city of Rabat. It was manifestly impossible to do the latter secretly either in daylight or darkness through the city gates; there were always loiterers or guards who would be inquisitive. So the vizier ordered a great hole to be cut through the city wall. A dozen slaves worked without pause until the passage-way was finished. Then they stopped both work and breathing simultaneously—at Bu Hamed's orders. In utter darkness, and still deeper silence, borne by the Vizier Bu Hamed and three of his trusted friends, all that remained of Mulai el Hassan made its last journey through the twenty-foot wall and was deposited in secrecy in the tomb of his ancestors.

Within twelve hours Bu Hamed had convoked the *ulema*, or city fathers, and Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz had been proclaimed Sultan. The fact that the *ulema* had been locked up in the chief mosque after their convocation, and offered their choice of demises by the hand of the Iron-handed Vizier was only one of the interesting phases of the incident. They promptly decided that Bu Hamed knew best, that Abd-ul-Aziz was the right and proper person to succeed his father. After the proclamation had been effected in due order, and a new Sultan reigned, Bu Hamed permitted it to leak out to the general public that Hassan was dead. The *ulema*, also, were

released. His *coup* had made a monarch and prevented anarchy and dissension. But the sombre tragedy of Mulai el Hassan's funeral procession through the red wall of Rabat brings strongly to memory some of the scenes in the chronicles of *The Thousand and One Nights.*

The next day we arrived at Casablanca, and anchored in the roadstead whence the deadly shells had been sent by the French warships to fall upon the thousands of sleeping men and women and children of the city.

There is not much to be said of the city itself. Architecturally it is a mixture of ancient, mediaeval, and modern. Straw-roofed huts rub eaves with windowless stuccoed houses of well-to-do Moors, and French cafés clink their glasses in the shadow of the mosque of Sidi Cassim. Painted girls in whispering silks rustle past the mosque door on the arms of wax-moustached lieutenants seeking solace for the loss of Parisian pleasures. French-Algerian Zouaves on bedraggled horses lift languid eyelid alike at virtuous matron or sensuous Espanola. Coarse-voiced guides seek the stranger, to discourse upon the pleasures to which he alone may lead you. At night a thousand lights illuminate the thoroughfare where flourish the principal refuges of the *ennuied*; absinthe and *crème-de-menthe* blend their rich emerald with the ruby of the Burgundy, or the singing amber of the vintage of Champagne, and over the rims of the glasses eye meets eye with understanding. Algerian Moslem drinks beside the *cocotte* brought recently from the boulevards of the Montmartre, and his camel-hair head-rope catches captivatingly upon the sagging eaves of the latest Parisian fashion.

French military barracks wall in the town on three sides, and beyond them, as far as Settat, sixty miles distant, stretched fertile farming country now dotted by military outposts, and cut by a narrow-gauge military railway connecting the two towns. Always soldiers, on foot or horseback or mule-back or donkey-back, are coming and going, most of them burdened with supplies for man or beast. It is a hot, dusty, eye-blistering district, the Shawia, and offers nothing of interest except a study of how quickly civilization can devastate a place.

Among the notables of Casablanca there is Mulai Amim, uncle of the Sultan, who is governor of the entire district; Mohamed Shawy, basha of the city itself, under Mulai Amim, and Captain John Cobb, the only unofficial native-born American living in Morocco. Every publicist who has visited Casablanca has written about the profane but well-intentioned old sailor who has lived there forty years, who curses fluently in seven languages and various dialects, and who barricaded himself in his house and flour-mill during the bombardment of 1907, and cursed to death all who tried to molest him. Therefore I shall not go into detail about Captain Cobb. His distinctions are many, and he is a more than likeable old man of over eighty, who welcomes the American guest, feeds him with green corn, pancakes, and maple syrup, canned peaches, and XXX coffee, all bearing the virgin American trade-marks. Also, he manipulates an old-fashioned phonograph with the result that "Swannee River" and "Old Folks At Home" float through the mill and out upon the flour-laden air of the Shawia. Captain Cobb eats more American goods than any other private person in Morocco.

CHAPTER VI

TETUAN AND "THE TURBULENT ANGHERAS"

I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine.
KIPLING.

IN Morocco one meets many things supposed to be confined to the pages of history or modern fiction. However, after a long continuation of unexpected happenings, one becomes accustomed to opening the door upon scenes from *The Thousand and One Nights*, and actually can become on friendly terms with the genii which are bottled in the vase or with Ali Baba and a respectable scattering of his famous forty. And perhaps the most interesting experience which the country offers is that of camping in "closed country"—that is, in a district which the Moorish Government has declared unsafe for foreigners to pass through, because of the disturbed condition of the tribes—or for some other reason; perhaps a diplomatic or political one.

Within ten miles of Tangier and thirty from the coast of Spain there is such a district. It is one which has never been subjugated by Sultan or by Christian, through which no foreigner may pass except at risk of his neck and the peace of mind of his diplomatic authorities in the "Infidel City."

This district is known as Anghera, or Anghera province. It lies to the east of Tangier, beginning at the bank of the tidal river which cuts in half the semi-circle of Tangier harbour, and it runs eastward forty-five miles to Tetuan. From Tangier may be seen the far-sweeping purple-brown Anghera hills, dotted with tiny villages of straw, stone, or stucco, guarded by the little white tower, Torre Blanquillo, on the point which on the other side of the bay thrusts its ram-like nose into the Straits of Gibraltar ; the ghost-like bulk of Djibel Musa, companion peak of Gibraltar, heaving majestic shoulders over the Mediterranean ; and as a background for the billowy brown country, the gray Atlas, on occasional days crawling near enough for one to see its gray rough-hewn peaks.

One *may* travel by road from Tangier to Tetuan. If the whim of one's diplomatic representative permits —if His Excellency be not enervated by the tales of Angheran barbarism—one may take the trek that leads through Anghera ; otherwise, if land travelling be preferred, a more southern route must be taken. If the above routes are neither available nor desirable the only recourse is to make the trip by sea, *via* the tiny *Djibel Dersa* which leaves Tangier at sunset and rocks at anchor in the roadstead before Tetuan by sunrise. If one goes by water, and watches the inhospitable coast unroll along the ship's side like a panorama from a reel, some garrulous officer—who must perforce make the trip weekly—will point out portions of the coast where acts of black piracy have taken place.

On one occasion I sailed along the coast, and saw upon the rocks the remains of a small English yacht which had gone ashore in the fog. Nothing was left of the boat except the hull—fittings, engine,

OVERLOOKING THE CHALKY ROOFS OF TETUAN.

propellers, cabins—everything that makes a yacht a yacht had been carried off by the piratical Angherians. And as the hulk broke up and washed ashore, that too went to join its previous equipment.

In the case of this yacht the crew and owner had made their escape in small boats and had reached Tangier; but now and again one of the small sailing vessels or fishing smacks is not so fortunate. It was only a short time before the looting of the English yacht that a Spanish sailing vessel, with four men aboard, ran on the rocks. It was not a large boat, and the crew would have got it off had they been left unmolested. However, as soon as it was sighted, a group of Moors came down to the water's edge and sportively fired their rifles at the boat and the Spaniards in it. Before the sailors could desert the vessel and get out of range in the painter, one man was killed and two others badly wounded. It was among the tribesmen who had managed both of these little affairs that we pitched our camp.

But that is a tale that shall come later; we are now *en route* to Tetuan in the darkness. We creep slowly and carefully along the coast, past the lights of Ceuta—the Spanish prison town—like one of its own escaping prisoners; double black Cape Negro—and when we awaken in the morning we find ourselves gently rising and falling upon the swells that wash the beach before Tetuan. To the right stretch the Straits of Gibraltar—a grey lane leading to the great Atlantic; to the left the Mediterranean sweeps blue to Italy; and south, seven miles over the sun-browned plain of the Marteen River, Tetuan lies among the green hills like a tiny white bird in its nest.

Although attractive enough from the beach, the

real beauty of Tetuan can be observed only by approaching it from east, south, or west, over the edge of the massive hills which protect it. I can think of no more accurate simile than that of a creamy, opalescent pearl lying in the bottom of a cup of purple-green velvet, with the silver lustre of the meandering Marteen like a delicate chain holding it to the necklace of the sea.

Tetuan, although it lies so far from the beach, is considered a port town, and has all of the accessories of a port—except a harbour or landing-stage. There is a customs house, a small fort and soldiers to guard it, and the proper officials to attend to the collection of duties. One lands from the steamer at Tetuan in a devious and old-fashioned manner, more picturesque than pleasant. The first stage is the disembarking from the steamer into a small boat or lighter, which approaches the land until it roots its nose in the sand. It is then made fast by a rope fastened to poles driven into the sand, or to anchors of sheet iron, an old cannon, or a boulder. A pandemonium of vocal assault and battery, and a bioscope of gesticulation accompanies this operation—for neither Moor nor Jew can work in silence. Then the traveller is carefully balanced on the edge of the boat while two stalwart natives twine their arms together. Holding on to their cloaks or their necks or their hair, one manages to drop into this extemporized seat and is carried ashore. Or it may happen that only one native is to serve as carrier : that depends entirely upon the will of Allah and the whim of the head boatman. In that case one becomes another Old Man of the Sea, with one's legs locked under the jaw of some bronzed brigand and one's hands gripping his muscle-rough shoulders. This method

ONE SIDE OF THE TETUAN MARKET-PLACE.

of landing is not difficult for men, but when a foreign woman is forced to use it, humorous complications are apt to develop. At the finish the boatman is apt to remark that the woman can have no modesty, anyhow, as she does not cover her face.

After landing has been accomplished in one manner or another, and the boatmen have triumphantly fished from the water the only portion of one's luggage that water will injure, one climbs up on a red-saddled mule—or a horse, if one be less plebeian—and takes up the trail that tags the river to Tetuan.

The town itself is one of the oldest in Morocco. At one time the hosts of Caesar made it a port from which they shipped their galley-loads of copper ore taken from the hills near the town. The old mines are still visible, with the stone slides for hoisting the ore, and the hill-piled refuse at the mouths of the tunnels.

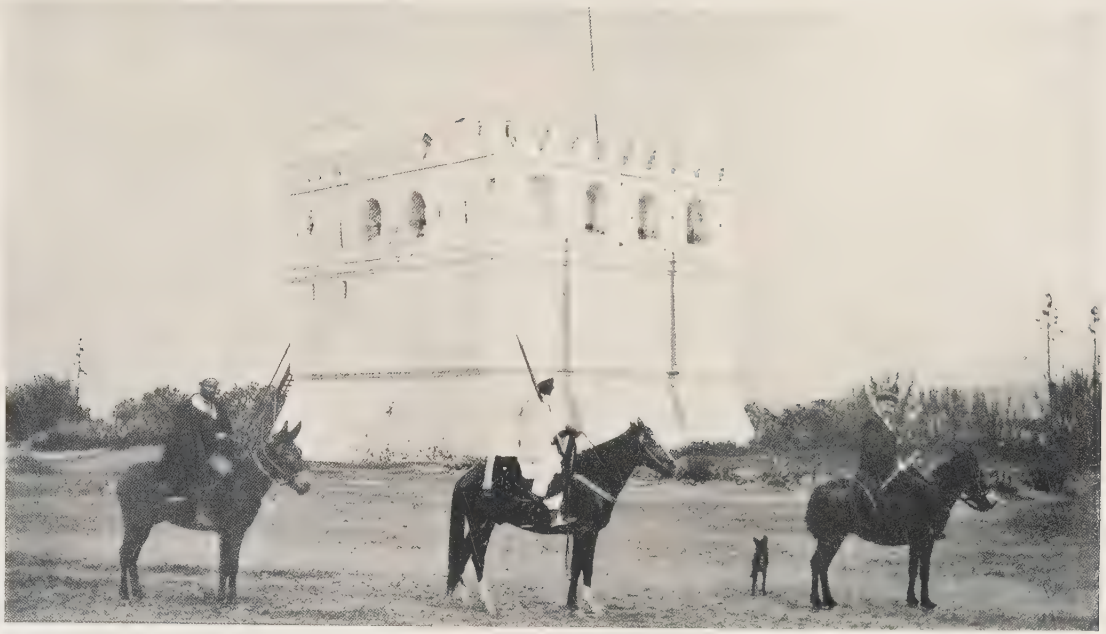
Like every Moorish town, it had its beginning on the summit of a high hill, upon which was built the casbah—a fortification to protect the town as it gradually ran down the slopes and occupied the cup of the valley. Although the casbah is now unoccupied save for a few cannons so old that they have been half embedded in the accumulated dust of centuries, it is picturesque in the extreme, giving something of a kingly appearance to the hill which looms above the town, as a crown adds to the dignity of a potentate.

A population of about forty thousand, almost equally divided between Moors and Jews, carries on much commercial intercourse with neighbouring towns and villages, and transacts much trade among its constituents. Perhaps the most interesting features of Tetuan are its market-places, where the artistic

instinct of a people—a people who helped build the Alham'ra—has expressed itself by planting grape-vines which run along ropes stretched above the market-places, making of the *soks* cool harbours of refuge in the heat of the day. There is the silk-market, a riot of colour, with the sun striking through the interlaced vines here and there and creating huge opals of the silk-littered tables. There is the *sok* of the leather-workers, where bags and belts of soft Morocco leather, cut or embroidered with silk, testify to the skill of Tetuan hands. There is the street of the dyers, where the pungent smell of dye-vat and of huge skeins of freshly-coloured silk hanging over lines smites the nostrils. There is the street of the bread-sellers and the street of the metal-workers, where the clatter of hammer upon brass is not far separated from the rhythm and rhyme of Oriental music. In fact, each trade and art has its street or its market-place. Everywhere friendship and smiles about. The merchant or artisan stops many times during the day to drink tea with his neighbours, or to gossip and discuss affairs of state, politics, or religion. It is a colourful, happy, sunny life that one finds beneath the grape-vines of the Tetuan market-places.

Tetuan has its *mellah*, or Jewish portion of the town. Here all Jews must reside. The *mellah*, being enclosed with walls, is locked at night: not to keep the Jews within, but to keep the Moors without. Although the city is under the dominion of a basha, its *mellah* has its sub-government, the head of which is the Rabbi, and it is rarely that the basha interferes in disputes between Jews.

I had gone to Tetuan to investigate the citizenship of various naturalized Americans who had been



OLD FORT ON THE MARTEEN RIVER AT TETUAN.

My interpreter and guard.

in the country of their nativity so long that they had forgotten even the name of the New York lawyer who had smuggled them through the naturalization courts. This investigation, which included that of the citizenship of all naturalized citizens in Morocco, began during the term of office of Consul-General Hoffman Philip, unquestionably the most capable official, either diplomatic or consular, whom the United States has had in Morocco in recent years—a fact due chiefly, I believe, to his knowledge of the country and to his "square deal" propensities.

The investigation while amusing was not lengthy. The Jews who had been Jews and were Americans returned to their previous incarnations, and I had several days of waiting for the next boat Tangierwards. Thus it was that I came to attend a Jewish wedding *au naturel.*

I shall not try to be technical on the subject of Israelite weddings, for I know neither the language nor the history nor the traditions of the tribe of Moses. But when a wedding requires fifteen days for the consummation and, for the proper observance of the event by friends, fifteen days on top of the baker's fortnight, then, it seems to me, the wedded couple should be fairly Reno-proof. In the United States statistics show that, on an average, it requires five years to break a marriage bond that has been forged in five minutes by a fourth-class J.P. The Tetuan blacksmiths—and they were Rabbis of great standing and Mosaical beards—kept their forges at work over four thousand times as long. If the ratio maintains . . . but probably American statistics are inapplicable to Morocco.

There are many weird things about a Jewish wedding. During one part of the ceremony the

bride may not open her eyes, and her face is covered so deeply with chalk that her features seem to be inlaid. During this interval she is led about by her bridesmaids—probably in order that the furniture may not be damaged. Then there is another period when she is propped upon a divan with a virgin bridesmaid on either side, and there she must sit hour after hour while relatives and friends—I make the distinction advisedly—come to pay long-winded and highly-coloured compliments. And he who congratulates the bridal pair is in for at least three meals, and probably for more—meals that make one's stomach rise up and ask what it has been doing all its life.

Many a pitfall awaits the Christian unused to the intricacies of Jewish tradition. Quite unknowingly, and with the best of intention in the world, I wandered into a situation—or, rather, I sat down in one—for which the bridegroom, had he not been a polite gentleman and I his Consul, would have been quite justified in throttling me upon the parlour rug. But how was I to know that the mirror, ornately inscribed in Hebrew characters, in front of which sat the bride, was a magic one? It looked like any other mirror to me. The bride, to whom I had been introduced in due form with all the ceremony befitting her rank and mine, for she was the daughter of the former American Consular Agent, and, consequently, the daughter of one upon whom the dignity of office still reposed—the bride, I say, was sitting alone on her divan before the seemingly harmless mirror. Strolling about, I saw her looking rather bored and somewhat neglected. My eye caught hers. I smiled. She smiled. So I took three steps and sat down upon one of the vacant two-thirds of the divan. The

bride gasped—and smiled again. I wondered what was the cause of the light in her eyes—the peculiar glint that comes in a woman's eyes when she looks upon a deed of heroism.

I had just got well into a little yarn in Spanish, and was trying to separate an infinitive into its component parts, and she was replacing one smile by another even more satisfying, when her father gently touched my arm and asked that I accompany him to the dining-room. Fathers are a confounded nuisance sometimes, but I made the bride my best adieux, and she smiled ravishingly. When we reached the dining-room the bride's father, who was a humble old soul despite his ex-official dignity, apologized nicely and, while he poured me a glass of excellent sherry, explained that the Jewish tradition required the bride to sit before a mirror upon which are inscribed various fertile charms, and that only the bridegroom might aspire to cast the reflection of his nuptial shoulders beside those of the bride.

Well, I'd gone and done it; and Allah only knows how many misfortunes I called down upon me by my act. But the good people forgave me because I was their Consul.

Then followed two or three days of feasting upon all the delicacies which are the *Ultima Thule* of Moorish and Jewish culinary art. The Jew may eat that which the Moor eats, and *vice versa*, because there is no pork in it, nor has it been cooked in dishes profaned by the pig; and the Christian may eat either with Moor or Jew, but neither Moor nor Jew will eat in the house of the Christian. Glad they were, the Moroccan natives, to extend hospitality, but slow to accept it. And it is hospitality gone mad. We ate candied violets and orange flowers,

and candied lemons and oranges and citrons and sweet potatoes; fruits that I knew and fruits that were new to me; meats boiled and baked and stuffed and broiled and pickled and sugared and spiced; vegetables without number, and with as many varieties of preparation; the famous Hebrew dish whose name I cannot pronounce because I have forgotten it—a dish that is cooked on Friday so that the Saturday Sabbath shall not be violated; eggs boiled to a chipable hardness and soaked in oils and spices; a dozen kinds of bread and twice that number of different cakes; candies and pastries—indigestible but delicious. The menu of a single wedding dinner in Tetuan would make the most elaborate bill at Sherry's look like a dairy lunch.

And then the infinite ceremony which marks it all; the breaking of the bread, when the head of the house, all masculine heads being covered, chants the long tone-restricted thanks to God—the blessing of the meat, the drinking of the wine, when each cup is kissed by every diner—all of the little ceremonials which make interesting an hour or two with the Jews who are still Jews and unashamed of their parentage; Jews who accept with manliness humour at their own expense; Jews who say, "My father was a Jew and I am a Jew," and yet who do not wish that they were of some other race; Jews who are men of no country but Citizens of the World.

But interesting as Tetuan may be, the Anghera hills hold the greatest charm. Among them it was that in the morning mist, while the dew still hung on the night-strung spider webs between our tent ropes, that a man of scarred face and steely eye came to me and asked with childlike simplicity whether or not I would protect him in case he assassinated

Raisuli—but that has nothing to do with this story.

We were camping, my wife and little daughter and I, on the topmost hill of Anghera, whence we could view the far-sweeping Atlantic, the yellow mounds and grey mountains of Spain, the Moroccan hills that surge to the sea on the west, and in the east, where the Angherian coast-line dissolves into sea-mist, the blue-eyed Mediterranean lying listless and lazy in the sunshine. Anghera, by certain important personages, was considered a dangerous country; but those who believed thus were far from the joy of daybreak, or the peace of the setting sun —were back in noisy, doubtful Tangier, where the talking mouth finds always an open ear. Sunrise, the perfume of fresh-boiling coffee wafted through the ropes of the tent; sunset, and the purple mist arising in the valleys, while the blue smoke of one's cigarette clings close in nicotinous affection.

Anghera has gained the name of being dangerous country because political burglary is discouraged, and second-story work by diplomatic agents is not looked upon with favour. Once in a while a gentleman who comes ostensibly to adjust the gas-meter finds that the master of the house is at home; but as a matter of course there must always be a respectable amount of weeping over the remains by the department which sent him there. Europe, thus far, has failed under the mental and moral task of understanding why one of her citizens cannot go into Anghera, take whatever he may require in the way of land, and settle down in peaceful agriculture. I suppose that even the thief that comes in the night and makes off with one's jewels has calculated carefully whether one has earned them, or whether they

are the gift of an appreciative board of directors. So we shall not sympathize with that phase of the question : the Anghera tribesmen seem well qualified to put a bullet in the spot that deserves it.

Anghera *is* a dangerous country—for people who have left their invitations at home.

But for those who go in friendliness, there is only a welcome stretching from the river Halk to Tetuan. We had been invited by the chiefs of the tribes with whom on a previous occasion I had eaten and drunk. Finding that I was trying neither to collect taxes nor to appropriate land, and that I came with a cigarette instead of a field-glass or revolver, they showed me what Moorish hospitality can be. When I departed they told me their country was mine, and that they would feel it a matter of real friendship should I care to come and camp among them and partake of their hospitality. Hospitality lies in the host, not in his wealth or poverty. Poor they are, these Angherian tribesmen, but they have hearts as big as can be held by human breast and—what I like best about them —they have an uninterrupted five thousand years of triumphant repulsion of the land-greedy European.

We camped there for a week, made friends with chiefs and *m'kadems*, and played with the almost naked children that came to stare with big innocent eyes upon white tent and folding cots and rifles, and other accoutrements of the Christian. On my part, I had to be politely ignorant of the existence of the native women, though my wife forgathered with them and was shown the intricacies of Moorish housekeeping and child-culture, and how to make *kesk'soo*, and generally came close enough to the Angherian soul to understand our own love of the brown hills and sea-sung coast and purple twilights.

OUR CAMP IN ANGHERA.

It was during Ramadan, the month's fast of Believers, that we decided to indulge in the excitement of a wild-boar hunt. During Ramadan neither food nor drink may pass the lips of the Faithful from sunrise to sunset, nor may hunger-appeasing tobacco bless the nostrils with its fragrance. Therefore the embarking upon a thirty-mile tramp in search of tuskers calls for a certain amount of self-sacrifice on the part of the Moor. It was given without a murmur—not only by the chiefs of the village whose hospitality we were enjoying, but, as we went along eastward, by delegations of men from each village that we passed through, until, instead of the ten men with whom we had started out, seventy encircled us when we sat down to a hurried luncheon beneath a great tree whose branches shadowed ground twenty-five miles from Tangier.

Our sport lay in the chase, not in the capture. True, our rifles cut short the career of three snouted denizens of the bush, but the real sport was in the long marches over rocky trails that now trembled upon the edge of deep-cut gorge, and now sheered inland as if frightened at its own temerity; now twisting around the boulders which obscured unsuspected valleys; now spreading out into a dusty yellow fan that covered the hill in innumerable sheep-worn paths; in watching the ever-changing caravan of brown men in browner garments padding silently over earth or dust or rock, springing with the agility of the goat, and with all his silence, from boulder to boulder, stirring up the golden heat of the ground in little whirlpools as slipper-heels rose and fell. There was the air of another world in the way that gun swung from shoulder or armpit or tawny hand; in the way that six or a dozen unsubdued

brown children would fall over each other in a tumble down a shallow precipice; in the intoxication of watching the quick throw of rifle to shoulder; in the sudden spit and kick of the Mauser and the deep repeated complaint of the echoing hills. It was indeed difficult to realize that the infinite network of twentieth-century civilization held innumerable nations in its bondage, and that we were children of the most progressive race of them all. For the time there seemed to be no world save that bound by the brown hills and the sea, through which led the seductive path that ran straight back to the days of Haroun al-Raschid and the immortal tales. Almost we cast an expectant eye out to sea for the appearance of the great roc that would carry us elsewhere for new experiences.

And just then some one shouted "Halluf!" and we stopped our march, while our followers surrounded the thicket-bearded hill where the wild boar was supposed to root his reposeful way.

Saddle-aching, our knees quivering, horses lathered, we reached camp as the sun sank, and, throwing our sweat-rusted carbines to yawning servants, sought the rest of our carpet-floored tents. There we breathed shut-eyed weariness until a scratch upon the tent-flap and the entrance of a whiff of fragrant air told us that night had come and the stew-pots were bubbling for us.

And after *kesk'soo* and buttermilk and sweet strong coffee had brought peace to the coarser nature of us, to sit in a purple night—night so heavy that it fell almost like a blanket around us—to watch the lonely lights of the fishing smacks in the straits, the glow of Tangier across the bay like a live coal in a charcoal brazier, the slow swing of the star lanterns

in the sweeping vault above us, and the sudden orange outburst of our cigarettes, in which the twist of smoke caught in the light was a real geni who, escaping from his long tobaccan imprisonment, sailed gaily away to find his brother *djinnoon*.

CHAPTER VII

WHERE SPIRITS RULE

> There is a world outside the one you know,
> To which for curiousness, 'Ell can't compare.
>
> KIPLING.

You who live in a land of daily papers which, while you drink your coffee, or ride to your offices in underground trains, explain the mysteries of politics, finance, love, beauty, animal magnetism, Mormonism and mumps; you who have as your handmaidens the telephone, telegraph, wireless, motor cars, aeroplanes, politicians, and tram-cars, — ah, ignorant ones! little you know of the deeper mysteries of the *djinnoon*, the spirits who govern Morocco as neither the party caucus nor the triumphant majority has ever governed your country. Despotism permeates even the atmosphere.

His Excellency the Governor of the Fahs, having given an order that Mohamed ben Abdelkhader, the sheep-herder, be treated to two thousand lashes, turns pale at the faint "meouw" of a stray kitten seeking its mother. For to him the voice of pussy is the voice of some evil spirit seeking to make trouble for him. Perhaps, even, Mohamed may thus escape the whipping-post.

There is no caste among the Moors when it comes to a belief in spirits. From Mohamed to His Shareefian Majesty on his throne, the trust in good *djinnoon* and the fear of evil spirits is overwhelming. Raisuli the warrior shares with Fatima the dancing-girl the belief in their omnipotence. Perhaps no one has ever ascertained the extent to which this belief is carried, but there are many visible evidences of its power. For example, in all the country there is no building erected by natives which has a cellar. The explanation is simple—the evil spirits have their abodes in the ground, and to dig into the earth is undoubtedly to disturb the spirits, who will take pleasure in devoting an unlimited amount of time—spirits being immortal—to punish the destroyer of their domestic peace.

"Yes," says Mr. Fred W. Djinn to his good wife, "I have business on hand. You may expect me back for luncheon — say — about 1976. I'm going out to bother Mohamed the farmer who tickled my tail with his plough yesterday."

For the same reason only the crudest of wooden ploughs are used—ploughs such as our Aryan ancestors used on the plains of Kush ten thousand years or more before the Christian era. With unnumbered apologies to the *djinnoon* whose nests are not deep sunk in the earth, and with copious libations and ceremonies to appease their wrath, the native Moroccan scratches the earth with his plough and trusts to Allah that the crops may be sufficient.

Even the architecture of the country, besides the absence of cellars, is largely regulated by the *djinnoon*. Travellers have noted the absence of windows—Mark Twain called attention to it in '65 or thereabouts. The reason for their absence is that *djinnoon*

cannot fly into a house that has no windows, except through the door. And this contingency is provided against by having each door open upon a blank wall running parallel to the door side of the house and forming a passage-way just inside the door.

Spirits cannot turn corners; thus the *djinn* who manages to steal through the doorway, finds himself butting up against the wall, and has no recourse but to reverse his propeller and back out—unless he would remain eternally pressing his nose up against the mortar. It is not generally supposed that any evil *djinn* can get through a doorway which is properly guarded by the imprint of the "lucky hand" upon the wall beside it—either a crudely-drawn conventionalized hand or a design such as is caused by the imprint of five paint-laden fingers; it is supposed to cause confusion in the soul of any spirit with evil intentions. But just to be on the safe side, the interior wall is usually incorporated into the architecture of the house. This interior wall incidentally is an excellent thing to prevent the house from being "rushed" by one's enemies.

Now, this is no doubt amusing to you who only read of the *djinnoon*, but to the official whose duties take him to Morocco and force him to live in a *djinnoon*-infested world, the matter sometimes is not so amusing. One might as well try to get into Parliament without a campaign fund as to deal with the Moors without taking into consideration their spirits. Any effort to ignore them merely results in the official occupying relatively the same position as the *djinn* who runs up against the guard-wall of the house. Progress ceases; retreat is the only recourse.

Thus it was that when Mohamed Ali, having been berated because the pack-mules of my caravan had escaped in the night, maintained his dignity and refused to admit that the mules might have escaped because of any assistance less than that of the *djinnoon*, who objected to the Christian travelling in the country, witnesses came forthwith to testify as to the strength of the hobble-ropes and the halters, and, incidentally, to dilate upon the gusto with which the evil spirits embarrass the Christian traveller. Even after the mules had been recaptured, and it had been pointed out that the remnants upon their legs showed that the ropes were old and worn,—even after the entire matter had been explained to Christian satisfaction on the score of carelessness,—was it pointed out with emphasis and detail that the ropes had unquestionably been chewed off by industrious and sharp-toothed *djinnoon*.

What is it that causes bottles of wine to break in the *swarri*? How explain the untying of well-tied knots of the *swarri* ropes? What reason for the absence of cooking utensils carefully deposited in their proper baskets or boxes? Certainly no human agency causes these, and other things.

Nor is unshakable evidence wanting as to the existence and activity of the *djinnoon*. Some few there be—wise men of chaste life and sanctity—who control the *djinnoon*, both good and evil. Sometimes these wise men, for friendship or for a more practical consideration, will demonstrate the existence of the spirit-world. Yes, they will demonstrate it in a way to cause a chill to trickle down the backbone of the sceptical Christian. Let me tell you the story of Cassim ben Mustafed and the holy black magician from the Sudan.

Cassim was that unusual thing, a native who had some doubts as to the omnipotence of the *djinnoon*. Not, it should be noted, as to their existence, but as to their omnipotence. This is the tale of his conversion.

In the coffee-house of Larbi ben Larbi, Cassim had listened to the tales of the prowess of the black magician, and had expressed doubt of the tale that the *djinnoon*, on one awful occasion, had blotted out the moon for a night in order to shorten the fast of Ramadan. Having thus gone on record, it was unfortunate that Cassim, wandering alone on the moonlit beach near Tangier, met the black magician, who was also wandering alone save for the invisible host of *djinnoon* which always accompanied him, and with whom he conversed in an unknown tongue. Cassim saluted the magician with the formal salutation of Mohammedan brotherhood, "Salaam alekum, Sidi," and tried to pass on. But the magician was of another mind, and, holding out a detaining hand, said :

"Cassim, my son, it has come to me through my servants the *djinnoon* that thou hast expressed some doubt as to my power ; that thou hast seemed unconvinced that at my command the moon was blotted out and the fast of Ramadan hastened. Nay, denials are useless, my son ; add not perjury to thy scepticism. Behold!"

Whereupon the moonlight became of a strange purple colour, and the waves on the beach grew silent, and the magician drew from his gown a huge black handkerchief and waved it slowly back and forth, while Cassim vainly endeavoured to prevent his knees from setting up a tattoo. Slowly from the handkerchief oozed a white mist in the shape of a

spirit, and making a cloudy salaam to the magician, shot off like a flash of light.

Then did the magician lay the handkerchief upon the ground, seize it by the centre, and, raising it slowly, display to the frightened Cassim a white rabbit, panting in fear. As he watched, the handkerchief covered the rabbit again, and then shot a foot into the air. From one edge protruded the nose of a dog, and from the opposite edge a wagging tail. Whereupon Cassim became filled with fear, and would have run off, but he could not. Again the handkerchief rose, and behold ! it straddled, like a saddle-cloth, the back of a donkey.

"And doubtest thou yet, my son ?" asked the magician ; but Cassim had no strength for reply. "If so," continued the magician, "behold still further !" And he whispered to his *djinnoon*, and the donkey passed away, and in its place was a gaily caparisoned stallion, who champed his golden bit and pawed in the sand and coughed.

"A fine steed from a silk handkerchief, is it not, O doubter ?" And Cassim was even more silent. "And now for a better one," said the governor of the *djinnoon*, and he waved the handkerchief over the horse. And behold ! the horse disappeared, and in its place stood a huge white camel, bearing upon its back a silken-covered palanquin.

"Wilt ride with me, O son ?" asked the magician ; but Cassim was now in the first stages of death, and knew not what this terrible black man was about to do with him.

"Nay ? Then, O my son, but keep thine eyes open, and to-morrow thou mayest tell in the great market-place of that which cured thy doubts. Thou hast a cousin of thy father's in Fez—Ali ben

Nasser, the silk-merchant. I go now to the capital city. Waitest thou here for me, and upon my return I will bring you a message from him, that no more doubts may arise in thee."

So saying, he mounted into the palanquin and said a word to the camel. The beast took two or three dainty steps forward, stiffened, and then arose as though shot from a mortar. Cassim saw a tiny black spot, as a bird flying, between him and the purple moon, and then even that disappeared.

"Surely," said Cassim to himself, "I have dreamed all this. Perhaps it is that I have smoked too much the *keef*. I will reduce the amount." And then his eyes fell upon the marks in the sand left by the camel and the horse and the donkey, and again was he overcome by fear. For perhaps half an hour he sat silent in the sand, staring at the hoof-prints before him. Then far away towards the moon he heard a whistling and a rushing of air, and before he could cover his eyes the camel landed on all four feet just before him.

"Art still here, then?" said the black magician, thrusting out his head between the silken curtains, and then letting himself down upon the sand as the camel kneeled. "Here is the letter I bring thee; dost thou make sure it is the handwriting and the seal of the silk merchant, thy father's first cousin, at Fez, two hundred miles distant."

So Cassim repaired to the house of his father, and his father made sure that the handwriting and the seal were verily that of his cousin, the Fassi silk merchant, and the date upon the letter was even of the day that was. Cassim told to his father the events of the evening, whereupon his father beat him lustily, after which both returned thanks to Allah

that the black magician had only wished to prove the worth of the *djinnoon*, and had no thought to harm any one ; and they were glad.

The next day Cassim related the tale in full in the great market-place, and no one doubted.

In order that it may not be thought that this tale is unique in the annals of accomplishments of Moorish *djinnoon*, it may not be amiss for me to support it by the brief, but appealing narrative which, for lack of a better title, may pass under that of—

The Kind Magician and the Poor Native

Habibi, the magician, sat supping coffee one pleasant evening in a public coffee-house, when a poor sheep-herder, squatting near him upon the mat, began to bemoan the bad luck which had resulted in the loss of his flock of sheep and all his grain ; besides which his one mule had been stolen from him, and his wife had run away with every *real* of his savings.

"This patched and ragged *djellab* which I wear, O Sidi, is all the wealth I have in this world," he complained, "and even now the rains begin, and it will be scant protection from the chills of winter."

"Allah is great," answered Habibi, and continued sipping his coffee. Nevertheless he was interested in the poor shepherd, and after saying again, "God is great ; there is no God but God," he ordered coffee to be brought for the unfortunate one, and listened again to the tale of misfortune which he repeated. At its completion the magician said :

"Allah is great, O brother, but truly thou art in difficult circumstances. Hadst thou but a new *djellab*, men would look upon thee with more favour, and thy

poverty would not be published to the world. God is great, and it pleaseth me to testify to His Glory."

Whereupon he began making speech in a strange tongue to his *djinnoon*, and their whispering was heard in reply.

"Shortly, O brother," said Habibi, "thou shalt be clothed as becomes a faithful follower of the Prophet. Remove from thy body that poor garment and cast it into the street."

The poor shepherd did as he was bidden, though with some misgivings, which he quieted by saying to himself, "At any rate I shall be no poorer by following the words of this strange man, for I can at least recover my old *djellab*." And so he placed it where he might find it again, and where no one would make off with it, and returned to the coffee-house.

While the poor shepherd had been concealing his ragged *djellab*, Sidi Mohamed ben Mustafed, a well-to-do merchant, sat on the doorstep of his shop on the main street, and conversed with his friend and neighbour, Ali ben Omar, upon the ways of the Sultan. Now, the shop of Sidi Mohamed ben Mustafed was rich in its store of *djellaba* and *sulham* and *hiti*, and other garments ; and yet Sidi Mohamed was known as a miserly man who gave little to the 'Aîsáwà, and less to the poor. Sidi Mohamed was in the middle of a statement to the effect that the taxes of the new Sultan were indeed exorbitant, as Allah was his witness, when his friend gave a cry and jumped into the middle of the road. The words died upon the lips of Sidi Mohamed as a soft something brushed past him and flew up the street.

"Look ! look !" cried Si Ali. "May Allah grant us his protection this moment ! Look behind !"

Whereupon Sidi Mohamed turned and looked into his shop.

What he saw there came near causing him to fall in a fit, for as he looked, behold! one by one a dozen *djellaba* of their own accord jumped down from the shelves, unrolled themselves slowly, and then flew out of the door and up the street like a procession of monks.

Then Sidi Mohamed looked into the eyes of Si Ali, and without a word they hastened to the mosque to render their prayers.

And while Sidi Mohamed and his friend were baring their hearts in the mosque, it came to pass that a *djellab* dropped from the ceiling into the lap of the poor shepherd as he sat beside Habiba in the coffee-house, and then another and another.

"Be not afraid, O brother," said Habiba, seeing that the shepherd was frightened out of his wits, and was about to run off. "Be not afraid, but choose the garment that thou wouldst have."

Whereupon the shepherd took heart, and selected his garment, and all the others, at a word from Habiba, disappeared again into the night, and returned to the shop of Sidi Mohamed, and rolled themselves up on the shelves where they had formerly been, even though Sidi Mohamed had locked and barred the door staunchly before going to mosque.

The next day Sidi Mohamed and Ali ben Omar believed that they had been visited by an evil dream. But the shopkeeper counted his *djellaba* and indeed found that one was missing. However, he kept this fact to himself, and considered that he was fortunate in that the *djinnoon* had let him off so cheaply.

I personally have had somewhat to with Moorish

djinnoon. I have seen their remarkable manner of operation under the instructions of one who was their master. At his command they identified a thief without the slightest hesitation, and even went so far as to recover a part of the booty. They inexplicably exchanged watches and rings and even glasses of tea while two Americans held these articles in their hands. I do not know how it was done : I suppose that there is a perfectly simple explanation. But when one holds in one's hand a glass full of Moorish tea, and oneself covers it with a napkin : and then, when one suddenly discovers that the glass is empty—well, one begins to realize why sandhills should be avoided as the favourite residential district of evil spirits, why one should tie a charm about the neck of one's horse or mule, and why His Majesty the Sultan of Morocco is afraid to ride through one small tract of his dominions, but, out of courtesy to the *djinnoon* who live there, must walk, even as the most humble.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MOOR AT HOME

An' men from both two 'emispheres
Discussin' things of every kind.
The Return, KIPLING.

TEMPERAMENTALLY the Moor is an antithesis that is difficult for the Western mind to understand. Let the worst be said of him, he is a holder of slaves, a religious fanatic, an unprincipled fighter. Let the best be said by quoting one of his own proverbs: "He who loves my child sets for me a crown upon his head." Therefore, in any study of the home life of Morocco, we must remember the eternal mixture of these two attributes, ferocity and kindness, which, after all, are merely the factors of that more elemental attribute, simplicity. We must expect the Moor in the same hour to kill an enemy and to go to mosque; to steal cattle and on the way home to gather flowers for his children; summarily to cast off a wife of whom he has grown tired and to say to a friend "kindness lowers the eyes."

It so happened that once in the space of a sun's passing I was the guest at two Tangier homes, one of the highest, one of the most humble. From the modest, much-worn brass dinner-tray of Ali ben Khader, the Suani farmer, I went to the lavish

dining-room of His Excellency Sid Drees ben Mohamed ben Omar (which, as we talked politics, was not his name), a noble Shareef and once the representative of the person of His Majesty at a great international conference.

The house of Ali ben Khader was representative of its class—the class occupied by the poorer people, those who, through labour of man, woman, and child, just manage to "make both ends meet." They might justly be compared to that "lower middle class" of Americans—factory employees, clerks, small farmers, day labourers, keepers of unimportant shops — who do not suffer want, yet who have nothing to spare.

It was a poor house from an American point of view, but it reflected as much credit upon Ali ben Khader, farmer, as a two-story house, with a tiny garden, would throw upon John Smith, book-keeper for Smith, Jones, & Co., grocers. It was simply built. Walls of rough-hewn stone, in an elemental mortar, had been built to enclose a rectangle perhaps twenty by forty feet. The side-walls were five feet high ; over them projected the long slant of the thatch roof, which rose to an edge not over twelve feet above the ground. There was but one doorway—an entrance less than four feet high, and three holes, about six inches square, cut through the thick walls, served as windows.

It was dark inside ; so dark that only after one had been indoors for some minutes could one observe that the floor at one end of the room was nearly two feet higher than the rest. This elevation reached from side to side of the house for perhaps ten feet—it was the bed. On it, at night, carpets and blankets were laid. What is the

primeval instinct which prompts mankind to desire to sleep above the plane of the earth ?

All the floor was whitewashed—freshly, in honour of my visit, I guessed—as well as the interior of the walls and the poles which supported the thatched roof.

Life—or even dinner—in such a house would be far from enjoyable. There is no light, no air, and strange insects of innumerable hues and fashions take pleasure in dropping out of the grass of the roof to pay one an unannounced visit. But Moors of this class do not live in their houses, they live in the whitewashed yards surrounding them.

We smile at the idea of a whitewashed yard. I'm not sure that white grass would be pretty, but the yards of the Ali ben Khaders do not grow grass. They are only hard-packed dirt, almost like cement from the continuous patter of big and little unshod feet upon them, and layer after layer of whitewash which is thrown over them. Upon this clean bright foundation, which invariably is shaded by one or more trees, carpets are spread, meals are cooked and eaten, tea is served to visitors, children take their naps, and older people do their work.

Ali ben Khader had a pretty wife and four children. The wife I judged to be about seventeen ; she told me she had been married when she was twelve. She was her husband's only wife and proud of the fact. There is something in that, after all—some reason for her pride. For surely, when a new wife can be bought for five dollars and the old one divorced for three more, a woman must have much virtue to maintain dominion through the coming of four children.

"The woman of Ali ben Khader"—how it

amused her when I told her that foreign women had a title of Miss or Madame !—was an excellent type of the more attractive Moorish working-woman. Dark-skinned, being of Berber blood, but no darker than the Spaniard, her eyes were big, deep wells of autumn forest with the flicker of sunshine through them. Her hair, black and coarse like that of the American Indian, was braided, and interwoven with it were coloured ribbons and pieces of yarn — a fashion also affected by the American aborigine. A pointed chin lent piquancy to her face—if her eyes left any lack of that quality. There was no sign in the face of ravage of work—that showed only in the hands, which once had been shapely and, without doubt, soft and beautiful, but which had given their grace to the demands of wifehood and motherhood.

Ben Khader's wife wore some clothing, but it was as elemental as the straw-roofed cottage or the look in her eyes. There were two items of apparel. The lower one was a *fotah*, of cloth much like Turkish towelling : broad bands of green, yellow, and crimson cross and recross it, tartan-like. This had never been fitted by a Worth or a Paquin. Ben Khader's wife herself had been the *modiste*, and she fitted the garment as often as she wished. Absolute dictator of style was she. For the *fotah* was merely wrapped around her waist lengthwise, and fastened by tucking in the end. The upper garment was fashioned out of yellow stuff with a silken sheen to it. In its style there was a suggestion of a man's vest, or *baidayiah*. Sleeveless, it left the strong, shapely brown arms bare and free from encumbrance. Collarless, the full swell of the throat and a suggestion of a shapely bosom were there to charm Ben Khader. Little knobs of silk, fastened in opposing loops, formed a

double row down the centre front of the garment, which disappeared inside the *fotah* at the waist. The lower garment fell only to the knees—there are limits to the obliterating virtues of even a Turkish bath-towel. And Fatimah—the name she told me was hers—was ignorant of the shame of the lack of stockings and slippers. Considering the matter, I believe that perhaps hosiery and slippers would have been incongruous. As she was, she was just the fine, healthy animal-mother, without modesty because there was nothing in her world to be ashamed of; a full-blooded, self-reliant, passionate creature of fire and strength and love; a cave-woman domesticated; a field-woman who could follow the plough as well as her husband, who could make the pottery needed by their modest *ménage*, who could weave her own carpets, embroider her own garment, and withal, love passionately.

In Morocco it is said, "the woman who allows a kiss, refuses nothing." True—because among them there is little neurotism, little playing with fire; only a whole-souled, elemental, ofttimes cruel love or hate.

The women may be divided into three classes. First, the women of the harems; second, the women of the homes and gardens; third, the women of the fields. The first class is not great; most of the Moors have only one wife, and only the wealthy indulge in the fancy of a feminine establishment. In the second division, that constituting the respectable middle class of the country, more polygamy is to be found, but that is because the Moor needs more than one wife to attend to his house and his fields. It is polygamy as respectable as may be. His women are not completely labourers,

neither are they completely toys as are the women of the rich man's harem. They are strong, industrious women, frequently handsome, and they are the mothers of the men and women who give life to the country.

The third class, the women of the fields, is composed of those who are the wives of the lower class of tribesmen, or are the employees of the well-to-do class. They help the men till the fields, gather the crops, attend to the cattle, make pottery, weave carpets and baskets and cloth. They are of magnificent physique when young, and frequently more than pretty; the nature of their work ages them quickly, so that all beauty of face or figure is lost by the time they are twenty-two or three. They can endure the hardest work, however, until they are quite old, and I have seen a woman of eighty carry a load of firewood, weighing a hundred and fifty pounds, a distance of fifteen miles.

The visitor is frequently astonished that the women he sees on the streets do not cover their faces. The working women—that is, those of the third class—make only a pretence of it at the best. The outer garment generally worn, the *haik*, is so arranged that if the worker wishes to cover her face her head must also be covered or the garment cannot be held. It is manifestly impossible for a woman to reap barley with her head wrapped up.

But the women of the wealthy Moors, officials, etc., etc., never appear in the open air with their faces uncovered, except in the confines of their own gardens, which are surrounded by discouraging stone walls. A Moorish woman of that class in readiness for a journey, resembles nothing so much as a rag doll done up in a towel. She is swathed in white

and blue garments from below her feet to above her head, and what little she may see of the scenery is seen through a slit perhaps a quarter of an inch wide, formed by the crossing of the veil before her face. Although I have encountered scores of official caravans I have never seen, except upon one occasion, even the hand of one of the women. When they travel they are surrounded by servants and warriors in the employ of their husband or owner.

The children of Fatimah and Ben Khader were very near of an age, the youngest a child in arms, the oldest a boy of four now able to chase the chickens and annoy the flea-beridden dog.

Ben Khader came at the halloo of Fatimah—came with the grime of the fields upon his hands, and the smell of earth pervaded his vicinity. He noted with a quick eye the progress of dinner, performed his ablutions with due regard for the Koran, and then asked me to take a seat opposite him upon the carpet, the well-marred brass tray between us.

We ate with our fingers, of course, and Fatimah divided her attentions between serving us and keeping the children in the background, so that her lord and master might not be annoyed. She and the children would eat after we had finished, would eat what we left. Man does not eat with woman in Morocco, nor son with father. There is a primeval force about it : the husband and father is the master until his death, he is the head of the family—even though that family include a group of a dozen others. Master in his own house, a son, upon entering his father's domicile—or even in his own house but in his father's presence—takes second rank. I have known strange instances illustrating this unbreakable rule. In one case the son was a basha of great

power. His father had been a farmer all his life, and insisted upon following the plough even after his son's success in life. I chanced on one occasion to be a guest in the father's house when the son came to visit him. The father and I ate together ; the son —the basha who was a friend of the Sultan, wealthy beyond guess, powerful as any other man save the monarch himself—the son waited until we had finished.

To ascertain whether the custom was preserved in all cases, I suggested that the basha eat with us. Like a flash the old farmer's anger arose. "What ?" he asked. "My son eat with ME ?"

And I have seen it, too, where father and son had been invited to eat with me, in my own, a foreign, house. Both accepted the invitation, but the son—to whom I spoke of the matter before the meal was served—flatly refused to consider sitting down to the table with his father. In this case, the older man hurried somewhat, and withdrew from the table before I had finished my meal, in order that his son might join me. High and low, rich and poor, north and south, the rule is inviolable : everybody waits for father. It is a nice country for a man with a big family, and no living ancestors.

While we were disposing of the simple, but deliciously cooked food, Ben Khader and I, we discussed various matters from servitude to philosophy. Asking my host whether he possessed a slave, he nodded an affirmative.

"A Soudanese black," he said. "A girl. She is now in the field cutting barley. Many years have I had her, since she was a girl of eight, she is now fourteen. She cost me twenty-five dollars,[1] which

[1] Equal to about £3.

was cheap enough. But she had a sore neck ; that was why she sold for so little. Had it not been for that, she would have been worth fifty, perhaps more. And I——"

Ben Khader stopped to chuckle.

"For three *reales*[1] I bought a charm from *el tebib* —the doctor—a charm written on a piece of paper. This I made her chew and swallow, and in a few weeks she was well. There is much power in a well-written charm, oh *sidi*."

I nodded acquiescence, knowing the vast power of both black and white magic, of written charms and texts from El Koran, swallowed, and weird mixtures of herbs and powdered lizards and spiders and unmentionably disgusting things. The line between legitimate and illegitimate medicine and surgery is hard to draw.

The use of love potions is somewhat widespread among both the Moors and Spaniards. Similar potions are used, and those of Spain were probably introduced by the Moors during their occupancy of the Iberian Peninsula, and left as a legacy to the Spaniards upon their departure. Some almost unbelievable stories are narrated of the use and power of these love-philtres. I have had pointed out to me in Tangier a man who, ten years ago, was a respected Spanish merchant with a beautiful wife and family, and who now is a "down-and-outer" without possessions save the delusion that a certain Spanish woman of the *demi-monde* is the summary of all earthly beauty, virtue, and cleverness. Whereas she is a repulsive half-woman, prematurely old from dissipation, and with the wit and tongue of a Billingsgate fishwife. It seems that this is one of the invariable effects

[1] About 5d.

of the love-potion : its administration by a woman, no matter what her condition morally, physically, or mentally may be, wins the unqualified devotion of the man—and not a temporary devotion, but one which follows him to the grave, defying reason, decency, faith, friends, religion itself. In other words, a love-potion causes insanity on that one subject. But why is the devotion of the man attracted towards the woman who gives the philtre ?

A Moor, upon being introduced to our scheme of civilization, would unquestionably classify the X-ray, the electric battery, Christian Science, and allied psychological treatments as magic, due to the work of *djinnoon*. Yet—is the cure worked by the swallowing of the Koranic verse any more " heathen " than the cure worked by the reading of a Biblical verse ? And as for the Moor brought into contact with our more practical forms of physical remedies, he would probably think them unduly complicated. To him methods simple and direct most appeal. " If thine eye offend thee, cast it out," is the working theory of the Moroccan Aesculapius. An injured leg or arm is promptly cut off and the stump thrust into a glowing bed of coals.

Treatment for other ills is along similarly simple lines. There used to be, and probably yet is—has he not gone to join his ancestors in the smiles of Allah—an old, white-bearded, green-turbaned saint who sat between the central gates of Tangier and, for the smallest of considerations, treated the lame and the halt and the blind. His cure for toothache was efficacious in several cases which I witnessed—although in a test case, where an American was concerned, the patient spoiled the experiment by

bolting. The sufferers stand with open mouth before the saint, who, with precision bred from long practice, expectorates upon the offending molar. For an injured or diseased eye he draws his tongue across the eyeball. And to women who desire to remain childless he administers a small dose of the scrapings from a rhinoceros horn, or, in the case of a woman of high class, a pinch of gold dust.

It should not be considered that every Moor has the same faith as his brethren ; as with us, there are many sceptics. Ali ben Khader himself had no faith in the dust from the rhinoceros horn.

"Prayer at the shrine of Sidi el Tebib is better, much better," he said, and switched off on to a discussion of the relative merits of the various shrines in the district. Not without humour was his discourse ; the Moors have a dry wit, sometimes a cutting wit, which they use when they are serious. When they are not, their humour is that of the clown in the circus.

The Ben Khaders of Morocco—and they constitute the backbone of the country—are a contented, happy lot, satisfied with their work and their families, with the Sultan if he be not a drunkard or an infidel, with their kaid if the taxes do not take all their crops ; ready to fight anybody anywhere at any time their sheik orders after the crops are gathered. Leared called the Moor the Irishman of Africa. Centuries of oppression have failed to make him miserable of mind or pessimistic of spirit. What comes, Allah has sent—blessed be the name of Allah ! And perhaps the most astonishing result of his philosophy is that a Moor never commits suicide ! During the five years I lived in the country I not only never heard of a case of self-destruction by a native, but I

never succeeded in learning of even a rumoured case of it.

As we finished our repast the sun sank lower in the west. I said my farewells. Even as I did so the long-drawn note of the *mueddin*, calling to sunset prayer, vibrated over the Suani.

"*Lah Allah il Allah, Mohamet resoul Allah*," it proclaimed. "There is no God but God, and Mohamet is his Prophet."

"*Lah Allah il Allah*," confirmed Ben Khader, and began spreading his carpet to face Mekka, where lies the tomb of the Prophet.

I left the house Ben Khader then. Fatimah and the children were hidden from view in the little straw-roofed cottage. Upon his carpet in the failing light knelt the farmer, bowing his adoration of God and the Prophet towards the east, and chanting the sonorous creed of Islam :

"*Lah Allah il Allah, Mohamet resoul Allah.*"

. . . . . .

The prayers were over by the time I had crossed the city to the Marshan, where stood the big house of His Excellency Sid Drees ben Mohamed ben Omar, and on every side were people returning to their homes after worshipping their God in the mosque.

My consular guard—soldier, so called—joined me *en route*. It was proper that in going to the house of Ben Khader the farmer I should have no escort but a horse-boy. But in going to dine with His Excellency—sometime representative of the Sultan—it was necessary that I be attended by some evidence of my official position—some one to shout "*Balak! Balak!* Make way for His Excellency! Make way for the master!" and, when we arrived

at the gates of our host, to announce my arrival to his house-guard.

Sid Drees maintained a luxurious *ménage* ; four guards at the gate, dressed in splendid garments, with silver swords at their sides, were the first visible evidence of this. With a salute from them I dismounted, and, preceded by the chief of the house-guards and my own soldier—faithful old Utair ! I wonder how it has fared with you under new masters ! —I was conducted across the fragrant, evening-cool garden and to the hall of the house. There, with a salute, my escort turned me over to the head servant, a *major-domo* of ability and magnificence.

By him I was relieved of my hat and gloves and riding-crop, and escorted through long corridors, dadoed with precious opalescent tiles from Tetuan, to the great open *patio* or court, which all high-class Moorish houses possess—which are the very essence of Moorish architecture. Here my host met me, arising briskly from a cushion where, as I entered, he had been sitting cross-legged, thinking, dreaming.

"Welcome, welcome, my friend," he said, giving me the triple hand-clasp of Moorish welcome, and using the "Salaam alekum" of brother Mohammedans.

The oft-repeated inquiries, put in half a dozen forms, regarding the state of my health being finished, my host pressed me down upon another cushion beside his own and resumed his seat.

"I was thinking when you came," he said, "upon the pleasant duties and marvellous rewards of friendship. Surely Allah was most wise and kind when he gave us that."

"In what direction did your thoughts travel, oh my friend ?" I asked. "I would hear them."

Before replying my host drew from his magnificently embroidered *shakarah*, or bag, a small box of Egyptian cigarettes and proffered them to me.

"These are the sort to which you are accustomed, are they not?" he asked.

They were, and I knew that by a lengthy route Sid Drees had ascertained my tastes in regard to tobacco. It is no unusual thing: the well-to-do Moor goes far beyond European or American custom in the effort to please his guest. He will question the visitor's servants or friends to ascertain not only national habits but private idiosyncrasies, and, having learned them, will spare no pains to utilize his knowledge for the pleasure and comfort of his guest. In regard to the cigarettes, it is very probable that a servant of Sid Drees had interviewed some employee of mine, with the result that a cigarette had been extracted from my supply and carefully duplicated.

My host did not join me in the use of tobacco, but as I lounged lazily among the pillows, breathing fragrant wreaths of smoke into the air of his *patio*, he fingered the ninety-and-nine beads of his rosary, representing the virtuous attributes of Allah, and soliloquized on friendship—spoke with a serious mind, yet one brightened by flashes of humour. In it was no mention of woman: she is subject *taboo* among Mohammedans of good standing. One never asks a high-class Moor about the health of his wife, any more than one uses the vulgar word "death" in the presence of the Sultan, or the word "five"[1] before one's superior. And if, by chance,

[1] The expression "four and one" is used, instead. "Nine" is also objected to.

the word *woman* must be used, one's listeners are entitled to a word of apology immediately after it is uttered. So Sid Drees's dissertation was confined entirely to subjects of friendship among the sterner sex. He began it with a quotation: "The ascent to the house of a friend is easy"; he carried it through ever-changing phrases until there seemed to be nothing left unsaid. As he talked the spirit of the courtyard descended upon me. . . .

There was charm to that *patio* with its tinkling fountain in the centre of the tiled court, the row of stately Corinthian pillars which walked around it, and the single palm-tree which waved its feathery head through the roof. It was Alhambra-like; in sunset dreams one could almost believe the voice debating on friendship was that of a King of Granada, instead of Sid Drees of Tangier. And the advent of night, with the grey shadows softening and ageing the colours, did not mar the delusion.

Sid Drees was interrupted at last—in the midst of a proverb to the effect that a man is known by three things, his handwriting, his messengers, and his friends—by the entrance of another guest, the young Basha of Tangier. We had not long to listen to his shallow comments upon political matters—I thought Sid Drees gathered something from what he did not say, however,—for dinner was announced.

I left the *patio* reluctantly, despite the feast which awaited. In the first place the *kesk'soo* of Ali ben Khader still pleasantly engaged the attention of my digestive organs, and I knew that Sid Drees's dinner would test to the full the Moorish accomplishment I had tried to assimilate, the ability to eat as much as anybody at any time.

I was not mistaken. From the moment we sat down, the three of us, cross-legged about the eight-inch-high table, with its huge brass tray nearly covering it, we were kept busy, either eating food or thinking up polite ways of refusing it.

As we adjusted ourselves a black slave-girl brought a brass basin and pitcher, which is the initiative ceremony of every Moorish meal. Setting the basin at my side, she poured a stream of water from the pitcher, which resembled an over-tall tea-pot, and I cleansed my hands. Then she handed me a small towel on which I dried them.

As she left the room, all of us having washed, "Bismillah," said our host, and "Bismillah" echoed Sid Mohamed Guebbas and myself, and poked our hands into the food.

Now I might give the menu for that dinner, and accompany it by the necessary descriptions of the food and how it was prepared. But as the only way to appreciate a Moorish dinner is to eat one, and, further, as no directions would permit of the cooking of a Moorish dinner anywhere except in Morocco, and, still further, if you should go to that country you will need no directions—consequently, I say, I shall give to the epicurean details no more than passing attention.

There was *kesk'soo*, the national dish of the country, as rice is of China and Japan ; there were fruits of a dozen different varieties, and as many kinds of bread ; there were salads such as have been made among the mountains of Syria for three thousand years ; there were sweets in quantity and variety, many of which I never before had tasted—figs, almonds, and honey pounded into a delightful paste ; candied orange-flowers and lemons and

oranges ; spiced citron ; pastries rolled and re-rolled until they were as thin as paper, then soaked in honey ; crescents of nut-dough rolled in powdered sugar ; little cakes stuffed with chopped nuts and then dipped in honey. But best of all was the salad.

This salad is made of exactly the same materials as those used in some of ours, but—perhaps there is a charm concerned in it—the Moorish variety is quite different. To make it, gather about you one crisp cucumber, one large white onion, two sweet green peppers, two solid tomatoes, one section of garlic, vinegar, salt, and *pure* olive oil. (If you attempt to make this salad of cotton-seed or inferior olive oil, Allah will curse you.) Cut from the garlic three slices as thin as you can cut them, put them on a dish, cover with salt, and crush until the garlic has been absorbed by the salt. Into a big bowl cut first your onion. Do not slice the vegetables, but cut them in chunks about half an inch square. First the onion ; on top of this sprinkle the dissolved salt and garlic—all of it. Then cut the cucumber, then the peppers, then the tomatoes. (This order must be preserved or the salad will be a failure. *Djinnoon* are concerned with the operation.) Now on top of it pour your real olive oil which you have been at so much pains to get. Pour about half a tea-cupful, round and round. Now, with your hands—*with your hands*—thoroughly mix the salad, until every piece of vegetable is thoroughly coated with oil. Then pour over it vinegar, about half as much as you have used of oil. Then sprinkle with salt and mix again in the same way. The salad is now ready to eat—which you should do thus : take a piece of bread, dip it into the salad until it absorbs some

of the dressing; then slide on to it as many pieces of the vegetables as it will carry, holding both bread and salad tightly with the thumb and first two fingers; tilt up the head and drop the bread into the mouth. Then say that life isn't worth living! But if you try to eat it with a fork instead of with your fingers, I should not like to prophesy what would happen to you.

After we had finished eating, tea was served—green tea, sweet as syrup, with fresh mint in it—and the basha and I resumed our smoking; and, when we had talked of everything from education of children to politics, the basha and I went to our respective homes.

Education among the Moors is not complicated, nor do the girls profit by it. Leared sums it up as well and as briefly as any one.

"Education," he says, "belongs almost exclusively to the male sex. It is very rare to meet a woman who can even read. Boys are sent to school very early, and by a liberal allowance of the stick are forced to learn the Koran by heart, and to write a little. The *taled*, or schoolmaster, receives a *mozouna*, less than half a penny, every Thursday; and two *okeas*, or threepence a month besides, from each pupil. Presents of corn or fowls are also usually given by the parents. When a certain amount of progress has been made, the pupil is mounted on a horse, led in triumph through the streets, and proclaimed a Bachelor of the Koran. If he desires further instruction, he is admitted into a *madrasah*, or college, where he learns the elements of arithmetic and geography, of history and the theology of Sidi Khalil. When he has passed some years in the *madrasah* he can go out *taleb*, man of letters; after

this he becomes *'adil*, a lawyer; then a *fahil*, doctor; then *alim*, savant; and finally *kadi*, judge in matters civil and ecclesiastical."

Leo Africanus states that the mosque of El Karouin, at Fez, was the most celebrated resort of the pilgrims, and the finest Arabic university in the world during the sixteenth century. A once celebrated library is now only fragmentary.

The attitude towards female instruction is shown in the proverb: "Teach not your daughter letters; let her not live on the roof." But, so far as women are concerned, the lack of education is the least of their troubles. A woman has three duties only in the world: to wait upon her husband, to bear him male children, and to keep fat. Of the woman's proper regard for her lord and master I have already spoken; of the wish for male children there is no need to speak—it is self-evident that, as the Moorish proverb runs, "he who has daughters has troubles"; and as for keeping fat—let us consider that phase of womanly duty.

First, let me state that the Moorish woman who wishes to be fat *is* fat. There is no failure. And as fatness is not only the duty of woman towards her husband, but is also the standard of feminine charm and beauty, there are few women who do not want to be fat. Consequently, there are few women who are not fat. It is claimed that the women of Meknez are proverbially the most beautiful women in Morocco; and collectively the women of that town weigh about as much as the buildings.

In order to gain the proper avoirdupois, more than prayer to Allah is necessary. Each day a dough is mixed containing anise or other spices and medicines. Of this dough thirty bullets are made,

each about the size of one's thumb. After each meal, ten of these bullets are consumed by the fattee. Inasmuch as the regular heavy meals must be eaten, there is sometimes a slight repugnance towards the after course. But the mother or sister of the patient kindly but firmly rams each bullet down the gullet as far as it will go, after which, perforce, it must be swallowed. This treatment is continued for twenty days as a rule, but in obstinate cases of leanness —that is, where the woman reaches a couple of hundred pounds and then shows a tendency to drop—it is continued until the desired results are obtained.

It is claimed also that the bastinado has a fattening effect upon women, this claim being based upon actual observation of cases where the poor, lean, scrawny things of 250 pounds or so, after having been set down in a deep basket and their projecting feet lambasted with a cat-o'-nine-tails, have picked up and become really plump and pretty.

Before bringing to a close this brief sketch of the home life of the Moors, I desire to refer again to the question of slavery, which is as thoroughly a phase of Moorish domestic life as is the domestic servant question a phase of Anglo-Saxon home life. It is more than this, of course ; in Al Moghreb the question covers much ground, for it includes whites as well as blacks, Jews as well as Moors and Sudanese.

Negro slavery in Morocco is a social and economic institution varying from positively harmful to positively beneficial. The African negro—who is forefather of the American negro—is not only incapable of self-government, but is much better off under a slavery system than as a necessarily self-supporting

individual. However, the negro question and the slavery question are different things in Morocco.

Since time immemorial the Jews have been slaves in Morocco. Many, through the influx of modern influence in the coast towns, have become independent enough to control the finance of the country, but the old conditions of servitude still exist to a large extent in the interior. *But the Jew has shown his ability to rise.* The negro in Morocco has seen his Hebrew fellow-slave free himself; the negro has become in turn the slave of the Jew!

But slavery in Al Moghreb is not the slavery of the United States before the Civil War. Just as we were the most cruel slave-holders the world has ever seen, so, with the swing of the pendulum, have we become the most unreasoning opponents of slavery. The happy medium we overlook. Let me quote from a noted English authority on Morocco as regarding slavery. Says Dr. Arthur Leared, M.D.Oxon., F.R.C.P., etc., endorsed by Sir Richard Burton, the famous Orientalist :—

"Yet it must be borne in mind that the iron yoke and barbarities which we associate with the unhappy lot of the slave, belong to a condition for which the so-called Christian men of England and America are responsible. . . . The one foul, selfish consideration of the owner was how to wring the most profit out of the perpetual toil of flesh and blood which he considered his. Contrast this course with that taken by the followers of Mohammed. With them the slave is adopted into the family, and lives much on an equality with its other members. So far, at least, as the duties of religion are concerned, he is educated; he is well fed and clothed; and it can scarcely be said that he is worse off, or that he

is as low in the scale of life as he would have been left wild in his native solitudes. . . . I would say, relying on our own observations, that it would be difficult to find a happier, more contented lot of people. Married couples owned by the same master are seldom separated, as all negroes are supposed to be Mohammedans."

Slave markets have been abolished in most of the coast towns owing to foreign opposition. So, in the absence of the slave-market in most of the coast towns, all of the trading is done in the interior. I do not think that there is one less slave because of the suppression of the markets; and I am of the suspicion that regulation of the trade by foreign officials might have benefited it.

I wonder how many poor devils of European and American industrial slaves would not gladly take places in the slave-markets in Morocco!

> And the law that ye make shall be law
> After the rule of your lands.

On one occasion, the first time in recent years that an American consular officer has had that duty to perform, I set free four slaves at once. Two of them were white and two black. One was a black woman of thirty years, one a white girl of twelve, and one white and one black boy of about eleven. The black wench had been the slave of El Kittani, the famous religious leader, who was executed at the order of the Sultan Mulai el Hafid. All three of the children had been stolen from their families in Southern Morocco, and one had been in the royal palace at Fez, whence he had been again stolen and sold to an American citizen who had turned Mohammedan and resided in Fez previous to his death.

Upon his demise, and when it became my duty to take charge of the estate, I had to deal with the rather unusual item, "four slaves." His widow, a Turkish girl of fifteen whom he had married under the Mohammedan law, but who, of course, was not his legal wife, made no objection to the emancipation of the slaves, and so I issued the proper papers, had them approved and attested by the Moorish notaries, certifying that henceforth they were not slaves but free subjects of the Sultan of Morocco.

CHAPTER IX

ROYALTY—AND OTHER PEOPLE

What we revere is not the Sultan but the Throne.
Moorish Proverb.

A Moor may achieve note for almost anything from being the proud possessor of the marks of three thousand lashes for cattle-stealing to bearing the cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George for services rendered. Between these two extremes of attainment lie many degrees. Mohamed Ali has a certain café distinction because of the scar upon his forehead from the revolver of a Christian gentleman upon whom he was preparing to exhibit his Moslem fanaticism. The dark man wearing the turban of straw is illustrious because crazy. The snake-charmer has a certain dignity because of his art, and the magician is held in awe for his influence over the *djinnoon*. Ali ben Mustapha is reverenced out of memory for the Christians he killed at Casablanca, and Zachy Ali is admired for the magnitude of his peculations from the Shareefian treasury.

Far from the humble throng of notorious cattle-stealers, hired assassins, gun-runners and smugglers; high upon the shaft of Moroccan historical fame, stand certain names, graved by friend and foe deep

in the solid rock. The peculiarity of it is that these men are not dead, most of them. True, Sid Mohamed Torres, the great Sultan's High Commissioner, has gone to the reward of the Prophet; but he is almost the only one of the twentieth-century notables who has gained his ultimate reward. El Mehedi el Menehbi, Mohamed el Mohkri, Sid Mohamed Guebbas and his son, Monsieur le Docteur Ali Zacky Bey, Boaschareen, Mohamed ben Abderahhman ben Nees, Abd-ul-Malek, Mulai Ali of Wazzan, and even Her Highness the Shareefa and Kaid Sir Harry Maclean,[1] English though they be; all these, and others, are to be seen almost any day passing through the Tangier streets, slaves in attendance, soldiers foreguarding.

No rogues' gallery exists in Moroccan civilization; to-day a man may be a cattle-thief, to-morrow a grand vizier; the next day a forgotten prisoner in some filthy casbah, his house and his women and his money confiscate. Thus, as says the Moorish proverb, "Those who are up must come down, and those who are down must ascend; the fat shall become lean, and the lean grow fat; the vizier of to-day is to-morrow's shepherd, and he whom we scorn to-day, to-morrow shall order our death." It is a country where it is not wise to consider a man's past: his present and future only are worthy of consideration. Thus, one should not attempt to classify Moroccan notables; most of them are both good and bad. And ye who believe that honour or honesty or faith must necessarily characterize a Great One, in order to appreciate the brief records of these men, must judge by standards other than ours. In a country where brother

[1] Now retired to England.

dethrones brother, and even administers to certain unquiet members of his immediate family small doses of arsenic unostentatiously concealed in dainty cups of sweet coffee, what can one expect? That His Excellency the Basha of Tangier, who has paid £1000 for his post, will shy at a prison sentence for Mohamed the camel-driver when it comes to a question of collection of taxes on camels? Never; for His Excellency knows but too well that his term of office is insecure, and that unless he squeezes the lemon while he holds it, no one else will squeeze it for him.

It so happened in the case of Boaschareen, not long since Basha, or Governor, of Tangier, that his time was too short. It was after Mulai el Hafid had taken the throne away from Abd-ul-Aziz, and naturally was appointing new officials throughout the country. Boaschareen received his appointment for the payment of £1000. Two weeks later his successor was named, and Bo's little fling in government cost him a pretty penny. He was nobody of vast importance, after all, until he became basha, and only his willingness to contribute to the Shareefian exchequer gained the post for him.

His procession upon the day when he entered the city to take over the governorship was one of the most splendid sights I have ever witnessed. Fully two thousand mountaineers rode in it—wild, brown devils, every man on horseback, whirling above his head the long brass-bound gun of the Riff, and shouting at the highest pitch possible to his voice. As they hit the narrow gorge which runs between the walls of the buildings on the edge of Tangier—from one of which I was watching—a distinct chill crept along my backbone: it was impressive, barbarically so, that howling horde of

brown hill-men following their chief. And when they spread out like a fan in the great market-place, and, with roaring guns formed a passage-way through which he rode with his attendants. Yet Boaschareen was only an average kaid, and probably had never seen a tenth part of those who, because of his elevation, had become his followers.

The greatest Moorish statesman of the last century—and this—was the Sultan's Commissioner, Sid Mohamed Torres. Torres, after forty years of service for his master, went the way of all flesh, and Morocco was the poorer for his going. He was a different type from the new style Moorish diplomat; he excelled the foreigner. Had Torres lived France would have not yet gained practical control of the country. Rather would Torres have caused war in Europe.

Torres was an old, old man. Almost as a piece of fragile china he seemed when last I saw him not long before his death. It was at the time of the deposition of Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz as Sultan. Being in charge of our Legation for the moment I went to Torres to seek confirmation or denial of the report which had reached my ears that the forces of Abd-ul-Aziz had been defeated near Marraksh by the Hafidian troops. Torres received me in the little reception-room of his home, two tall candles in great brass candlesticks for illumination. Wrapped in a soft snowy-white *k'sa*, or toga, the blue-delf of his eyes was accentuated, and the black-pencilled eyebrows. As he became animated, and the folds of the *k'sa* fell away from his withered neck, I noted that it was as white and free from blemish as a woman's, and that the blood beat rapidly in over-blue veins.

Torres could not enlighten me in regard to the

rumour of the Azizist defeat. He admitted, after first pleading ignorance, that he had heard the rumour, but said that it lacked all confirmation. At any rate, God was great, and His sendings were as He wished them to be. The next day came confirmation of the rout of the troops of Abd-ul-Aziz and of the flight of the Sultan. A month later, on September 10, 1908, Torres died in harness. Perhaps the change of masters was more than he could bear. He was a man of gentle breeding, of unusual diplomatic wisdom,—he it was who said, "One lie will keep Europe busy for a year, and we have a Treasury full of lies,"—and an honest man, for he died poor. Which is the highest praise that may be given him.

Although the fact may not be generally known, Tangier is quite a favourite spot with European Royalty and nobility on holiday jauntings. Besides being a bone of contention among European Powers, it has a distinct charm which has been felt by not a few rulers of kingdoms and princes of the blood. While in some cases the visit of Royalty is the occasion of much celebration and formality, usually the event passes off quietly without the general public being aware of it; and sometimes the visitors maintain an incognito which prevents any ceremony. When the Emperor William visited Tangier in 1905 everything possible was done to make the visit a memorable one; but William came in the guise of an emperor, and his political interest in the country was common knowledge. More recently, just after the conclusion for the time being of the Spanish campaign in the Riff, Alfonso XIII. of Spain visited Melilla and the environs, and much ceremony was attached to his visit, this, too, being political.

But I remember the occasion of the visit of Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal of England (Duchess of Fife) with the Duke of Fife and their two daughters, the Princesses Alexandra and Maud. The Princess Royal is the eldest daughter of King Edward VII., and is sister of Queen Maud of Norway. The Royal party, which crossed from Gibraltar on a British cruiser, included Admiral Goodrich and General Sir Edward Forestier-Walker, Governor of Gibraltar. Altogether it was as distinguished a party as could be found in any summer resort, and yet there was no more ceremony connected with its arrival and passage through the city to the British Legation than had it been Mr. and Mrs. John Jones and family, of Liverpool. The day after their arrival I was engaged in watching the somewhat boresome efforts of a snake-charmer to make the snakes bite him,—this *entertaineur* being accustomed to give his performances in front of the hotel at which I lived,—when a woman neatly gowned in unostentatious grey rode up beside me and dismounted, her donkey being held by a soldier of the British Legation. The snake-charmer, after a low bow—for his eye was keen to the uniform of the Legation guard—produced still more snakes from his bag, and, while his assistant beat monotonously on the tambourine, continued his performance. Then the little lady turned to me and asked a question : probably she had noted the official salute her guard had given me.

"Isn't he a horrible old man?" she asked. "Quite horrible enough without the snakes. Ugh!" There was just a suggestion of Paris in the shrug of her shoulders and the *moue* she made.

Reply was unnecessary, for that snake-charmer is

the ugliest man I have ever seen—with one exception. And the Princess Royal had not seen the exception, I am sure.

Another interesting sojourner in Tangier, and a man whose friendship was a great pleasure to me, was "Don Jaime the Pretender," otherwise His Royal Highness Prince Jaime de Borbón y Borbón, claimant against Alfonso XIII. to the throne of Spain. Don Jaime is a son of Don Carlos, who died recently in Italy, and a grandson of Charles VIII., for a few months King of Spain. Charles VIII. was defeated by the forces of his sister Isabella, who took the throne from him, and who was succeeded by Alfonso XII., father of the present king. Through his grandfather, Don Jaime claims to be the rightful King of Spain, and his claims are important, since he is the head of the Carlist party, which is strong politically, and which, of course, supports his claims. Through the death of his father, Don Carlos, Don Jaime's fortunes changed; for whereas before he was but poorly equipped with finances with which to carry on his work, and was not recognized as a legitimate Spanish prince, and, further, was not permitted to reside in Spanish territory, he now has a large fortune inherited from his father, and the title of Duke of Madrid. Through the house of Bourbon Don Jaime also has claims upon the French throne, should there be one.

An almost constant traveller, Don Jaime has seen much of the world, and, having the divine gift of observation, his wanderings have made him an entertaining talker. His memory of names and faces is rare. One night when I entertained him and his companion, the Marques de Ayala, at dinner, we spoke of the Russo-Japanese War—for Don Jaime

is a General of the Russian army as well as other things. He recollected that one of his acquaintances in the city of Mukden when the place was besieged was a Chicago newspaper acquaintance of mine, Richard Henry Little.

Under my tuition Don Jaime learned to smoke the *hookah* or *narghili*. Manipulating the Turkish water-pipe is not simple. If the tobacco be not properly washed, the taste is rank; if too wet, it does not burn properly, if at all; if too dry, it is consumed too rapidly, and the taste is vile. If the beginner ignorantly, or unconsciously, blows in the tube, the water shoots up and extinguishes the little bit of glowing charcoal sitting on top of the tobacco. And this bit of charcoal is the most difficult thing to get exactly right; and right it must be if the smoke is to be a success. Only the finest-grained charcoal should be used, and the piece must not be too large or the flavour of the tobacco is lost. But a few months of practice brings dexterity in the preparation of the *narghili*; the smoking of it may be learned in a few lessons, if one is apt. Unlike the ordinary pipe, the smoke is not drawn into the mouth and then either inhaled or exhaled. It is drawn directly into the lungs. The establishment of an open channel between the tube and the lungs is sometimes difficult—and if the tobacco be not delicately mild, a coughing spell is apt to follow. It is considered smokers' etiquette to take no more than three or four deep inhalations from the *narghili* before passing the tube to one's fellow-smoker. Some *narghilis* have several tubes and mouthpieces, but the truly sociable pipe has only one, which is passed about among the guests.

Don Jaime was not a stupid pupil. I think he

coughed himself purple not more than twice before his lungs became accustomed to the direct draught, and he discovered how to regulate the smoke-supply; then he enjoyed it. But it takes time to learn to exhaust a pipeful of tobacco. After perhaps a dozen inhalations the beginner finds himself growing light-headed, and to fancy that the sea is rough. That is the time to stop—for the nonce. Next time one can double the amount of tobacco smoked. So Don Jaime and I sat at the octagonal, filagreed Moorish table, and the *narghili* blubbered camel-like between us, while the Pretender to the Spanish throne had a new experience.

Sometimes the scion of a noble house is funny. Elsewhere I have narrated the story of the befooling of the Ameer Shefeek, the Turkish prince, upon his arrival in Tangier. Now it so happened that the Shefeek came to be numbered among my friends, and one day he came to visit me in my camp on the coast near the city.

As with most Americans, when I am camping near a body of water, fishing plays an important part in the enjoyment of my day. The Ameer wandered about until his attention was attracted by a number of American steel fishing-rods. His curiosity was at once excited, and, picking up a rod, he asked, "What is this arrangement?"

Thinking that perhaps he meant the reel or some minor attachment, I asked what he was alluding to. Now the Ameer was educated in the American College in Beirut, Syria, and speaks pretty good English.

"This," he explained, shaking the rod. "All of it. What it is for?"

"Why—why, for fishing," I answered, somewhat amazedly.

"An' how you catch zee feesh wiz it?"

"Haven't you ever fished?" I asked in astonishment.

The Ameer shook his head with decision. Apparently Isaac Walton was not part of the curriculum either at Beirut or in the prince's own home. So I took the Ameer by the arm, led him gently down some five hundred feet of rocky cliff, and deposited him, sweltering and calling upon the gods, on a boulder washed by the sea-waves. My servant had brought the fishing-tackle. The servant affixed a worm of unusually horrible appearance upon the hook and handed the rod to the Ameer, who, as the worm swung towards him, recoiled and nearly lost his balance. Regaining his equilibrium, and holding the rod at arm's length before him, so that the worm might be as far away as possible, the Shefeek asked:

"Now what do I do?"

"Why, throw the bait into the water," I instructed him.

"But how?" he wanted to know.

Mentally I raised both hands to forehead.

"Umph! There's the bait," I said, pointing at the worm, "and there's the water," with a wave towards the sea—"mix 'em."

"But I do not understand; and it is, oh, so warm!" objected the Turk. So I flung the line into the sea and handed him the rod, which he accepted gingerly.

"Now," I went on to explain, "when you feel a tug, a jerk, a pull—you understand?—on the line, a fish is trying to eat the worm. So you must jerk quickly—thus!" My own line had been in the water, and as I spoke I felt a "bite." So I deposited beside the Ameer a little fellow of six or eight

ounces. That time I thought the Shefeek was actually billed for the clamouring waves; and the more the fish flopped, the nearer the Turk edged towards the water, until I dropped my rod and pulled him back out of danger. The water wasn't deep, but the shock might have hurt him. Fortunately he had held on to the rod, and I now noted that its limber length was being bent rainbow-fashion by some swimming creature.

"Pull 'im in!" I shouted.

The Prince looked blankly at me and asked:

"What is zee matter wiz it?"

"You've got something on," I cried. "A fish —or—or something."

The Ameer searched himself quickly.

"Somesing on?" he questioned. "What—"

"Lift that fishing-rod into the air," I requested in despair. That he understood, and as he tugged on the rod, a big green crab hove slowly into view. As it broke water, the Ameer gave one wild shriek, "Wild-el-Sheetan!" (Child of the Evil One) and, dropping his rod into the water, sought refuge behind a boulder. After I had had my servant recover the rod, I turned to find him. He was peering cautiously around the edge of the rock, mopping his face with his handkerchief.

"Has it gone away?" he asked, and then, at my laughter, began to climb the laborious hill.

"It is too hot," he said. "I have no more care to learn how it is to feesh. I think it is not enjoyable. I shall go up on zee hill and lie down in zee shade and wait for you."

There I found him later, sleeping peacefully, worn out by his piscatorial experiences.

One of the most prolific sources of sensational

stories for an amber-hued press is Her Highness the Shareefa of Wazzan, the Englishwoman who is now the widow of one Shareef and the mother of another. From the time of the astounding marriage of Emily Keene, the English governess of the Perdicaris family, to the Moorish nobleman, up to the present day, the Shareefa has basked in the limelight of publicity. Naturally a part of the "official" colony at Tangier, and entirely because of her position as head of the Moroccan women of Morocco a member of the highest ranks of society, every opportunity is given the general public to know of the Shareefa and her affairs.

For even an English governess to marry a Moor is rather unusual, and still more extraordinary is it for her to secure social position and a title of "Her Highness" by so doing. But although Emily Keene secured both among her own countrywomen, she has never secured it from the Moors themselves —which is a delicate irony of fate. Among the Moors her only title is "The Woman of the Shareef," and to them she is still a woman of the infidels.

The story of her marriage to the Shareef is usually told in an idealized form in which truth subserves art. The story runs that when the Shareef was supposed to have fallen in love with the Perdicaris governess he already had some ten or twelve native wives. It is said that for this reason Miss Keene refused to marry him, but, instead, went on a brief visit to England. When she returned, Mulai Mohamed resumed his suit. The old objections were brought out again. But they were promptly met by a statement from Mulai Mohamed that he had "disposed" of his other

wives. Nobody cared to inquire the manner of their disposition : Miss Keene married him.

In 1909 official Tangier was thrown into a flutter by the visit of Her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg, and for several days the late Sir Reginald Lister, then British Minister to Tangier, was a busy host to the sister of Edward VII. and her entourage, which included many of the highest nobility of Britain. Princess Henry of Battenberg is also mother of Queen Victoria of Spain, and consequently her visit appealed to the Spaniards as well as the English.

At the various social functions attendant upon this visit the diplomatic corps of Tangier appeared in most splendid array. And the Corps Diplomatique at that time boasted no few titles. Headed by His Excellency Count Martens-Ferrao, Portuguese Minister and *doyen* of the diplomatic corps the register included Baron Rosen, the German Minister ; Baron Ludwig von Callenberg, Austrian Minister ; Count Conrad de Buisseret, Belgian Minister, whose wife, formerly Miss Story of Washington, was one of the social favourites of Tangier ; Don Alphonso Merry del Val, Spanish Minister, and brother to the Papal secretary ; Messrs. Regnault, de Billy, and Beaumarchais, representing France ; the Chevalier de Rappard, Dutch Minister, and his charming wife ; Monsieur Botkine, the Czar's representative, who married an American girl ; and a host of attachés with titles running from Prince to plain Mister.

Inasmuch as nearly every other person in the official society of Tangier had a title, it was almost a mark of distinction to own to the business-like name of John Smith, American.

CHAPTER X

ARTS AND CRAFTS

Gold is for the mistress,
Silver for the maid,
Copper for the craftsman
Who works at his trade.
Moorish Proverb.

The ideals of a nation may be judged by its arts and crafts. As infallibly as in the physique of a country the bodies and faces of its people reflect its manner of living, so the products of its hands serve as evidence of its civilization and thoughts. The architecture of Greece and Rome is as true a translation into marble of the minds of those empires, as the spidery, gilt furniture of Louis XV. is indicative of the life of the French court at that period. One can no more form a lasting picture of Caesar in a Louis XV. chair, than one can fancy Madame de Maintenon or the Du Barry at prayer in a Greek temple.

Beneath a national expression of an art or a craft lie all the centuries of national growth. The English manor-house is the expression of the best English idea of home. In the United States we have, as yet, few homes; we are too young a nation for the idea to have developed; we, most of us,

have only places to stay. The sculptures of Praxiteles and Phidias were not the sudden inspiration of a supernatural genius ; they were the most perfect expressions of national ideals, which had been reaching perfection through untold centuries.

The desire and ability to combine utility and beauty is not the attribute of a new nation. It is done by many barbarous or semi-civilized tribes, but they are older than we. And its highest development is not in creation, as a rule, but in elimination—the elimination of all that is superfluous, all that is bizarre, temporary, complex, leaving the beauty of elemental lines unbroken.

It is strange how the artistic ideals of nations having no communication with each other may produce astonishingly similar results, or even absolutely the same. Almost it might cause one to formulate the hypothesis that certain conditions of living invariably give rise to the same artistic expressions. Among the uncontaminated tribes of the interior of Morocco I have gathered pieces of pottery of the same shape, of the same method of manufacture, with exactly the same decoration, both in point of design and pigment, as those which I have dug up on the site of Black Hawk's Indian village in the valley of the Rock River, Illinois. I have had sent me from Southern Morocco — from country never trodden by the Christian—carpets which could scarcely be told from the Navajos of America, either in weave or design. And this becomes interesting when one remembers the distinctiveness of the Navajo designs.

From the Berbers of the Lower Atlas I have got bead-work—belts and necklaces—which by no possible means could be distinguished from the bead-work of the American Indians. The leather work of the Riffians,

notably their *shakarahs*, or bags, is the cut leather work of the Indian, and, like the American aborigine, the Rif Berber decorates his leather with beads and silk. There is no noticeable difference between the Moorish *kesk'soo* basket and the Moki food basket either in colouring or weave. Is there any connection between these facts and the fact that the life of the Berber and the American Indian are almost identical in elementary matters? And is there anything more than an interesting coincidence in the fact that from the stock of his gun the Berber hangs a bunch of cut leather strings, as much like a scalp lock as may be?

Some writer on Moroccan topics—I have forgotten whom—discovered that the Shilha language, that of the Southern Berbers, was similar to that of one of the American tribes, and that a large portion of it could be understood. However, this is no more than speculation of interest to the ethnologist.

The arts and crafts of Morocco differ in one great point from those of the rest of the world: there is no portraiture of living creatures. Such is forbidden by the Koran. As a consequence of this restriction, painting and sculpture have never developed, and the decorative ideals have progressed principally along the lines of geometric design.

Certain elements are observable in all the decorative arts of the Moors, whether it be a case of a woman's slipper or a mosque tower. And one of the surprising things about it is that the same design in the same colours is as effective upon the mosque as upon the slipper.

Perhaps the most interesting branch of the arts and crafts of Morocco is the jewel work, for in it one finds the highest skill and the highest artistic ideals. Both skill and ideals are confined to the best work-

men, working for the "best people." The passing native woman may have plenty of jewellery—ear-rings, finger-rings, anklets, bracelets, *haik*-pins—but the chances are (you can't see them, you know) that they are of nothing more valuable than silver. Every woman can afford jewellery, but few can afford jewels of gold.

Most of the silversmiths and goldsmiths are Jews, content to work a whole day—and no union day either, but from sunrise to sunset—for ten to twelve pence. The result is that articles of silver can be bought for a very little more than their actual weight in the native coin. Take, for example, an engraved native bracelet. You pay for that bracelet its actual weight in the native coin, and perhaps fifteen or twenty cents more for the work upon it. The silver-smith does not make a profit ; he is paid only for his labour.

In the shops of the silversmiths are innumerable articles, of interest not only for their beauty or their lack of it, or their peculiarities or their contrasts, but in many cases for their ethnological value. In the bazaars of the south one can buy bracelets of exactly the same shape, and even perhaps bearing the same symbols, as those made by the Navajo Indian, a broken loop which when adjusted in a certain position slips on easily, but if not so adjusted is impossible to get on at all. There is another sort of bracelet also of silver. These vary from one-half to two inches wide, and are formed of the arcs of a broken circle, hinged at the back, and fastened at the front by a tiny coupling pin dangling on a chain. Little raised rosettes on the front of these bracelets are gilded with a mercury amalgam of gold.

There are *haik*-pins worn by the women to keep

their garments in place ; peculiar silver pins, with flat fancy tops, and with half rings running through them forming the clasp. Similar pins have been found in the ancient lake dwellings in Ireland, and are not known to exist elsewhere. One can buy silver charms shaped like the ace of clubs—heavy beaten silver things three inches across, inset with bits of coloured glass. Or there are the "lucky hands"—tiny conventionalized hands cut out of sheet silver or gold, which are a reputable safeguard against the evil spirits. Ear-rings vary from plain gold circles two inches in diameter to hoops a quarter of an inch thick, three inches across, and bearing a stone-encrusted plate an inch or more in diameter.

The tendency of the Moroccan jeweller is always to mass his precious stones, caring little about design or contrast of colour ; rubies, diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds, of all sizes and shades and manner of cutting, are massed in together. The result is usually an opalescent effect of the "barbaric"—or Barbary style.

Brass and copper are the metals most used after gold and silver. Each town has its street of brass-workers, in whose shops are made all the wonderful objects of brass and copper which attract the eye of the visitor to Morocco. To enumerate even a majority of them would be a tedious matter. The most important work of the brass-workers is the making of the trays in common use in every Moorish family. They are the native tables. These trays run from tiny discs, the size of a cheap gramophone record, just large enough to accommodate a cup of tea, to the huge ones which only the wealthy can afford ; trays that a large family may sit about, and which are burdens for a strong man. I have in my

collection a brass tray which belonged to the former Sultan Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz, and which was used by him during his flight from Fez to the protection of the French guns at Rabat. It measures over four feet across, and is of eighth-inch hand-hammered brass, perfectly plain save for the serrated, raised edge, in each scallop of which is a hand-carved design. The greater number of the trays are decorated with complex geometric designs, and the interesting part of the decorative work is that the workman follows no pattern save one in his own mind; like the women who weave carpets or embroider, a part of his technical education has been the memorizing of a number of designs.

Gradually the cast brass of Europe is supplanting the hand-hammered brass and copper in the Moorish shapes, so that now it is almost impossible to get certain articles—such as incense-burners, stirrups, and things difficult to shape by hand—except those which have been entirely made in Europe, or only given the finishing touches by the hand of the Moor.

The making of the *kumiah*, or native dagger, occupies a great deal of the time of the workman in metals. As is true of other things as well, each district of importance has its own distinctive knife, whether its sheath be of gold, or silver, or brass, or only the plain red leather of Tetuan. Some of the knives are beautiful in the extreme—others are merely deadly-looking. For some the best art of the silver- or goldsmith has been called upon, the delicately-carved sheath and the massive silver-mounted rhinoceros horn handle being proof of his ability to rise to the occasion. Sometimes the sheath is of brass, but that same brass may be so

carved and cut as to make a difference of ten dollars in the price of the knife. I have a brass-sheathed *kumiah* from Shawia, in which the rose decorations are in bas-relief, and the handle is of cedar, brass-bound.

The workmen frequently use enamel in connection with silver as a decoration for the daggers, and some handsome results are obtained. The most wonderful I have ever seen is one which belonged to the ex-Sultan, Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz, and which was sold at the time of that monarch's deposition ; sold, I think, for about £5000. It had a pure hammered-gold sheath and handle encrusted with precious stones. It was a thing to gaze at and love and covet.

On one occasion I wished to procure a solid silver cigarette-case, set with small rubies. It was to be for a lady, and was intended principally as a souvenir of the silversmith's art. I sent one of my consular soldiers for a silversmith. Soon he returned, bringing in tow a wretched-looking creature with fear in his eyes. I discovered that my soldier had not informed him that I wished to employ him ; so the Jew was merely showing the fear which the average native has of being haled before a Consul.

He regained some of his composure when the matter was explained to him.

Then, carefully, I drew a diagram to the exact scale of the thing I wished made. It was to be so long and so broad and, most assuredly, not more than three-eighths of an inch thick. The decorative scheme was to be so-and-so. After the box had been made, the rubies and the initials they would form would be given him.

Then followed much calculation and head-scratching. Then it was announced that the case would be

made for twenty dollars—silver to be furnished by the smith. I concluded the bargain, gave the smith fifteen dollars on account, raw material as it were, and he went away.

Perhaps a week later he again stood in my presence, the soldier at his back as though to lug him off to prison if the work were not satisfactory. With much pride and some fear the smith laid upon my desk the cigarette-case.

For a time words failed me; I could only sit speechless and gaze at the box, the *trunk*, before me. My soldier, catching my disgusted expression, laid a heavy hand upon the poor smith. I was tempted not to interfere. That cigarette-case was of a size which Hercules himself might have slipped into his waistcoat pocket. It would have accommodated two packs of playing-cards.

I objected, and referred to the design I had drawn.

"But, Your Highness," wailed the Jew. "Your Highness was mistaken. The other box would have been too small to have carried a package of cigarettes."

"A package—what?"

Then it dawned upon me. The only sort of cigarettes that that Jew knew was the kind that is known in Tangier as "Bastos." They are made of Allah-knows-what, and are sold twenty-five in a glossy pink paper package. They cost three halfpence, and the glossy pink paper wrapping is the only part that is fit to smoke.

A quarter of an hour later the crestfallen Jew had taken his departure. He also had taken ten dollars more on "account." He said he had used more silver than he had originally planned. I didn't

doubt his statement. One can't make a silver trunk for twenty dollars. He also said that the gods were good, and that his family was ill, wherefore he needed money. So I gave it to him, and told him to pack all the silver in the second case, and that I would have him beaten if it was over half an inch thick.

Two days later a Jewess came to me with tears in her eyes, and a story of woe which had kept as fresh and bubbling as soda-water in a thermos bottle. After I had learned that "he" was sick, and that it seemed highly probable that little Juan was about to have a fever, and that Allah was great and that they needed money—and "Por Dios, Senor Consul, es verda' y na'a ma' que la verda"—after all this, I say, I also learned that I had become the father and the mother and the brother of my silversmith.

So I "advanced" another five dollars on account. It helped me to think that they were worth only six shillings. The wife of Mr. Silversmith took her leave, pulled between an apparent desire to get away with the money and to fall upon my neck in gratitude.

Two or three days later, an urchin of unquestionable Hebraism stood before me in charge of my soldier.

"What is it?" I asked.

As though I had pushed a button the result came. He did the rest—without punctuation.

"Ah, Senor—Exellencia—oh Senor Consul—por el gracia de Dios—my father who is an industrious silversmith in the Siageen and my mother who is a virtuous woman afflicted with five children and my older brother Jaime who sometimes works for Pariente and my older brother Juan who is not yet old enough to work are all ill and my father is not

able to work and all the silver you have given him has been taken by the doctors——"

I sprang madly into the breach as the lad paused for breath. When he left he had another five dollars—and I had a choice collection of recently-bestowed titles ranging from American Minister to Brother of God !

Two weeks later I had my cigarette-case, the smith and his family having passed through all of the vicissitudes, save death, that man is heir to.

It was not first-class work ; perhaps the smith's troubles had rendered his hand less cunning. There was an eccentricity about the beaded border which made it look like a Morse message. The ruby initials were just readable. And the finished article weighed about a pound—without contents.

So I paid the rest of the account—including the time that the smith and his wife and Jaime and Juan had been sick—and found that my cigarette-case had cost me only fifty dollars without the stones. Thereafter, when I wanted something difficult done, such as the repairing of a door or the putting up of a shelf, I employed a native lawyer for a week to draw up a contract—and then went into hiding in the mountains until the work was finished.

This is the inevitable result which follows the innovation of ordering a thing made. It is much easier to hunt around until one finds what one wants, or something which will serve the purpose ; for the Jewish silver- or goldsmith is supposed not only to do the work, but to furnish all the ideas as well—ideas that have been handed down to him from Abraham or Moses.

Let us, therefore, make a tour of the silversmiths in Tangier, in Arzila and Tetuan and El Arache—

or even inland—and see what we can find. We will stop first here at this tiny box of a shop just off the main street in Tangier. Israel ben Atwil, the proprietor, the master, bows low over his anvil and fire pot, but does not rise from his squatting posture.

"What is the desire of the august one?" he asks.

The august one replies that we are there to look at his stock, to see what may please our eyes. Laying aside his file with which he has been shaping a heavy silver bracelet, Ben Atwil reaches into an obscure corner of his shop and brings forth a jingling string of bracelets and finger-rings. Silver, all of them; still, we look them over.

"These are all your own work?" we ask, and Israel nods affirmatively.

"You are clever, then, at the style of Marraksh," we say. For among the bracelets is one carved in the beautiful wild-rose design which is characteristic of Marraksh. Each city in Morocco has its individualities in the arts and crafts. A Fez jug or bag or knife can be told from one from Rabat or Saffi as easily as a Chinaman can be distinguished from an Indian. "Are you by chance a Marrakshi?"

Ben Atwil states that his birthplace is not Morocco City but Mogador.

"A Mogador Jew, you know," he says, "is a clever imitator."

"Yes, so I have heard; especially of the coin of Mulai el Hassan." And we smile sweetly, benignantly, for rumour hath it that Israel ben Atwil puts in many a profitable hour converting the crude silver ore of Anghera into *reale* pieces which pass as coin of the realm.

"But it has never been proven," replies Ben Atwil with a shrug. "Is there aught there that pleases Your Excellency?"

"The price of this Marraksh bracelet?" we ask.

The smith detaches it from the string, produces small scales, and pretends to weigh the article indicated. But we know that he is mentally weighing our purses.

"Five dollars," he says at last.

"But there is not five dollars' worth by weight," we object.

Ben Atwil shows us on his scales that there is, placing five Spanish dollars in place of the weights.

"Of course you mean Hassani (native) dollars," we say. Ben Atwil hesitates; there is a difference in value of one-third between the Spanish and Hassani dollars, in favour of the former.

"Hassani, certainly," he says finally.

But we decide not to purchase until we have seen what other shops have to offer. At this announcement Ben Atwil becomes more energetic, and from behind him brings a huge box that clinks pleasantly.

"What do Your Excellencies think of this—and this?" he asks, spreading upon the shop ledge before us an array of beautiful things. "Do Your Excellencies think that any other smith can make jewels as rare as these?"

We look them over; at last Ben Atwil has offered something of interest. Here is a gold ring of strangely rough design carrying a massive, crudely-cut emerald—an emerald of four or five carats weight. Here is another ring—one of silver, with a finely-cut crimson stone. A ruby? We hold it

to the light—there is a very slight cloudy touch in it. It is *rubie reconstruido* — a reconstructed ruby made in the laboratories of France. They can be bought for three or four dollars a carat. It is impossible to tell them from original stones while they are being worn. Here is an ear-ring—a pair of them—of diamonds. But the stones are badly cut —the old-fashioned "rose cut" which distinguishes the "diamantes" from the "brilliants."

"One hundred dollars," comments Ben Atwil as we lay them back.

Ah, here is something—a belt of beaten silver, carved. It is Marraksh work ; a half hoop with a clasp in front. It is about two inches wide and very heavy, and it weighs over a pound. But it is beautifully designed, and the workmanship is excellent.

"Very old," says Ben Atwil.

We verify his statement by seeking for the coin marks on the back. It has been made of coin silver, and it is the custom to leave one or two coin marks intact, showing the date. "1597" says one of these marks. If the maker is honest, that is the year the belt was made ; 1597 corresponding to the Christian year 1840 or thereabouts.

We ask the price : it is remarkably reasonable, so we leave Ben Atwil smiling and rich, for the moment. We have in mind the picture of a girl whom that belt will fit beautifully.

People who do not know that there exists such a country as Morocco, or who, if they are aware of its existence, could not locate it upon the map, are, nevertheless, familiar with the term "Morocco leather," even though they may be ignorant of the difference between Morocco leather, imitation

Morocco leather, or Russian leather made in Wilmington, Delaware.

For centuries Morocco has been famous the world over for its leather and its leather work, and its glory is reflected now by a dozen countries which do quite a business in the manufacture of this same "Morocco leather." The United States is one of the greatest of these same manufacturers, and our tanneries, principally those in Pennsylvania and Delaware, annually consume several million dollars' worth of goat and sheep skins actually brought from Morocco. (The fact that our tanneries turn out a very much larger amount of Morocco leather has nothing to do with the case.) Each year, about half a million dollars' worth of skins are exported to the United States direct from Tangier, Casablanca, and Mogador; and, in addition to this, a number of American importers secure their skins through the middlemen of Marseilles, Hamburg, or London.

But the real Morocco leather is, of course, not only that made of Moroccan skins, but that actually made in Morocco by the Moors, and by the processes followed four or five centuries ago when things were looking up in North Africa. It may be thought that there is little difference between a skin tanned in latitude 34° N. longitude 4° W., and one tanned many degrees westwards, but that is an error. The finishing of a skin in Morocco is a complicated process, involving not only the use of many weird pigments and unguents, but a multitude of prayers at specified times of the day. Some years ago I published in an American leather-trade journal a recipe for the making of leather in Morocco, and I stated that the manner of tanning had never before been made public—which was the case. The method

which I then gave is in the following paragraph; but I must remark that at that time I neglected to indicate the prime necessity for accompanying prayers —which schedule I will furnish on demand to any leather manufacturer desiring them.

The skin is first placed in a very strong lime bath, and after a few hours there is transferred to a weaker one, where it remains for a period of two weeks. From this it is put into a stronger lime bath and allowed to soak three months. After a few days in a fourth bath of lime, about the same strength as the third, it is removed, cleaned, and put in bran. After drying to a certain extent in the bran, it is tanned for twenty days in tan consisting of the pounded bark of dilm and water. Upon being removed from the tan the skins are put into a tank filled with a mixture of water and pigeon dung (*zibil*), where they are allowed to remain about twenty-four hours. Then they are thoroughly washed and again put in bran to partially dry. The next step is to cover them with pulp of figs (*karmoos*) or dates (*tmar*), where they remain for a week, being turned every day. They are now yellow in colour, and to fix this colour they are soaked in water containing a plant called *fooa*. If a red colour is desired, a bath containing *k'china* (cochineal) is used.

It is said that a plant found among the Atlas Mountains and called *ussa* is sometimes used to make the leather soft. Fuller's earth is used for the same purpose. As is always the case among primitive peoples, the processes of manufacture in Morocco are surrounded and mixed with such an array of superstition and ceremony and useless operation as to make it almost impossible for the

foreigner to distinguish between the necessary and the unnecessary.

The finest, though not the best wearing, quality of Morocco leather is the yellow, other colouring processes apparently having a deteriorating effect upon the skin. The yellow is extremely soft and rich, and the best of it is made in Tetuan, although Morocco City also produces a very fine grade. It is used mostly for the *bilghai*—the heelless slippers generally worn in Morocco—and to a certain extent in tobacco-bags and other small articles.

Next in quality to the yellow is, generally speaking, the red, although some of the brown leather equals it. Then come the white, brown, black, and green, which are usually of fair grade. The blue ranks last, and it is usually poor. The red leather made at Tetuan, Fez, and Morocco City is most durable for *bilghai*, but it is not so popular as the yellow in spite of its better wearing qualities. Black leather is made only at Fez, and is principally used for the black shoes which must, according to the Moorish law, be worn by the Jews ; and for the slippers of the Fez women, who are the only women in Morocco to wear black ones. The white leather is used for the lining of cushions and slippers, and is usually made of sheep skins. Green and blue leather, the best qualities of which are made at Tafilat, are sold by the pound, and are very expensive, owing to the fact that they have to be carried across the Atlas Mountains.

The manufacture of leather in articles of use and beauty is not confined to any one town, but is widespread, each district having, as in the case of metals, a most distinctive leather work — so distinctive that when one has made comparison between

articles from each town, one cannot make an error. Tangier alone of all the important Moroccan cities has no distinctive style in any of the arts and crafts, unless it be said that a wonderfully degenerate embroidery is distinctive. But in leather work, Tetuan, the Rif, Fez, Marraksh, Settat, Casablanca, and Rabat all have their own particular styles.

The Marrakshi runs to cut leather, in which he is very clever. I have a little green Marraksh bag wonderfully cut—engraved would be a better word—with the mystic crossed triangles, and bordered with a band of tiny checking of alternate green and white squares measuring about one-eighth of an inch. The Fez workmen use a heavy but simple embroidery of silk on the finest of leather, which is otherwise perfectly plain. The Riffians cut and braid the leather as decorations for their bags, and some of them are wonderful productions of the leather-worker's art. Not only are these bags of the Riffians fringed with leather strips and braids of coloured leather worked into the design ; not only do they have flaps and a highly decorated shoulder strap, but inside one may find anywhere from three to fifteen pockets, many of them concealed with remarkable cleverness, so that only the pulling of a particular thong—which appears to be part of the embroidery—will discover them.

A good many of the Arabic books are bound in Morocco leather, which is usually hand-tooled, but sometimes stamped by hand with dies. A peculiarity of Moorish book-binding is that the front cover has a flap which extends over the edge of the book, protecting it.

Considering the primitiveness of all things in Morocco, it is not remarkable that pottery-making

is carried on in the same manner as centuries ago, nor that the products of this branch of industry might be mistaken for the works of long-perished nations. In fact, pots unearthed in the island of Crete are almost identical with the common household pots of the Moors, while both the common and decorated pottery, especially the Riffian, bear a great resemblance to those made a century ago by the North American Indians.

Moroccan pottery may be divided, for purposes of consideration, into two classes, the glazed and the unglazed. The former class includes all the common household utensils as well as a few articles for decoration only, while the latter class includes, almost solely, the pottery used for decorative purposes. The styles of the unglazed pottery are the same all over Morocco, whereas each town of importance has a style of decorated pottery which is distinctive to that town alone.

There are in Morocco no "centres" where the manufacture of pottery is carried on. It is a general industry participated in not only by every town, but by every village, or, one might say, by every country house. Pottery-making as an occupation is as common among Moorish country women as sewing is among European women ; and just as a European woman frequently sews during her spare hours, so the Moorish woman makes pots during hers. Not only is a plentiful supply of pottery for use of the household thus kept on hand, but enough is made, as a rule, to warrant a weekly trip to the nearest *socco*, or market-place, that the supply may be sold. It is immaterial that the total receipts from the sale of the week's product amount to only a shilling or two, or that the journey to and from the *socco* has

covered thirty miles and occupied two days—the time of the Moorish woman is considered worthless. If she earns twopence-halfpenny a day she is a good investment, as one-fifth of this will more than take care of her for a day.

The manner of making the common pottery is not at all complex. The clay, a common reddish earth, is dug by women at the most convenient bank and carried in baskets to their homes. The equipment for the worker consists of a round wooden plate, perhaps twelve inches in diameter, with a small hole in the centre, a wooden peg to fit this hole, and a cactus leaf. The site for the work having been chosen, the peg is driven into the ground. Then a round piece as big as one's hand, or perhaps a trifle larger, is cut from the cactus leaf and split. The two halves are then driven down over the peg, the pulpy sides of the leaf forming a slippery bearing. Upon this is set the table, or round board, which turns easily upon the two pieces of cactus leaf and is held in place by the peg. With this crude but efficient apparatus the worker is ready. Shaping the moistened clay, she turns the table rapidly round, until in a few minutes the pot begins to take shape, and in a few more is finished. It is then either placed in the sun to dry, or, if there chances to be one of the primitive ovens in the vicinity, set aside until "baking day." Sometimes a childish attempt at decoration is made, figures being traced in the soft pot with a stick, or pieces pinched out of the edge with the fingers.

These pots sell in the market-place for almost nothing. The smallest and most simple dish brings a penny to its maker, while the larger ones cost one, two, or three pence, or perhaps, in the case of a big

water-jar, a shilling. The *kesk'soo* cooking set, used for preparing the national dish, and consisting of firepot, boiler, and steamer, is bought in the market for an equivalent of about sevenpence, which is probably more than a native would pay for it. Sometimes the pottery-makers have certain "trade-marks"—as, for example, a black crossed line upon a plate,—but as a rule the cooking utensils are not decorated at all.

At Rabat is produced a vast quantity of decorated pottery, which is the common clay pottery painted with a preparation which looks like enamel. In response to my efforts to ascertain the nature of that preparation, I was given all sorts of mysterious formulae; but personal experiment gives me the belief that the flux is nothing more than sugar and water (most of the sugar is half starch), and that the colouring is aniline: at any rate one can produce the same results with this formula. If Rabat pottery is kept in a dry place the colours remain bright for years, but they are easily affected by moisture, and peel off in course of time. A wet cloth will remove them quickly. Some admirable shapes in vases are made at Rabat—some with a strong resemblance to the Greek and Pompeiian forms.

Fez produces the best grade of decorated pottery. Not only are its designs superior to those of Rabat, but its colours are better, and a glaze is used which not only perfects the colours but renders the pottery waterproof. Some Fez pieces cannot be excelled for proportions, and in others the colouring is beautifully blended. Red, yellow, blue, green, and purple are the favourite pigments of Moorish pottery-makers, to which black and white may be added, as they are frequently used for outlining the design. Fez

pottery usually is made of a good white clay, and the natural colour is ofttimes used as a background.

Mogador, though not a copious producer of decorated pottery, has a decorative style that is peculiar, so much resembling the Japanese that one is inclined to think that some almond-eyed citizen of the land of cherry-blossoms at some time must have influenced the industry. The clay of most of the Mogador pottery is extraordinarily light in weight.

Most of the Rif pottery is only the common pink clay variety, heavily decorated with geometric designs done "free hand," but so surprisingly accurate as to appear stencilled. Lines, angles, and curves are done with an accuracy and perfection which reminds one of the ability of Raphael—or was it Michael Angelo ?—to draw a perfect circle free hand. The same resemblance to the Navajo art which is displayed in the carpets, embroidery, leather-work, and bead-work of the Rif Berbers is maintained in the case of the pottery, and very emphatically in the case of coloured pottery, in which the colours are applied almost without design, and permitted to run together to some extent, producing that peculiar blend and lack of uniformity and stiffness which are characteristic of much Indian decoration. A lamp, much resembling a candlestick, which I have, appears as though the colours had been smeared on with the fingers—which they probably were.

The weaving of carpets constitutes the employment of the full time of many Moorish women and the spare time of others. Strange to say, the Moorish carpet is little known to the world at large ; but the products of some of the looms compare favourably with any carpet I have ever seen, in point of both texture and design. Carpet-weaving, although it is

carried on more or less generally throughout the country, is concentrated at Casablanca and Rabat, and these two cities probably produce more carpets than all the rest of the country. While almost every village has a few women who weave their own or their neighbours' carpets, these two cities make a business of manufacturing them for the general trade.

Moorish carpets are of two varieties, generally speaking—the *zirbia* and the *hambel*. The *zirbia* is tufted, the *hambel* is woven like our rag carpet. There is a third variety, which is a mixture of these two styles, being really a *hambel* with tufted stripes in it.

The Rabat carpets are the best-known of the Morocco weaves, and are famous throughout Morocco for their excellent qualities. The design is distinctive, being a complex pattern of harmonious colours, and the carpet is never made of anything but pure wool, dyed with vegetable dyes that defy sun and water.[1] The Casablanca products are imitations of the Rabat, but they are very much inferior (and cheaper), because the wool is adulterated with gunny-sacking. Ten thousand pounds' worth of the sacking is imported annually for this purpose, and much aniline dye is used. Exposure to sun or rain quickly proves whether a carpet is a Rabat or Casablanca weave.

Rabat carpets a hundred years old are not rare, and one is as good after a hundred years' use in a mosque as it was when it was made, probably better, because the shuffling of innumerable bare feet across it has softened its texture, while age has made its colours more delicate. The carpets are never woven

[1] The *m'kadem* of the town sees to it that only vegetable dyes are used.

square. This is due to the fact that the houses do not contain square rooms. They are always longer than they are broad, and the genuine Moorish carpet, as is true of all Oriental weaves, is never the same width at both ends. If an Oriental carpet is of equal width throughout it is machine made.

The carpets of Sûs are among the best in Morocco. They are the *hambel* variety, woven across instead of tufted, although the Sûssi weaver is prone to tuft here and there as the mood impels. In the Sûs carpets, as elsewhere in the arts and crafts, there is a wonderful resemblance to the Navajo designs, and one finds in them every now and then an exhibition of that delightful individuality which causes the weaver to suddenly break the line, or the entire pattern, and contribute something to the recorded artistic impressions of the world. It may be only a tuft of startling colour, like a shaft of light, or, by chance, a complete change of pattern. The most effective carpet that I have ever seen was a Sûssi. It was about six by fifteen feet, the colour a vivid crimson, and it was at least an inch thick. It was a *zirbia*, but the tufts had been sheared instead of being left long as in the products of the Rabatis. The entire crimson body of the rug was unbroken save by a narrow sea-green stripe across one end, a single lightning streak of green at one side, a fine snake's-back design through the centre in three delicate shades of green, and a dozen little splashes not over half an inch square, where the idiosyncrasies of the weaver had made a tuft of blue or green wool.

It is interesting in looking at Moorish carpets to remember that the weaver has no design at hand when the carpet is made. He or she has memorized the design, just as the designs for the decoration of

metals, those employed in bead-work and embroidery, are memorized.

Moorish embroidery is very wonderful—too wonderful for a mere man to write about to any extent. Each town has its own distinctive style, and it is difficult to tell which is the most attractive. The Fez work is the finest, and yet the Meknez has in it a certain attractive opalescent effect, which to me is more charming than the cameo-like fineness of the Fassi needlework. The Fez embroidery frequently runs four hundred stitches to the square inch—and the number of stitches is always the same in the same design, no matter how often it may be repeated. Moorish embroidery is the same on both sides, and varies from the complex designs of Fez and Meknez to the comparatively simple Rabati and Slawi—in which may easily be discerned the origin of the embroidery used by the Spaniards on their mantillas, and considered eminently, aboriginally, and typically Spanish.

In the embroidery of Rabat and Sla the stitches vary from half an inch to an inch in length, and, while the Rabati embroiderers use more than one colour on a design, the Slawi workers usually confine themselves to one striking colour. I may compare the Rabati embroidery to the colour scheme of a kaleidoscope—dashes of different colours at all sorts of angles, while the Meknez embroidery is splashes of colour much like an impressionistic oil-painting.

The embroideries of Tetuan greatly resemble the Slawi and Rabati work, but it is almost invariably done upon silk instead of cotton or linen. It is interesting to note that Tangier embroidery has

degenerated to such an extent through foreign influences, that what little there is of it consists of the least artistic designs, worked with a coarse yarn in long stitches, on a cheap scrim. It is absolutely valueless.

The Rif embroidery is most interesting because it differs so greatly from that of all the rest of the country, and—pardon if I refer too often to the resemblance—is so much like the ornamentation of the American Navajos. The running cross design, like a series of connected X's,—XXXXXXXXXXX—is in large use, and varied in many ways. The "lightning streak" is distinguishable, and a figure which approximates the swastika design. The checkerboard figure is also used in the Rif work, in a simple form, and in the Meknez embroidery in a more elaborate one.

The finished effect of Fez embroidery is very much like fine massed bead-work, the raised design standing out in clear, sharp outlines. The thread used by the needlewomen is the very best hand-spun silk procurable, coloured with vegetable dyes. The colours are marvellous to those of us accustomed to the sharp mineral dyes of the Occident; striking Oriental blues, vivid crimson, royal purple, and black are the most commonly used. Although the work is exquisite—as nearly perfect as hand-work can be—the materials and colouring the finest made, there is, to the artistic eye of Western nations, one distressing drawback to the finished work. The workers use for the background of all this excellence a cheap, coarse, flimsy white cotton cloth about the same grade as that used in the flour-sacks of the Western mills of America. In fact, upon some of the more modern work one can distinguish the half-obliterated

green or red or blue lettering of some popular brand of flour. I have in mind an exquisite old piece worked with a delicate glowing Oriental blue thread. It is very old, and the flimsy cotton background is falling away from the raised silken figures, but the colours still are wonderfully soft and vivid.

The Fassi workers use a great deal of black on white, and the finished pieces are very effective, the black silk thread being very glossy, and, of course, the best quality. Among these workers the colours are never mixed. The commonest design is a conventionalized tree, very stiff and very straight, worked to a depth of from four to twelve inches along one or two or three sides of a piece of cloth—never on all four. A piece is never designed for a certain purpose and then used for that and no other. The needlewoman uses her cloth in the shape in which she procures it, be it long or short, oblong or square. Then, squatting upon a cushion, with no pattern but one in her own mind—one memorized by her ancestors for generations—she proceeds to border the cloth with the time-honoured design of the Fassis.

Perhaps when finished it is not long enough for any purpose whatever. The solution is simple. She takes or makes another piece, perhaps of the same colour, perhaps not, and sews them together until she has a piece the length required. The finished sections are used as small cushion tops, as drapes upon the painted wooden wall-shelves—their only furniture—and stretched along the visible vertical edges of the mattress-like cushions that line three sides of their rooms, or which are piled up to form a bed.

The Meknez work, though very effective and

barbaric, lacks the delicate cameo-like precision of outline and separate stitch that characterizes that of Fez. The colours are massed and mixed, and the stitch is longer and more loosely placed. The worker does not confine herself to one colour, but draws upon every colour of the rainbow for the fashioning of her design—brilliant yellow, orange, red, ochre, blue, purple, green, in all its several shades. The most magnificent piece that I have ever seen was an oblong scarf two yards long and two feet wide. The material was a rather better quality of white cotton cloth than that commonly used, and much resembling white checked dimity. Strange to say, also, the scarf consisted of one entire piece of cloth, instead of being two or three or four roughly sewed together. On each end was a heavy massed border, all colours and combinations of colours being massed in together with a brilliant iridescent effect. No particular pattern was followed—only the fancy of the worker. The border was continued along the two sides, but diminished to a width of about two inches. The edges were buttonholed, and at short intervals all over the body of the scarf the worker had placed dots of varying colours. Some dots were worked of a single coloured thread of silk, others of several threads of various colours. The effect was magnificent.

The making of baskets occupies the time of the old women and men who have outgrown their usefulness in the fields. These baskets are woven of palmetto and an indigenous grass. The shapes are the same that have been in use since the beginning of time, and the designs and colouring—when the weaver does so ornament his product—are simple but effective. When one considers that in

Morocco the basket is the universal receptacle of all things, from garbage to the national dish of *kesk'soo*, one realizes that there is a vast range for the exercise of the basket-maker's art.

The largest, coarsest baskets are made of the palmetto. The weaver spends no time on designs or colouring for these products, but uses the straw in its natural colour. They are woven in pairs, joined by a broad flat band. When finished or ready for use they are thrown across the donkey's back. These panniers, or *swarri* as they are called in Arabic, are used in the city for collecting garbage. The country man uses them for every purpose where it is necessary to have a receptacle : into them he piles fruit, vegetables, eggs, or charcoal ; then bestriding the back of his donkey, a little in front of the pack if it be perishable, or on top of it if it be otherwise, he rides into town to the market to dispose of his produce. The milk-vendor fills them with small cans of milk, and the flower-boys load them with bushels of sweet-smelling white narcissus, roses, violets, and the blue fleur-de-lis.

Another basket put to common ordinary uses is a large flat circular one about three inches deep, and varying from one to three feet in diameter. These are used in the place of trays for the exhibition of fruits, flowers, vegetables, and bread in the market-place, and as serving-baskets in the dining-rooms for fruits and some of the dry sweets.

Upon this variety of basket the weaver begins to display some of his art. They are woven of the grass, coloured or in its natural shades, and are oftentimes ornamented by stripes and elongated diamond-shaped figures. The grass is woven over a withe, each lap being bound down to the preceding

one as fast as it is covered with the grasses. They commence the basket in the centre, much after the manner in which our grandmothers began sewing into shape the old-fashioned braided rugs. These baskets and the ones used for the *kesk'soo* are perhaps the finest ones. The very best and smoothest grass is chosen and dyed dull green, bronze, red, and Oriental blue. The body of the basket is usually of the grass in the natural shades, while the decorations in the form of stripes and geometric designs are formed of the carefully coloured grasses. The base of the *kesk'soo* basket is made in exactly the same manner as the larger ones, the only difference being that it is usually smaller in diameter but deeper. This basket boasts a cover which narrows to a conical peak, the base being the same dimension as the top of the basket.

Then there are little two-handled oblong baskets, woven of bright red and vivid green straw, so pliable that they can be crushed and not broken. These are generally used for fruit in small quantities, and for flowers.

The Moors do little wood-working aside from that involved in building their houses—doors, ceilings, wall-shelves, etc. In most cases these items are carved, or are given the appearance of carving by having one layer of wood imposed over the other, sometimes to the extent of a dozen layers. This, of course, is a degenerate form of the decorations of the arches of the Alhambra. The old carved ceilings are very beautiful, as age has softened to opalescent effect the paint with which they were coloured. The painting of the Moors is crude, and the designs are an indescribable potpourri—design gone mad—and when fresh are scarcely attractive. Time is the real

artist in this respect, and what is old is usually beautiful in colour.

The tiles of Morocco have been deservedly famous for centuries, and for mosaic work there is probably nothing in the world to compete with them. The most famous examples of their use are, of course, in the Alhambra, but in some of the older buildings in Morocco exquisite results of their use may be observed. These tiles are now made only at Tetuan and Fez, and there is little difference between them. Their use has declined to a great extent because of the introduction of the larger and cheaper Spanish tiles, which are an abomination to the eye. (The Jews use them to cover the gravestones with, but this, I think, is unjust to the dead.) In Tetuan the tiny tiles are made in caverns, where they have been made for three hundred years. The formula for their glaze, which is practically indestructible, is a "trade" secret.

Moorish architecture is characterized by two attributes besides the tile work: the distinctive arch and the arabesques. Little need be said of either of those, as they are so well known to all the world. The arabesque is still a favourite decoration in Morocco, and the arch is, of course, imperishable. Many theories as to the origin of the true Moorish arch have been formulated. One is that it is merely an adaptation of the dome — or sign of female fecundity, thus dating from times of Phallic worship. Another is that it is a modification of the obelisk, of the same period of origin. But the most striking and charming, perhaps, is that it is the conventionalization of the hood, or *koob*, of the *djellab*, the common Moorish cloak. Certainly there is in it a resemblance to the monkish cowl.

UTAIR, MY SOLDIER, AT REBEKAH'S WELL.

Perhaps the most interesting of the designs, and one frequently used in Moorish decoration, is the so-called "Solomon's seal" or "Solomon's ring," which is believed by the Moors to be the very insignia used by King Solomon, and to possess mystic powers. Although I have never ascertained just what these powers may be, it is true that the "seal" possesses unusual properties. Its conventional design is a rectangle crossed by lines running from corner to corner like the back of a letter, thus: . It is claimed, I believe, that this design contains every letter and every numeral of every written ancient language, and some of the modern ones. It is certain that it contains the more or less conventionalized letters of the English alphabet, and the numerals. The latter may be discovered as follows: I, Z, ≷, while A, B, etc., constitute fairly clear factors of the alphabet. Another design—perhaps the one in largest use—is that of the crossed triangles, thus: , and this also possesses in a less conventionalized manner all the attributes of the older "Solomon's seal." It is interesting to note that this design has been found in the English decorative work of an early period, and that a "washing tally" bearing it was not long ago found in Haddon Hall in England—the home of the adorable Dorothy Vernon.

CHAPTER XI

THE UNKNOWN SÛS

Something hidden, go and find it. Go
And look behind the Ranges—
Something lost behind the Ranges.
Lost and waiting for you. Go!
The Explorer.

That portion of Southern Morocco known as Sûs (South), with the exception of certain coast towns, is probably as little known as any spot of similar size on the face of the earth. It covers perhaps 60,000 square miles and has a population of several millions, yet even on the French ordnance maps it is not detailed topographically except along three or four tiny lines indicating the routes of less than half-a-dozen explorers who have had the temerity to enter, and half of whom have had the fortune to return. Meakin, whose encyclopaedic work on Morocco is undoubtedly the best and most exhaustive authority obtainable, says of one part of Sûs:

"The river Draa, or the advancing or retreating of desert, may be said to mark the southern limits of Morocco, and to include an important though little-known district which goes by its name. Rohlfs and De Foucauld alone have skirted it; Lenz has

crossed it; beyond this our information is entirely from native sources."

While the Draa country (that portion drained by the Draa river) is the least known, all of Sûs is a land of mystery. Within my knowledge, the latest attempt of a Christian to pass through it was made in 1909, when one of the members of the great German mining syndicate and financiers, the Mannesman brothers, went in in charge of an influential Moor who himself was a naturalized American citizen and a native of Sûs. Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz had granted vast concessions of land to the Mannesmans, who desired to develop the mineral resources of that part of the country; and it was in order to study the land and secure samples of ore that one of the Mannesmans desired to explore. However, he did not get very far, for he was impolitic enough to have a controversy with the American Moor, who thereupon withdrew his sheltering wing. Mr. Mannesman found himself in the hottest of all hot water, and was forced to appeal to his former friend to serve as his guard back to Mogador. Probably not to this day does Herr Mannesman know that the only reason the Sûssis permitted him to enter their country was that he was passed off as a Christian slave of the American Moor!

Tradition has made Sûs a treasure-house of mineral wealth, and history abounds with stories relating to it. Many attempts have been made, and still more schemes concocted, for the development of these riches—whose nature is not exactly recognized. Legend is open-handed, but facts are limited. I have seen samples of ore brought out of Sûs by the natives, and some of it has been assayed, showing deposits of extreme richness. But because these

samples have been collected by ignorant natives they have little value to the mining expert: there may be a bushel of ore, or there may be a wonderful ledge, there is no telling. All rock is the same to the Sûssi. I am convinced, however, that mines of vast wealth will eventually be opened in Sûs, and the industrious promulgation of the mining law for Morocco by France and Germany and other European Powers shows that I am not alone in my estimate of the mineral wealth of the country.

This mining law, which was drawn up by an international commission in 1910, and carefully studied by each nation signatory to the Act of Algeciras, including the United States, provides equal treatment for all persons. The American prospector and miner or syndicate will secure exactly the same treatment as the Frenchman or the German—so it is believed. As a matter of fact, it all depends upon whether the United States is prepared to back up its citizens in Morocco to the extent of warships. Neither France nor Germany nor England nor even weak Spain, but what encourages its citizens to gain interests in Sûs, and offers to back up and protect these interests with guns. But, although there are certain American interests in Sûs—more important, as a matter of fact, than the Mannesman interests there—it is a question whether American interests will be entirely and eternally dependent upon the whim of the prevailing European Power. Not only have we no hope of developing any business with Morocco, but American interests there are not safe as long as our government neglects to look after them. It is, as I have said, because of the Mannesman interests in Sûs that Germany is so interested in the Moroccan question and in the mining law, and these interests are also the reason why the

German gunboat was sent to Agadir-es-Seghir. That is the way the Germans do business.

Among the interesting stories told of Sûs, is one I have heard from the lips of a Moorish friend, a man born and bred there, and who tells the story out of his own experience. It is to the effect that one day, when he was quite a small boy, he went with his father upon a long journey which took them to a distant part of Sûs and among a strange tribe of Berbers. Upon the land occupied by this tribe was a great cavern, the entrance to which was a small, tunnelled passage-way. It was generally conceded that the cavern was the abode of *djinnoon* of great numbers and wickedness, but there was an even better reason for no one entering it; at the far end of the entrance passage stood a huge black figure of a Numidian slave, a great sword held aloft. It was impossible to enter the cavern proper without passing beneath the sword, and its hanging menace was so terrible that no native had ever entered. Piquancy is added to this tale by the fact that rich gold ore has been found scattered about the mouth of the cavern and scooped up in the passage-way.

Perhaps this was one of those mines of untold richness where the old Sultans used to secure their gold, of which they had marvellous quantities. The Portuguese also worked various rich mines in Morocco, and it is said that gold of more value was taken from the country than Spain took out of Mexico at the time of the conquest. Gatell, who travelled somewhat in Sûs, says that he saw gold there, and Meakin writes: "Ibn Haukal wrote of gold mines near Sajilmassa; and Graberg went so far as to describe it as found in quartz or calcareous spar, chiefly in grains, but sometimes in flakes;

and at Ida-oo-tlilt, in Sûs, in conjunction with copper."

To quote this authority still further :

"That quartz abounds in various regions is certain ; Hodjkin describes huge blocks of it south of the Jabilat range as resembling new white buildings or great blocks of quarried stone, the ground being strewn with fragments. Leared also records a legend with regard to buried gold in a neighbouring district abounding with quartz, near M'zodia, off the Mogador-Marraksh road. Three small isolated hills called Kodiat Athus were pointed out as the treasure hoards of the Nazarene after whom they are named, the entrance to which is open but once a year. Jackson, too, had heard of a gold mine on the south side of the Massa, in Sûs, the mouth of which was obstructed by immovable stones of which the natives still speak."

Whatever may be true as regards gold, it is certain that Sûs has valuable deposits of iron, copper, silver, lead, tin, antimony, and zinc, and that all Morocco is underlaid with mineral deposits of unguessed value. I have seen chunks of almost pure silver brought from within fifteen miles of Tangier.

The principal entrance to Sûs is through the port of Mogador, "the picture city," which is a charming little town whose artistic attraction is unusual, and whose distance from Tangier is sufficient to permit it to retain its native atmosphere.

Conditions in Sûs are more primitive than in any other portion of the country known at all to the foreigner. It is possible that in the unknown Atlas —it must be remembered that neither the full extent nor the actual direction of the Atlas range is known —between Fez and the Algerian border, tribes are

living which are still more primitive, still more barbarous, and still more opposed to foreign influence than those of Sûs. It would not be surprising if decades, perhaps a century, hence, when this mystic Atlas district is opened to the foot of the Christians, the remains of some earlier Moorish civilization should be found in all its purity. The prehistoric Berber, perhaps, or the Carthaginian : one cannot even surmise what it will be. But the first foreigner to explore unknown Morocco will be a child of fortune. Consider that in the comparatively familiar Wazzan there is a tribe of which all the females are tattooed with symbols of the Christian religion—yet in all Morocco is not a native who is a follower of Christ ! True, they believe Him to have been a great and worthy Prophet, but not the equal of Mohammed, and not divine. Christianity once had foothold in Al Moghreb, but that was a thousand years ago. Still, it seems probable that for a thousand years the mothers of that Wazzani tribe have been tattooing their daughters with designs symbolical of the principal events in the life of Jesus. In view of this, what may not be expected from a district which, so far as history or tradition goes, has never been occupied or passed through by a foreign element ?

Sûs, although " closed country " to the Christian, is somewhat known by report, and many of its people have found their way northward and westward, coming into contact with the foreigner. This is not true of the district east of Fez : even the natives of the seaboard know no more about it than they do of China.

The foreigner may travel without molestation from Mogador to Marraksh, which takes one through

a sort of pseudo-Sûs ; but the real Sûs lies beyond and south. In it exist conditions somewhat similar to the old feudal system of Europe. A few great kaids, or chieftains, rule the country so far as it is ruled at all. Marraksh is the southern capital of Morocco, and the Sultan is supposed to have a vice-regent there to govern in his name. But, as a matter of fact, the allegiance of Sûs, and the rule of the vice-regent, is entirely dependent upon the two or three principal chiefs of the south—El Glawi, Aisa ben Omar, and Gilooli. These three men could dethrone the Sultan if they wished : they have more men than he could command, they have more money, they control more territory, and control it more constantly. Time has been when the Glawi or Ben Omar alone was of equal importance to His Majesty —the Warwicks of Morocco.

Sûs is governed, then, by the Glawi and Aisa ben Omar and Gilooli, and perhaps a few others, the younger Anflus among them. But this government consists principally of the paying of allegiance and taxes and tribute to the great kaids, each of whom divided the dominion of his district among a number of less important chiefs, who, in turn, administer the affairs of the various tribes through subordinate kaids. If the Glawi goes to visit the Sultan, each tribe in his district is called upon through its kaid for so much money for expenses and so many men for escort. In case of war it is the same. If the Glawi is in the fight, he tells his principal sheiks how many men he wants, and they notify the tribal kaids of the tribal proportions. Then, through the *m'kadem*, or village headman, each settlement is assessed so many fighters.

There is another resemblance to the feudal system.

Each district kaid exercises the right of might to levy tribute upon all persons passing through his territory. Part of this tribute he sends on to his superior kaid, and eventually quite a sum finds its way into the treasure chests of the Glawi or Ben Omar. In 1910 Kaid Anflus and Gilooli carried this tribute-levying to such an extent in the hinterland of Mogador that the inland trade and much of the ocean trade of that city was temporarily suspended. Just as in the land of the free a couple of political bosses may arrange a scheme to make hay in large stacks during the session of some complaisant legislature, so Anflus and Gilooli got their heads together and inaugurated a levy which ended only after they had collected hundreds of thousands of dollars, suspended commerce or diverted it to another port than Mogador, and caused frantic appeals from foreign merchants in Mogador to their respective Consuls. When the complaints became too strong—which was also about the time that there was no more trade to tax—Anflus won the regard of all nations by reforming and establishing a series of stations for the protection of trade! A small fee was to be collected at each one of these stations, but no objection was made to that, as it was only a reversion to the moderate tribute levied since a forgotten epoch.

The Moorish Government—the Sultan, that is—is opposed to the system of tribute which maintains in Sûs, principally because none of the gold comes into his exchequer except as the powerful Glawi or Ben Omar wishes to contribute towards the Shareefian expense account or some special campaign fund. Certain of the smaller kaids — who are not less robber chieftains and highwaymen because instead

of out-and-out robbery they merely assess the traveller's goods and then levy a tax accordingly—certain of these smaller kaids, I say, are frequently "wanted" by the Sultan, and rewards for their heads are offered. But none is ever captured. I have seen a Sûssi chief, one estimable Kaid Buselham, in Tangier while there was a £1000 standing reward for his head. Because, if I remember correctly, the worthy Buselham had become overzealous in the collection of taxes, and not only had levied a fifty per cent tribute on a royal caravan *en route* from Mogador to Marraksh, but, incidentally, had killed two or three of the guard which accompanied it.

Buselham's appearance was as nearly that of the typical robber chieftain as any I have seen. Swarthy in the extreme, with fierce black beard and moustache and eyebrows, and still fiercer black eyes—they seemed somehow to be always fixed either upon my watch chain or my throat! He possessed the cautiousness and wide-awakeness pertinent to the man who is always ready to attack or defend. He was pleasant company enough, and when he invited me to come and visit him in his stronghold among the Sûs hills he extended an invitation which I may some day accept—unless, in the meantime, something should happen to Buselham.

Poor Kaid Anflus, who in his way was a strong, keen-witted official, was murdered shortly after he reformed. While walking in his garden one sunset, a slave who had been bribed by enemies of his master stabbed him from behind. His son has stepped into his place of power.

Throughout Sûs, the rest of Morocco too, for that matter, there exists a Sûs Federation, which

is a semi-secret fraternal order to which all the Sûssis belong. Of it I shall have more to say later; an important and interesting fact about it is that an American is its chief.

In a portion of the country such as Sûs it is no wonder that grants of land to foreigners are sometimes of doubtful value. Nominally, all the land in Morocco belongs to the Sultan, and, while it can be rented for an indeterminate period, cannot be sold. In other words, one can buy the use of the land for ever, but it still remains the property of the Sultan. But, as a matter of fact, only a very small part of the land in the country is subject to the disposal of the ruler. Less than one-half of the country acknowledges his sovereignty, and of that part most of the land is held by tribes or individuals by direct grant from some Sultan—which prevents further change by the throne.

Nevertheless, every Sultan gives away in concessions and otherwise much land that he neither owns nor controls.

Such was the case in the Mannesman affair. The Germans quietly bought from Sultan Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz, and had the sale confirmed by Mulai el Hafid, a concession of 133 parcels of land, equal in area to about one-fifth of Morocco. Much of this land is in Sûs, where, as I have said, the Sultan not only lacks actual sovereignty, but where the tribes own the land by royal patent, and where conditions are such that the Mannesmans cannot even visit their "properties." The concession of these parcels of land is absolutely valueless except as a political factor—to be sold. The Mannesmans have in Sûs certain parcels of land of undoubted value, which they bought from the tribes direct.

In my opinion the actual value of these properties is greater than the combined value of their 133 concessions, for I believe that of the latter it will be found that very few of the parcels of land were subject to gift or transfer by royal concession.

CHAPTER XII

THE ʿAÎSÁWÀ AND ḤAMÁDSHA DANCES[1]

There is a pleasure in being mad,
Which none but madmen know.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

TWICE each year does Tangier, the "Infidel City," lose its right to the charge of infidelity. Twice each year is the tinge of Christianity overcome by the glowing, barbaric colours of Mohammedan fanaticism, and every six months does the Christian in Tangier feel himself an insignificant atom in the mass of Moorish life. These two occasions are those of the celebration of the great Mohammedan religious dances, the ʿAîsáwà and the Ḥamádsha.

All the rest of the year, even during the joyful observance of the *moalud*, or birth-month of Mohammed the Prophet, when there is much feasting and praying and *fantasia*, the foreigner in Tangier may feel that Mohammedanism and all its followers and possessions are things for his amusement or for his boredom; but when this same foreigner stands for three or four hours or more on the safe balcony of his hotel or watches from his window a hundred white-robed figures, the centre of a crowd of thousands of Moslems, dancing wildly, without cessa-

[1] Reprinted by courtesy of the National Geographic Society, U.S.A.

tion; when he hears the interminable beat of the low-voiced drums and the never-ceasing monotony of the shrill pipes; when he sees the banners of the Prophet, malignant green and red and gold, then this Christian foreigner feels that here is something which he cannot understand; that here are a people voicing the ideals of the Mohammedan world, which somehow seems to become suddenly larger, and that he himself has had a mistaken conception of what Mohammedanism means. And when his eyes behold the rise and fall of the glittering axes upon shaven heads of man and boy, and he hears the peculiar rattle of contact between head and weapon, and notes the beginning of the red flood, which gradually spreads down over face and neck and garments, witnesses the ecstasies of pain in the name of Allah, then somehow the sun seems to become unbearably hot, the air stifling, the shriek of the pipes and the beat of the drums simply infernal. And with it all comes just a faint impression of what fear might be, and the desire to get away from it all, for surely this mob of dancing, singing demons is not real.

The two annual dances are given by separate sects which have a wide influence not only over Morocco, but over Algeria and Tunisia, eastward as far as Egypt. Tales there are told of the sect of the ʿAîsáwà, which now, it is said, in interior Tunisia, in the interior of Algeria along the French Sahara, beyond the terminus of the French railroads, and in the wildernesses of Morocco, is planning a crusade under the red banner which shall drive out the contaminating Christian from Africa. It is claimed by those who have seen much of North African life, and have travelled much among the people who have never seen the coast, that the ʿAîsáwà is a secret

organization less religious than political; that its members are united with the secret object of raising a *jehad*, or holy war, which will restore to the North Africans their old-time independence and supremacy. Knowing this, the gradually decreasing influence of the annual dance in Tangier becomes a consideration of interest. Time was when Christians, at dance time, closed themselves within their houses; time was, at a later date, when the Christians dared go forth, but frequently were pulled from their horses or otherwise maltreated by the population, which had been worked into an anti-Christian frenzy by the religious fervour of the dancers. At the present time the Christian may pass freely from one spot to another during the dance, so be it he is careful not to pass through the throng of dancers themselves. Were he to do this, unless help were at hand, he would undoubtedly meet the death which comes to the dog who tries to pass through the dancing circle, and which is torn to pieces by a score of crazy hands.

Gradually, in civilizing Tangier, the frenzy of the dance is being done away with by the unrecognized influence of the Christian. One year a slight control is exerted on one side, the next year upon another, and this, after many years, has caused it to be safe for the foreigner to watch the dances from close quarters.

Coming only once a year, and lasting only a few hours, not many people, not resident in Tangier or other parts of Morocco, see either of these dances. The tourist who is lucky enough to be in Tangier while one of them is in progress, goes away with an impression of things much different from that of the person who has not seen them—and with cause. For

was founded the ʿAîsáwà brotherhood, which gathers at Meknez, the home of their founder, some thirty miles from Fez, where there is a shrine to the saint M'hammed ben Aisa.

To attend this gathering, members of the brotherhood come from Algeria and Tunisia and all parts of Morocco, and less frequently, however, from Tripoli and Egypt. They are supposed to dance most of the way; but, as a matter of fact, they dance only through the larger cities. They are supposed to eat alive any animal which crosses their path, but this has been gradually modified till it applies only to animals which are good for the system. Still, it is claimed that they eat many things which are avoided by the ordinary person — or, at least, not sought after—such as red-hot coals, thorns, and poisons, for they are considered immune from the effects which such a menu would cause in an ordinary person. At the gathering at Meknez, which is attended by thousands of the brotherhood—although many of them do not join in the dance—there is feasting in plenty, and the sheep which are eaten are numbered by the thousands. After two days of feasting, the dancers bid each other farewell until the following year, and return quietly to their homes.

The complete possession of the city of Meknez once each year by the followers of M'hammed ben Aisa is somewhat interesting in view of the fact that the old Sultan, Mulai Ismaïl, fearing the growing power of the brotherhood founded by his contemporary Ben Aisa, banished that person. Whereupon M'hammed, who, apparently, had taken no inconsiderable sum from his well, offered to buy the city from Ismaïl. The Sultan, thinking that M'hammed—in

the American vernacular—was "bluffing," agreed to this, and was much astonished when the saint produced the requisite cash and took possession of the city. Thereupon the Sultan, with true Sultanic powers, refused to abide by the terms of the agreement, but concocted a new one, by the terms of which only members of the 'Aîsáwà order were to be allowed upon the streets of the city from the twelfth to the nineteenth day of *Sefar*. Whether or not the wise old saint anticipated the result of this it would be hard to say, but it is an historical fact that in order to avoid being shut up in their houses for seven days, all the inhabitants of the town joined the 'Aîsáwà brotherhood—which was not what the Sultan had expected.

Time passed, and the saint M'hammed ben Aisa was gathered to the smiles of the Prophet. Then the Sultan Ismaïl became busy. He prepared a nest of snakes and commanded the 'Aîsáwà, who had boasted of their immunity, to enter the pit and, to make a thorough job of it, to eat poisoned food. Naturally, perhaps, there was some hesitation, but finally one Khamisah, wife of one of the 'Aîsáwà, and braver than the rest, sprang into the pit, whereupon the others followed. It is said that they suffered not the least, either from snake-bites or the arsenic sandwiches which Mulai Ismaïl's cook had provided for them. So Ismaïl gave it up as a bad job. Khamisah upon her death became a saint, and is now called Lalla Khamisah.

No one ever knows exactly when the great dance will take place in Tangier. Usually it is definitely set for half a dozen different days before it finally comes, and when it does it is almost without preliminary notice. In some peculiar manner, a few

hours before the appearance of dancers, the word is spread about. On the housetops and balconies and windows overlooking the great market-place, as well as on the slopes of the cemetery and tops of the walls, begin to gather white-robed Moorish women, gaily dressed children, and stately Moors, with here and there groups of Christians, while the great market-place itself is thronged with thousands of spectators.

Then one may hear in the distance the rumble of drums, the shrill notes of pipes, and finally the crowd at the lower gate breaks apart and the red and green banners of the ʿAîsáwà brotherhood pass through. The music becomes louder, having the free air of the *socco* to swell in, half a dozen pipes shriller than the shrillest bagpipes, three or four drums louder than any drums ever heard on battlefield, shouting, crying, wailing together in an indescribable ecstasy, in which the monotonous repetition of notes seems to focus on one small point all the delirium which uncivilized man has been able to put into his barbaric music.

And then, worked into a frenzy, come the dancers, two lines of white-robed figures rising and falling in regular cadence. For perhaps five minutes they dance in one spot; then they pass on a few feet, never ceasing their dancing. The rhythm of the dance is two short notes and one long one. The first two notes the dancers, their hands held in front of them, raise themselves on tip-toe; with the third note they sink on bended knee and raise themselves to their toes again, gradually adding, as the dance continues and the ecstasy increases, a hundred other motions, but never getting away from the rhythm. They may whirl about, they may wave their arms or

dance on one foot, but the rhythm, the one-two-*three*, one-two-*three*, is always there.

And after a person has listened to them a while, he catches himself keeping time to the music, maybe at first only with a fan or walking-stick ; then perhaps one finds the muscles of one's knee stiffening in time to the music, and one may even go so far as to rise on one's toes and fall back again as the beat, beat, beat of the drums and the wail of the pipes sink deeper into one's blood.

The road through the great market-place at Tangier is not over a thousand feet long, and yet so slowly do the dancers move that the time occupied in passing from one gate to the other is sometimes five hours ; during all of which time no foreigner, unless he be overcome by the noise, or the heat, or the barbaric splendour, can take himself away ; and as he watches, all the peculiar tales of the ʿAîsáwà dancers recur to him. Servants who for three hundred and sixty-four days a year are model servants, not over-religious and apparently half-Europeanized, on the day of the dance feel the resistless call of the Faith, and surprise their masters by casting aside much of their clothing and throwing themselves into one of the rows of the ʿAîsáwà, and participating with equal fervour in the religious dance.

One cannot understand how the dancers can live through such a long ecstasy of effort ; and yet they do. And when, after passing through the upper gates of the market-place, they gather in the walled enclosure which they maintain, they eat quantities of food, and show no effect whatsoever of their terrible dance of endurance.

The Ḥamádsha, which is a less numerous and influential religious order, confined more to Morocco,

are the followers of Sidi Ali ben Hamdush, who made his appearance as a saint on the pages of Mohammedan history at a later date than M'hammed ben Aisa. Sidi Ali ben Hamdush founded his brotherhood upon the tenet, "Who pardons our past sins will pardon those of the future." This seems to be a somewhat inadequate excuse for the rites of the Ḥamádsha, who also make a pilgrimage each year to the tomb of their founder and patron saint. This tomb is at Zarhon, a sacred city on the hill near Meknez, a city whose streets have never yet been polluted by the foot of a Christian. Many foreigners have tried to go there, but they have never succeeded.

The Ḥamádsha who dance each year in the *sok* at Tangier are not numerous. There are perhaps a dozen adult dancers, which number is increased during the different dances by the addition of certain spectators who are overcome by religious fervour, among which, unfortunately, are usually a number of boys varying in age from ten to fifteen. And when one considers that the thing which differentiates the Ḥamádsha dance from the dance of the ʿAîsáwà is that the Ḥamádsha have a pleasant way of chopping their own heads with small axes, shaped like old-time battle-axes, the introduction of small but impulsive boys into the equation causes the average foreign spectator to have a peculiar feeling in the pit of his stomach. Some way one feels that if a man from thirty to fifty years old wants to whirl around and chop his head with an axe, he is old enough to know what he wishes to do; but when the spectacle has reached a point where the blood and the heat of the sun are beginning to have a rather depressing effect, and one sees a small boy rush into the circle of dancers, seize an axe from the hands

of a man who should have been dead some time, and with a shout of religious joy bring the sharp edge of that axe down upon his little shaven head—well, one wishes that one could have about a five-minutes session with the old gentleman and a good-sized baseball bat to argue with.

The old dancers either have such thick heads, or else have learned so well how to handle the axe, that they can draw the maximum of blood with the minimum of pain, but the small boy has not learned that yet, and therefore he sometimes falls down among the dancers, and has to be revived and carried home.

The Ḥamádsha dancers dance fully as long as do the ʻAîsáwà, but they are not watched as long by the average European, especially if he be a tourist unused to the weird sights that one may see. The Ḥamádsha, too, have the weird, shrill, monotonous music, the strangely inscribed red and green banners, and fantastic whirling of the dance.

Besides the chopping of heads, they also have a dance of the whirling dervish type, and a peculiar symbolical dance performed by two adult dancers. These two, upon beginning the dance, strip themselves to the waist, and then, almost the same as two pugilists who are simply exhibiting the various passes and strikes without touching each other, they go through their performance.

Each motion is a symbol of some phase of the Mohammedan religion or Ḥamádsha faith. A certain position on the defensive means, for example, the attitude of a Moslem towards the Christian invasion. Another, in which attitude the dancer seems filled with anger and about to strike his opponent, means the attitude of Mohammedanism

when it shall finally drive the Christian from its domains.

The symbolism of this dance is also participated in by women, who, although they do not chop their heads, dance with equal fervour. One peculiar symbolical incident of the dance is where one female dancer and one male dancer throw themselves upon their knees facing each other, and then bend forward until, with the tops of their heads touching, they may dig with their teeth a mouthful of earth. This is representative of the creation, when Adam and Eve lived upon the fruits of the earth, and of the necessity of all their descendants to do the same. There are a thousand similar things of which the Christian may seek in vain for an explanation, and it is only the most apparent and spectacular which are noted.

It is like awakening from a nightmare to hear the cry of the pipes die away through the upper gate, to have one's senses released from the thrall of the music, and to lose in the grey mist of evening the sight of the blood-covered figures, whirling, jumping, singing, shouting, begging; and one turns back to the things of life wondering that such a thing as this may take place within sound of the guns of Gibraltar.

A discussion of the Moorish feasts, fasts, fêtes, and other religious observances would occupy volumes and would take one back to the inception of the Koran, there are so many. But among the important ones are the month's fast of Ramadan, the Moalood, or birth-month of Mohammed the Prophet, the Aid-es-Seghir, or little feast, and the big sheep-feast, Aid el-Kebeer, which one writer describes in the following words :

"The sheep-feast occurs on the 10th of Dhu'l Hadjah, the last month, and commemorates the sacrifice of the ram by Abraham. The official part of the programme is carried out thus: After public prayer (*m'sallah*) a fine ram is led to the kadi who, with the words 'B'ismillah,' cuts its throat. A runner dashes forward and, holding with his hand the poor gashed throat, speeds to the casbah. Will he reach it before the animal has breathed its last? A great crowd waits expectantly. Hurrah! the unhappy victim was not quite dead, and all around me resound ejaculations of 'Allahumma lak el hamd' (O God, to Thee be praise), and similar cries. This omen means a year of abundant harvests to the faithful Moor. . . . It is usual for the private householder to cut a sheep's throat the same day."

CHAPTER XIII

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE

Crowns are for the valiant—sceptres for the bold!
Thrones and powers for mighty men who dare to take
and hold. KIPLING.

THE sun is setting on Sunset Land.

The shadows of the mosque towers are growing longer and the silhouette of the *mueddin* on the minaret takes the form of the Christian Cross.

History of the Moorish Empire approaches its period. As a sovereign state in fact, although not in name, its life was finished when, on the 12th of March 1912, France and Germany, with the approval of the other European Powers, ratified the agreement by which Morocco was divided between them.

It was inevitable, this political and military seizure, as a part of the world's progress. That the weak must serve the strong is the motive of all history. That France or Spain—or some other nation boasting a little more strength, a little more progress—would raise its flag over the Land of the Moors was as certain as that at some future day the endless tome of world history will record the passing of the Kingdom of Spain and the French Republic.

For centuries Morocco has figured in the affairs

of Europe. For centuries one nation after another has attempted to seize her by force of arms. Where strength had been futile, strength and diplomacy were effective.

The Berbers are saying "*Maktoob*—it was written, it is the will of Allah," so there is no need for Occidental sympathy. Having repelled his enemies for two thousand years or more, he may be said to have fought a good fight, and a fitting epitaph is his own fatalistic faith—*Maktoob*. He has fought bravely and long, but he has not kept pace with the world's progress, and therein lay his defeat. He lives as his ancestors lived; what was good enough for his father is good enough for him; he thinks as they thought, he ploughs with the same sort of plough that his forefathers used on the plains of Kush ten thousand years ago. With the tools and knowledge that he then commanded he could repel the Romans, and the Carthaginians, the Spanish, Portuguese, and finally the English, in the sixteenth century; but he was ground beneath the wheels of progress in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

From their vantage-points in the foot-hills of the Atlas, in Anghera and the Rif, the Moroccan Berbers have watched the ships of conquering nations come to anchor in Tangier harbour, remain a little while, and then sail away into oblivion around the rim of the ever-revolving wheel of Time. From these ships have disembarked, to tread the narrow winding streets of Tangier, and perhaps to wage battle against the barbarian, many a man who has carved his name deep upon the historical tablets of the world. Christopher Columbus, as a young man, perhaps before the dreams of a Western world had come to him, had his courage tested in battle with the Moors. Swashbuckling

Captain John Smith two centuries later engaged in this same blood-stirring occupation, and shortly afterward left Tangier to apply himself to the establishment of one of the first American colonies.

The invaders held the city for a day or a month or the span of a few years, a century or two at most, and then they departed whence they came, leaving the Berber in the possession of his country and his gods. He had learned nothing, would learn nothing from the invaders.

When or of what race was the first man to find a home among the hills and forests of the Rif, or in the towering unknown Atlas, probably we shall never know. But we do know that the man was the ancestor of the Berber of to-day, and that the time was at the very beginning of things. Dr. Berthalon, who has made most careful researches into the ancient history of North Africa, says: "There would appear to have been in North Africa at the time of the Aegean immigration only a population that had not got beyond the stone civilization. A few tribes, akin to the quaternary man of Neanderthal, were at the stage of chipped flint; others, more numerous, of the same race as the Iberians, were raising megalithic monuments, and were living in a less profound state of barbarism."

This authority also expresses the belief that the Libians, or Celto-Ligurians, immigrated from somewhere about the Danube some fifteen hundred years B.C., and settled in North Africa, whence they waged war even upon Egypt itself, a fact that would seem to be proved by the inscriptions upon Egyptian monuments.

Whether or not this belief is correct, or whether, as is claimed by other authorities, these inhabitants of

North Africa were a product of Africa itself, the fact remains that 3500 years ago Morocco and the rest of North Africa was inhabited by a people who must have occupied the country for centuries upon centuries, in order to have reached even the low stage of civilization which they possessed.

About A.D. 500, Procopius of Caesaria, serving as secretary to Belisarius in Justinian's Vandal War in Africa, recorded the existence near Tangier of two white columns of stone near a spring bearing, in Phoenician characters, the inscription: "We have fled before the face of Joshua, the robber, son of Nun"; and he expressed the opinion that the inhabitants of Northern Morocco were descended from the Canaanites. Arab historians agree with him in attributing the same origin to the Berbers, although declaring that their expulsion took place under Goliath instead of before the Children of Israel. According to Dean Milman the inscription upon these pillars was referred to by Moses of Chorene in his Armenian History over a century before Procopius noted it. Five hundred years before this Sallust put forth the theory that the Berbers were the descendants of that portion of the Medes and Persians and Armenians which constituted the army which accompanied Hercules into Spain. Yakut, the geographer, states that columns similar to the two aforementioned existed at Carthage, and that the Carthaginian pillars were copies of two which existed at Tyre; from all of which it will be seen that Morocco, before the Roman era, offers material for endless interesting theories, but little chance for established fact.

The first reference of invasion that we find in history is in the visit of Hercules, that half-historical, half-mythological person, who voyaged through the

Mediterranean to what was then considered the very edge of the world. He sighted the companion peaks, Gibraltar in Spain, and Ape's Hill in Morocco, and named them the Pillars of Hercules. He rounded Ape's Hill and there found a city by the sea whose name at that time is lost to history. It was perhaps founded by Antaeus, son of Atlas. This city was occupied by a king who accepted the invitation of Hercules to meet him on the beach. The king lost his head as a result of the meeting, and Hercules took possession of the town and affectionately renamed it after his wife, Tangerah—a name which was retained in the old Roman "Tingis," and is continued to this day in the name of Tangier, and the name Angerah designating the tribes who occupy the hills across the bay just east of the city. Then Hercules sailed away back to the east whence he came, and the Berbers almost forgot that he had been there, and continued to live their lives in the changeless fashion of their forefathers.

Recorded history begins with the voyage, for colonizing purposes, of Hanno, the Carthaginian, beyond the Pillars of Hercules, about 500 B.C. This voyage took him down the West Mauretanian coast where lay the wider fields demanded by the development of Carthaginian commerce.

With sixty galleys of fifty oars each, conveying thirty thousand men, he turned the headland now called Cape Spartel (whence the light of the only lighthouse in Morocco now sends forth its warning rays), and two days later effected a landing, and the first colony, Thymatherion, was founded. In his own record of the voyage Hanno states that the first landing was made two days after passing the Pillars of Hercules. Nevertheless some authorities

place the site of Thymatherion at Mogador, a place four hundred miles south of Spartel—truly rapid travel for galleys! The opinion advanced by these authorities that the sites of Thymatherion and Mogador are identical, is based upon the fact that the vicinity of Mogador, at present, offers geographical features which tally more or less with those noted by Hanno. But these same authorities find it necessary to have certain geologic changes take place, resulting in the disappearance of certain lakes and islands and a decided change in the coast-line. In view of this fact it would seem much more reasonable to take Hanno's own word for it, do away with the premature turbine engines which managed to take him four hundred miles in two days, and let him land down the coast some fifty or sixty miles—which would make the site of Thymatherion near what is now El Arache. In connection with this opinion it is important to note that the coast-line between El Arache and Mehedia at the present day indicates most strongly that at one time of old it corresponded exactly with the description of that part of the coast where he established the first colony. By admitting the rising of the entire coast-line—as is done by the authorities favouring Mogador as the site of the first Carthaginian settlement—that district between El Arache and Mehedia exactly conforms to the coastal formation given in Hanno's *Periplus*.

But wherever the start was made, five colonies beside Thymatherion were founded by Hanno—Karikon-Teikhos, Gitta, Akra, Melitta, and Ambrays. It is sufficient to show the condition of the country in the sixth century B.C., to say that the Carthaginians had established some three hundred trading-posts along the western coast of Morocco.

Trade flourished for the space of a century, tales of the untold wealth of the Moorish Empire filtered through to the outside world, and a certain phase of civilization was attained in the cities of the Carthaginian. But the Berbers would have none of it; they remained in the fastnesses of their hills and repulsed immediately any attempt of the foreign invaders to come inland. They watched and waited, and when the power of the conqueror waned they descended and wiped the cities of the foreigner from the face of the earth. To-day none of the colonies of Hanno can be definitely identified by archaeological remains. Practically no vestige of the three hundred trading stations remained even in the time of Pliny.

Rome next attempted the subjugation of Morocco and, after several futile attempts during the first century before Christ, began to make its power felt in Morocco. Contemporaneous with the birth of Christ, Augustus gave Numidia to Juba the younger, to be held in fief for Rome. The wife of Juba was a daughter of Anthony and Cleopatra. Twenty-four years later, in the year A.D. 25, Tiberius exchanged Mauretania—then including what is now Algeria and part of Morocco—for Numidia. Mauretania was then designated as a colony by Augustus, who named it Julia Constantina. Like all of his successors even to the present day, Juba was unable to control the mountain Berbers, and on numerous occasions demanded assistance from Imperial Rome.

The relief expedition of the most importance was that of Suetonius Paulinus, A.D. 41–42, which took place under the reign of Claudius the First. Suetonius put to shame many modern invaders and explorers,

for with his forces he made a ten days' march across the Atlas range, nearly reaching what is now Tafilat. At that time Salabrus was King of the Berbers, and after his defeat and overthrow by Suetonius all the country over which he ruled was annexed to that of the Roman Province, which then extended to what is known as Sla, or Salli, called by the Romans Sala. It is thought the Roman province of that day extended no farther eastward than Volubilus, whose ruins still stand on the sacred hill of Zarhon, near Meknez. The Roman dominion in Morocco in the year A.D. 42 extended down the west coast as far as Salli, inland to Meknez, thence north to the coast of the Mediterranean; but it is important to note that the district of Er-Rif was not at that time subjugated, nor has it ever since been. In this year of our Lord 1913 the Riffians are offering the same resistance to the forces of Spain that they offered to Suetonius nineteen centuries ago, and which they have been successfully offering to all comers during the interim.

Suetonius, two years after his campaign in Morocco, departed to conquer the savages of Britain and to establish Roman rule in what is now England. It is believed, not without reason, that the ruins situated half-way around the Bay of Tangier, and called Tanjaa Bailah (Old Tangier), are at least part of the wharves and docks built by Suetonius and used first in his campaign in Morocco and later to prepare his fleet for the invasion of Britain.

From this time till the middle of the third century nothing of great importance to Morocco occurred. The power of Rome began to fail, her possessions fell from her, and about the year A.D. 268 the Vandals and Suevi and Goths, under Genseric, passed

from Spain into Africa. Numbering about 80,000 souls, this horde passed from Morocco eastward toward Carthage, which they captured about A.D. 439. Through this invasion Tangier and Ceuta came under their tribute, remaining so until the coming of the Goths again three hundred years later. These three hundred years lie in darkness. Little is recorded, and that little of questionable authenticity.

In the year A.D. 640 began the Arab invasion, which spread slowly westward through North Africa, through Tripoli, Tunisia, and Algeria to Al Moghreb al Acksa, or Morocco.

Ez Zori, an Arab historian, records that a Prince Girgiz (Gregorius) ruled North Africa from Tripoli to Tangier in the name of the Roman Emperor Heraclius. The Moors willingly joined the standard of the Arabs, who, with their help, finished exterminating the Christians in North Africa. About 660 the Berbers revolted against the Arabs, who nevertheless managed to retain the supremacy, and about the year 668 crushed for ever the independent spirit of the Berbers. This, however, related more to Tunisia and Algeria than to Morocco. After the fall of Carthage, the conquest of Morocco was begun in earnest, about the year 702, under Musa Ibn Nosair. This invasion was completed with the taking of Tangier in the year 710. After its fall it was garrisoned with 10,000 Arabs and Egyptians under Tarik ibn Zaid en-Nafisi.

It may be taken that the few years between the conquest of Tangier and the crossing of the Moors into Spain were occupied in subduing the neighbouring tribes. In 710 the Arabs took the first preliminary step into Spain, *via* Algeciras. This amounted to little more than the naming of Djibel

Tarik (Gibraltar) after one of the generals, and Djibel Musa (Ape's Hill) after a second.

Meakin, in his *Land of the Moors*, cites an interesting passage from an old Arab historian as follows: "Idressi says that the Mediterranean was at first an inland lake, and that the people of Morocco and Spain were constantly at war until Alexander caused a canal to be dug, twelve miles long and six wide, the rush of the sea through which has widened it to the adjoining hillsides. More modern theorists have pointed to the grave-like pits on the right of the lane to the Marshan at Tangier as a part of a prehistoric cemetery, the remainder of which is to be sought for on the opposite shore, but they are evidently no more than tan-pits. Abd-el-Wahid tells us that the chronicles available in his day—the time of William Rufus—reported a bridge thrown across the straits by the Romans, of which the people of Tarifa could see the remains in calm weather. But what is most remarkable in this author's statement is that from the Straits 'the country turns toward the south, to arrive at Abyssinia and India.' Apparently he was aware of the Cape Route long before it was dreamed of in Europe."

In the year A.D. 762 the Imam Mohamed bin Abd Allah, fifth in descent from Mohammed, was defeated in a conflict at Mekka and Madina with the Abbasi Khalifas, and the family was dispersed. One of the Imam Mohamed brothers, Idrees, fled into Egypt. He was accompanied by only one follower, Rasheed by name. Finding Egypt unsafe, they crossed North Africa and came to Tangier, whence they went inland to Volubilus, the ancient city of the Romans. There they found refuge, and

six months later Idrees was proclaimed King by the Berber tribes in and about Volubilus. Then began the inevitable struggle to extend his kingdom. In A.D. 791 Mulai Idrees, the founder of the Shareefian Empire, died suddenly, undoubtedly by poison administered by an emissary of Haroun al-Rasheed, familiar to every one as the hero of the *Arabian Nights*.

It would be useless for the purpose of this volume to trace the growth and development of the Shareefian Empire, except in the most general manner. From 788 to 1061 the Idreesi laid the foundations of the empire, the erection of which began under the Murabati, who reigned from 1061 to 1149. The principal event of this period was the invasion of Spain in 1086, when were slain of the forces of the Christian King Alfonso 80,000 horsemen and 200,000 foot soldiers. Forty thousand Christian heads were brought back to Morocco and distributed among the various cities of the country for the ornamentation of their gates.

The Murabati Empire came to an end in 1149, and the Muwahhadi period began. During this reign the extension of empire continued, especially during the Sultanate of Yakub el-Mansur (1184–1199), whose victories, even as far east as Tunis, brought him the appellation of "The Victorious."

The next great period of Moroccan history was that of the dominion of the Beni Marin Berbers, 1213–1524.

Coming out of their mountain homes in the Atlas they overran Morocco and founded a new dynasty. Campaign after campaign took place during these three centuries, either for extension or protection of empire. Perhaps the most important event of the

entire period was that which occurred near its close, namely, the attempted seizure of Tangier in 1437 by the Portuguese Prince Henry, called "The Navigator." The Prince and his forces were cut off on the Marshan at Tangier by the Moors, and escaped with their lives only after agreeing to leave as hostage for their evacuation of Ceuta, the Prince's brother Fernando. The Portuguese Government refused to consent to this arrangement, and Fernando was left in a captivity which ended several years later by his death in the city of Fez. This resulted in increased Portuguese effort at occupation, which met with great success. They procured Arzila, Tangier, El Kasar es-Seghir, Mogador, Mazagan, Saffi, Agadir, and Azamur. Melilla was taken by Spain and is still held by that nation.

Then followed the brief and unimportant Saaidi period.

Undoubtedly the most important event of the Hassanishareef period which followed (1550–1649) was the battle of El Kasar el-Kebir, known in history as "The Battle of the Three Kings," which took place in 1578, and resulted in a complete defeat of the Portuguese army under the young King Dom Sebastian, and in his own death. It was this defeat that led to the union of Spain and Portugal.

It is interesting to note that in this same century, in the year 1577, the first foreign Ambassador was appointed to Morocco. An English merchant captain having proved that commerce between England and Morocco could be profitably carried on, an English Envoy was appointed. He was "Mr. Edmund Hogan, one of the sworn esquires of Her Majesty's person," and he was accredited to "The King of Marucos and Fesse." In this same year a

Consulate of Morocco and Fez was created by Henry the Third of France.

The title of Sultan or Emperor dates from the reign of Mohamed XIII. who was proclaimed in 1637. Previous to that time the ruler was known as Ameer or Prince.

In 1649 began the Filali period, during which have reigned the Filali Shareefs, the most notable of whom was the Sultan Ismaïl who came to the throne in 1672. Volumes have been written upon the notable fifty-five years' reign of this remarkable Sultan, of whom it is said that "while during his lifetime not a human being in Morocco failed to tremble at his name, it is strangely significant of the real tendency of Islam that Ismaïl is remembered by the Moors of to-day, not as a tyrant, but as a great and religious Sultan." It is recorded of him that during the first twenty years of his reign he killed with his own hand twenty thousand of his subjects.

Two romantic incidents in the life of this man of intense cruelty and astonishing ability are more than worth recording. On one occasion there came to him a woman from the Sahara—came as the Queen of Sheba might have come to Solomon. Ismaïl at the head of an army went to meet her. The lady offered to place herself and her people at his disposal if he could defeat her at lance-play. Ismaïl accepted the challenge and defeated the Saharan Princess, who thereupon entered his harem, while his army proceeded to her country.

The other incident concerns a European princess. The Admiral and Envoy of Morocco at the Court of Louis XIV. of France was so impressed by the attractions of Mademoiselle de Blois (daughter of Louis XIV. and Mademoiselle de La Vallière, and after-

wards Princesse de Conti), that he sent what must have been a very interesting report to his Imperial master. Ismaïl proceeded to order his envoy to write to Pontchartrain, a friend, instructing him to ask the king for her, stating that she might retain her own religion and enjoy every luxury which his wealth could give her. It is even said that Ismaïl himself went to France, disguised as an attaché to his own embassy, in order to see the fair Frenchwoman. But neither the one endeavour nor the other was successful.

It was during the first years of the Filali period, 1662, that England occupied Tangier—a position which she held until 1684 when, tired of the continual assaults of the Moors and the interference of her own politicians, she abandoned the city, destroying the excellent harbour fortifications which had been built. This victory of the Moors was known as Ismaïl's most glorious one, and encouraged him and them in the campaigns he afterwards waged against the foreigner.

The death of Ismaïl at the advanced age of eighty-seven threw the country into a state of anarchy. At news of his death a great procession of slaves, engaged in carrying huge stones from Volubilus to Meknez, for the construction of one of his palaces, threw the stones to the ground, and there they lie to this day.

One Sultan after another ascended the throne in succession to Ismaïl, only to meet almost immediate death or deposition. This continued until 1757, when Abd-Allah, or Mohamed XVII., became monarch. He ruled for thirty-three years wisely and well, and it was during his reign that the United States of America first came into touch with the

Shareefian Empire. This was by a treaty of peace and friendship between the two countries, signed in 1787 by President George Washington and Mohamed XVII.

El Yazeed (1790–1792), El Hisham (1792–1795), were Sultans of small worth; then came Suleiman, who ascended the throne and reigned for twenty-seven years, 1795–1822.

The foreign relations of the country developed rapidly after the beginning of the nineteenth century, probably because of the long reigns of the Emperors. The century 1795–1895 saw but five Sultans on the Moorish throne, yet it saw the throne mortgaged to pay an unjust debt to civilization.

Suleiman was followed by Abd-er-Rahman (1822–1859), Mohamed XVIII. (1859–1873), El Hassan III. (1873–1894), father of the present Sultan and his more immediate successor, the ill-fortuned Abd-ul-Aziz, who held the throne from 1894 till 1908. Mulai Abd-el-Hafid reigned from 1908 till 1912, when he was forced by the French to abdicate in favour of Mulai Yusef, his brother.

CHAPTER XIV

"UNLESS——"

The future goes surety for no one.
Moorish Proverb.

THERE is one possibility that history will not work out as the French have planned it; one contingency by which all Europe may take a sudden and active hand in the Moroccan question, and by which the fate of more than one civilized nation may be changed. This is the *jehad*, or holy war of the Mohammedans against Christianity. The *jehad* is the possible, though perhaps not the probable, Simon who may lift the cross from the shoulders of Morocco.

By many superficial observers of North African politics the *jehad* is looked upon as a mere superstition, a child's fear of the dark. It is true that there is some excuse for this. In the last ten years more than once has the report gone forth from the public press that a *jehad* had been declared, and, as at worst only a local uprising has been in evidence, it is only natural that the cry of "Fox!" is thought of. But two things must be remembered: the reports have emanated from foreign (Christian) sources, and a *jehad* has never followed the proclamation. Local uprisings against the Christian, even though they be in the name of the Prophet, do

not constitute the *jehad*. The true holy war can be proclaimed by but one person—the Sultan of Turkey, as spiritual head, pope really, of the Mohammedans of the world. It is true that the Sultan of Morocco owns no allegiance to the Turkish "Prince of the Faithful," as he bases his claim to spiritual overlordship on a direct descent from Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, but it is also true that, were the Sultan of Turkey to declare a *jehad*, the Moors would answer to a man; whereas the utmost that the Morocco Sultan could do would be to declare a religious war for his own people. It is a question as to what support he would receive from other Mohammedan countries. There is grave doubt that this assistance would be material, because the power to declare the *jehad* is vested solely in the Turkish Sultan. At most, the action of the Moorish ruler would be a "political" rather than a "religious" declaration—and to make the real *jehad* demands that the call be issued in the name of the Prophet.

There is nothing in the world to which the *jehad* may be likened. It stands alone as a tenet of faith of a vast religious body—an order for a concerted movement of every living follower of Mohammed, wherever he be. He who in the face of a call to the *jehad* refused to bear arms against the Christian would lose all chance of heaven. And heaven, it must be remembered, is the only thing the Moor lives for, and for which he will die gladly, enthusiastically, fanatically, counting death in such a cause a blessing.

A declaration from the Sultan of Turkey for a *jehad*, then, would raise the Mohammedans of the world as a single person. Ali Mohammed, the Moorish acrobat in New York City, would kill as

many Christians on Broadway as possible before he himself met death, and every Mohammedan in Christian countries would do the same. The Faithful of all North Africa, of the Turkies, of Persia, and Russia and China and Polynesia—four hundred millions of men and women and children—would have but one thought: to kill the Christian.

We are apt to overestimate the permanency of things Christian—from nations and governments to religions. But a backward view of history would show us our error. It is just as possible to-day that European civilization could be blotted out as that the Goths and Vandals could overrun Europe in the fifth century. We of America never stop to think that in the light of world history our nation is yet scarcely founded. We have lived a century and a half: China has been publishing a newspaper for twenty centuries! We have had a few dozen presidents: how many hundred Sultans have ruled Morocco? Is it not true that we should look upon history as a teacher of the things that may be? Who knows what government may rule the United States five hundred years hence? History shows us that many a world power has disappeared from the face of the earth in that time. We may be absolutely certain that by then most of the present nations will no longer exist: we may be certain of vast changes —sudden changes—great world-affecting movements of peoples. Understanding this, can we say that it will not be a Mohammedan *jehad* that will cause a part of the change? A generation ago China never dreamed of being a republic—nor did Portugal. Spain never dreamed of an Arab invasion—yet in historical memory the whole Iberian peninsula lay under the heel of the Mohammedan. To-day France

or Germany or England have no dream that a century hence they will be aught but France and Germany and England. Yet who knows that the year 2000 may not see the green banners of the Prophet waving over Paris or Berlin or London, or the multi-crested pagoda of China or Japan throwing grotesque shadows on the Wilhelmstrasse or Oxford Street?

It is not commonly known how close a touch Europe keeps upon the Moslem pulse, nor of how great importance it is that Christian governments should know all that it is possible for them to know of the thoughts and words and actions of the followers of the Prophet. Always among the tribes of North Africa quiet men not of the Faith are making unostentatious way, eating *kesk'soo* with Moorish kaid, drinking absinthe with Algerian trooper, talking philosophy with Tunisian sheik or Nile boatman. From Port Said to Cape Spartel and south into the desert wastes of the great Sahara and French Congo they make their way, quietly, with only a whispered question here and there.

The reason for the never-ending journeyings of these unnamed men and for the eternal vigilance of Europe is that the Mohammedans of North Africa and of the world have been waiting, are waiting, and will continue to wait. Erroneous is the common belief that the Mohammedan religion has ceased to be a menace to the Christian world. The sword of the Prophet will always be uplifted while there is a Mohammedan hand to grasp it. In Tetuan I have seen the title-deeds and keys of houses in Spain deserted by the Moors when Ferdinand and Isabella rode triumphantly into Granada and ended Moorish rule. The Moors are carefully treasuring these earnests of ownership, and they say: "Some day

we will live again in our homes in Spain ; some day we will drive out the Christian and return to our own." If that is the opinion they hold towards Europe, what about North Africa ?

There is an unquestionably vast Mussulman brotherhood in the north of Africa—a brotherhood bound together by secret and solemn ties of religion. And the indomitable purpose of this brotherhood, a purpose bequeathed from father to son for untold generations, is some day to carry the Moslem arms to victory over the Christian. There are innumerable divisions of this brotherhood. There is the powerful ʿAîsáwà sect, somewhat similar to the dervishes, who each year make a pilgrimage to the shrine of their patron saint near Fez, Morocco. There is the Ḥamádsha, with its city of Zarhon, near Fez, which no Christian has ever entered. And there is the Sanussi brotherhood, with headquarters in Jof. Each country has its different sects, each its federations and tribal organizations and alliances ; but the one tenet of faith of them all is jointly to raise the green banners of the Prophet over all the earth.

That is why the quiet men make their journeyings. Knowing of the existence of this great brotherhood, much of the time they pass through it feeling blindly in the dark. But now and then a word is let fall by turbaned kaid or Bedouin sheik which shows the direction in which some tiny straw is inclined. It may be only a small uprising in the Moroccan Atlas, or the proclamation of a new religious leader among the Saharan tribes. It is these things the quiet men must know at once.

Nor does their responsibility end with their cipher reports to their foreign offices. It frequently

happens that the over-zealous leader of the little rebellion, or the new Mullah, becomes the victim of some irresponsible madman, or opposition faction—and inquiries are worse than useless.

Since 1907 the work of the Mussulman brotherhood has been energetic. With France in Morocco and Italy in Tripoli, the time has come for preparatory action. All North Africa has felt the foot of the Christian. Evidences of the activity of the brotherhood appear in strange places. I have seen a secret letter to the Moslems in the United States from those of Tripoli, asking financial *and other* aid. It was given them—and I have no doubt that similar letters have reached the Mohammedans in all parts of the earth, or that similar assistance was their reply.

Let us not form an erroneous idea in regard to the extent of the religion of Mohammed; its 400,000,000 of followers are spread over all the earth. There is no place in Africa where the Moslem does not range from an influence to a power: excepting for a fringe of fifty miles on the coast, he still rules North and West Africa. In European Russia there are more followers of the Prophet than there are inhabitants in Italy. British India holds nearly 70,000,000 Mohammedans. China teems with them, and the religion is spreading rapidly there. Abyssinia is being Mohammedanized, Nigeria has recently built a Moslem mosque. The call of the *mueddin* is heard in the trans-Caspian territory of Russia; in the stolen Austrian provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, formerly Turkish provinces, Mohammed is supreme; Turkey is the home of Islam; throughout Oceania "there is no God but God, and Mohamet is His Prophet." Scarcely a Christian nation but what has Moslem

colonies or a large element of Moslem inhabitants. The United States is no exception, and in Sulu and the Philippines we have nearly 2,000,000 Mussulmans. It may be said that in half the earth the Mohammedan outnumbers his religious opponent—and in the other half he is not entirely a negligible quantity. As the ruler of Turkey, the Sultan Mohamed V. is not so terrible; as the khalif of Islam, head of the Mohammedan faith, he alone whose word can open or close the doors of Paradise to 400,000,000 people, it would seem that Destiny for much of the world sits at his right hand. And Mohammedanism is growing faster than Christianity. Islam can wait patiently—for the right moment. And that moment is when there shall be war in Europe.

Before proceeding to enlarge upon the relations existing between Islam and the Christian world let us consider more closely the make-up of that Mohammedan brotherhood of which Europe is afraid. Let us see how much power is possessed by certain of the known divisions of the brotherhood, such as the ʿAîsáwà, the Ḥamádsha, the Sanussiyah.

It may be taken as a rule regarding affairs Mohammedan that the Christian knows only a part; any strength of Islam which is shown to the Christian is only a part of its total strength. The ʿAîsáwà order, nominally including only a few hundred dancers, *actually is made up of a majority of the Moors of North Morocco*, and a large portion of those of Algeria. This means that in the case of a *jehad* the ʿAîsáwà order alone could control over a million Mohammedans. By most people it is supposed that the annual dances are purely an exhibition of the religious fervour of the participants.

Such is not the case: the dances are for the purpose of keeping tight the bands of the order, to control the organization. The same is true of the Ḥamádsha dances, although the Ḥamádsha is less powerful than the ʿAîsáwà. The Ḥamádsha dancers in reality are the agents of the sect, making the annual pilgrimage for organization purposes. This sect numbers hundreds of thousands of the North Morocco Moors, and, like the ʿAîsáwà, stretches eastward through Algeria and Tunis and Tripoli until it connects with the central organization of the brotherhood—the Sanussiyah.

The Masonic order of Islam—it is veiled in a secrecy darker than that of the Solomonic fraternity. In existence for little more than a century, it is the most powerful organization in the world, or that has ever been in the world. Formed by Mohamed ben Ali ben Sanussi, an Algerian dervish, it has, under only three rulers, of which the present is Sanussi Ahmed el-Shareef, extended its ramifications to every portion of the Mohammedan world.

Perhaps there is no more astonishing fact in modern history than that there exists in the Oasis of Kufra, in the Sudan, five hundred miles across the sand south of Ben Ghazi, a city (Jof) absolutely unknown to the Christian; the seat of an organization as great as an empire; the Court of a man who holds in his hands more power than was ever dreamed of by Caesar or Alexander, if not by Napoleon—the fate of Europe, perhaps of Christianity itself. Sanussi Ahmed el-Shareef is the recognized sovereign of over 15,000,000 duly initiated members of the Sanussiyah; and it may be admitted without argument that these 15,000,000 control every Mohammedan in the northern half

of the African continent—perhaps 200,000,000 people. Who knows how many bees the unknown hives of Central Africa may send forth, once they are disturbed!

The power of the Sanussiyah is unquestionable. Sultans of Turkey have *gone to Jof* to pay their respects to the Grand Master of the Order, and one Turkish Sultan was excommunicated by the same chief because of his pro-Christian tendencies. Every member of the Order having an income of a hundred shillings a year or more, must contribute two and a half per cent of it to the war-chest which is kept at Jof. From east and west and north and south come munitions of war to be safely stored away in the unknown city of the Oasis until they shall be needed, and with them come pilgrims from every quarter. From Jof a system of political "wireless" runs to every court of the world: undoubtedly there is in Washington an emissary of Sanussi Ahmed el-Shareef, who sends his reports regularly to the Oasis of Kufra. It is said—but of course no Christian has ever seen—that factories exist at Jof for the manufacture of munitions of war; that a standing army is maintained there under the tutelage of Sanussis who have studied military tactics in Europe; that a camel-corps of 5000 men is only a part of the military organization which is constantly kept on a war footing; and that Moslem youths are systematically sent to Europe to the best technical schools, whence they return to teach their knowledge in the centres of Sanussiyah activity.[1]

Considering that the Sultan of Turkey, the only Mussulman who can declare a *jehad*, acknowledges his allegiance and submission to the chief of the

[1] E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S., in the *Outlook*, October 14, 1911.

Sanussiyah; and considering that the occupation of North Africa is a direct menace to the Sanussiyah and the centre of its civilization—its very heart as it were—at Jof, is there not reason to believe that a Moslem uprising will occupy a page of future history—perhaps not for a decade, perhaps not for a century. And considering further the power of the combined forces of the Sanussi chief, and the Turkish Sultan, can we say that Europe need not fear the murmur of menace from the dark continent?

I have said that Islam is waiting—waiting for war in Europe; waiting for the wholesale breaking of treaties and alliance and *ententes* that will accompany it. A war between any two European powers, in my opinion, would mean the uprising of Islam. If such a war is averted through fear of the *jehad*, as certain wars have been in recent past, the Moslems will not begin their crusades until they know that they are powerful enough to fight the Christian world. To me it seems certain that occupation of Africa has guaranteed peace in Europe. If war between France and Germany would mean that every other nation, including England, would be called upon to fight for its Moslem possessions, if not, in fact, for its very life, I imagine that England and the other nations—scarcely one of whom is free from Moslem entanglements—will see to it that there is no war.

This is the situation to-day between Islam and Christianity—and Islam holds the balance of power in Europe as truly as though she owned the crowns of the kings. France may embark upon a hundred years' war in Morocco; Spain may play along the Riffian coast; the tricolour may float over public buildings and banks and libraries in Algeria and

Tunis ; Italy may cluster along the seaboard of Tripoli ; England may make a new nation of Egypt, —but when the silent men in North Africa send to their chiefs the news that sleeping Islam stirs restlessly, European Chancellories, despite treaties and alliances, see to it that the cause of the annoyance is removed !

Although it has meant the extinction of a few dynasties, the occupation of North Africa has meant little to Islam as a whole. All Europe could not put enough men into North Africa to hold it against an uprising of Islam, and, if the attempt were made, would the Mussulmans of Europe and Asia stand by inactive ? From the East would come a horde that would crumple Europe like a paper bag, and Islam could cross the Mediterranean on the bodies of the Christian armies driven out of North Africa. Then would the fight be on for the possession of the world.

This is why the Moroccan question has been so important in the affairs of Europe ; this is why Turkey is still Turkey ; this is why Italy was " willing " to compromise with Turkey, and why she will be forced to restrict her operations in Tripoli to the seaboard. Islam must not be awakened by the noise either of approaching footsteps or of war in Europe.

Allah akbar !

APPENDIX

CHART OF MOROCCAN HISTORY

Year.		*Ruler.*
1550 B.C.	Immigration into North Africa of Celto-Ligurians from region of the Danube.	
550 B.C.	Establishment by Carthage of about 300 trading stations on the Moroccan coast.	
A.D. 25.	Mauretania becomes a colony of Augustus Caesar.	
41–42.	Conquest of Berbers by Suetonius Paulinus.	
268.	Vandals, Suevi, and Goths cross from Iberian peninsula and occupy N. Africa in a movement taking about 200 years.	
568.	Goths return to Morocco from the east.	
640.	Beginning of the Arab invasion from the east of all N. Africa.	
710.	Completion of conquest of Morocco by Arabs, with taking of Tangier. Tarik goes to Spain.	
763.	Idrees, fleeing from the east, is proclaimed king at Volubilis and founds Shareefian empire.	
788–1061.	IDREESI PERIOD.	IDREESI DYNASTY.
		788. (1) Idrees I.
		791. (2) Minority of his son.
		793. (3) Idrees II., son of (1).
	Laying of foundations for the Shareefian empire.	828. (4) Mohamed, son of (3).
		836. (5) Ali, son of (4).

Year.		*Ruler.*
788–1061. Idreesi Period.		Idreesi Dynasty.
	848.	(6) Yahya I., son of (4).
		(7) Yahya II., son of (6).
		(8) Yahya III.
		(8) Ali II., grandson of (3).
		(9) Yahya III., grandson of (3).
	904.	(10) Yahya IV., g.g. of (3).
	921.	Interregnum of usurper.
	922.	(11) Hassan, descendant of (3).
	925.	(12) Kennoun, descendant of (3).
	949.	(13) Ahmed, son of (12).
	955.	(14) Hassan, son of (12).
	968.	Dies and ends dynasty.
1061–1149. Murabati Period.		Almoravide Dynasty.
1068, Conquest of Spain.		(1) Yahya, son of Ibrahim Djelal.
		(2) Yahya, son of Omar.
Construction of the Shareefian empire.	1056.	(3) Abou Bekhr, son of Omar.
	1061.	(4) Yusuf, son of Tashifin.
	1106.	(5) Ali, son of (4).
	1143.	(6) Tashifin, son of (5).
	1146.	(7) Mohamed Ishak, son of (5).
	1147.	Dynasty ends.
1149–1213. Muwahhadi Period.		Almohade Dynasty.
	1130.	(1) Coming of Abd-el-Mumin.
	1163.	(2) Abu-Yakub-Yusuf, son of (1).
Extension of empire to the east.	1184.	(3) Abu-Yusuf-Yakub, son of (1).
	1199.	(4) Mohamed Nasir, son of (3).
	1214.	(5) Yusuf Mostansir, son of (4).
Reign of Yakub el-Mansur.	1223.	(6) Abd-ul-Wahid, son of (5).
	1224.	(7) El Adil, son of (3).
	1227.	(8) Yahya, son of (4).
	1229.	(9) Abul Mehmoon, son of (3).
	1232.	(10) Abd-ul-Wahid, son of (9).
	1242.	(11) Ali es-Said, son of (9).
	1248.	(12) Omar Murtada, descendant of (1).
	1266.	(13) Abd-ul-Wathik, descendant of (1).
	1269.	Killed by Beni Marin Berbers and dynasty ends.
1213–1524. Beni Marin Berber Period.		Beni Marin Dynasty.
	1195.	Abd-ul-Hakk.

Year.		*Ruler.*
1213–1524.	BENI MARIN BERBER PERIOD.	BENI MARIN DYNASTY.
	Defeat of Portuguese attempted invasion, and final success of Portuguese arms.	1217. Othman I.
		1239. Mohamed I.
		1244. Abu Yahya-Abu-Bekhr.
		1258. Abu-Yusuf-Yakub.
		1286. Abu-Yakub-Yusuf.
	Melilla taken by Spain.	1306. Abu-Thabit Amir.
		1308. Abu-l-Rabi Suleiman.
		1310. Abu-Said Othman II.
		1331. Abu-el-Hassan Ali.
		1348. Abu-Aynan.
		1358. Said.
		1359. Abu-Selim-Ibrahim.
		1361. Abu-Omar-Tashfin.
		1361. Abd-ul-Halim.
		1361. Abu-Ziyan-Mohamed II.
		1366. Abd-ul-Aziz.
		1372. Mohamed III.
		1374. Abd-ul-Abbas, King of Fez.
		Abd-ul-Rahman, King of Marrak.
		1384. Musa.
		1384. Muntasir.
		1386. Mohamed IV. (Wathik.)
		1387. Abd-ul-Abbas. (Restored.)
		1393. Abu-Faris.
		1408. Abu-Said.
		1416. Said, King of Fez.
		Yakub, King of Marraksh.
		1424. Abdallah.
		1470. Shareef.
1524–1550.	SAADI PERIOD.	WATASAID DYNASTY.
		1470. (1) Said (Sheik Wat'as).
		1500. (2) Mohamed I., son of (1).
		1530. (3) Ahmed, son of (2).
		1550. (4) Mohamed II., son of (3).
1550–1649.	PERIOD OF HASSANI SHAREEFS.	DYNASTY OF HASSANI SHAREEFS.
		1544. Mohamed I. (Sheik.)
	1578, Battle of El Kasar.	1557. Abd-Allah.
		1573. Mohamed II.
	1577, First foreign ambassor appointed to Morocco.	1575. Abu-Marwan Abd-ul-Malek I.
		1578. Abd-ul-Abbas Ahmed.
		1603. Sheik, Abu-Faris, Zaydan } Rivals.
		1608. Zaydan.
		1628. Abd-ul-Malek II.
		1630. Walid.
		1635. Mohamed III.

Year.	
1550–1649.	Period of Hassani Shareefs.
1649–	. Filali Period.
	1662–1684, English occupation of Tangier.
	1787, First treaty between Morocco and the United States.
	1791, First United States Consul appointed to Morocco.
	1858, War with Spain.
	1894, Abd-ul-Aziz proclaimed.
	1904, Anglo-French agreement regarding Morocco.
	1905, Conference of Algeciras.
	1907, Casablanca bombarded; French begin occupation.
	1908, Abd-ul-Aziz dethroned.
	1912, Ratification of treaty granting right of France to establish protectorate.

Ruler.	
	Dynasty of Hassani Shareefs.
1654.	Ahmed II.
1658.	End of dynasty.
	Filali Dynasty.
1664.	(1) Rasheed.
1672.	(2) Ismaïl.
1727.	(3) Ahmed.
1729.	(4) Abdallah.
1757.	(5) Mohamed I., son of (4).
1789.	(6) Yazeed, son of (5).
1792.	(7) Hisham.
1795.	(8) Suleiman.
1822.	(9) Abd-er-Rahman.
1859.	(10) Mohamed II.
1873.	(11) Hassan III.
1894.	(12) Abd-ul-Aziz, son of (11).
1907.	(13) Abd-el-Hafid, son of (11).

GLOSSARY

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Abid (Ar.), black mercenary.
Adil, or *adul* (Ar.), lawyer.
Ahudi (Ar.), Jew.
Aid-el-Kebeer (Ar.), great feast.
Aid-es-Seghir (Ar.), little feast.
Ajuba (Ar.), wonderful.
Al Moghreb al-Acksa (Ar.), land of the West.
Alim (Ar.), savant.
Allahumma lak el hamd (Ar.), O God, to Thee be praise!
Amigo (Sp.), friend, masc.; fem. *amiga*.
Aqui (Sp.), here.
Au naturel (Fr.), in the natural state.
Aweely (Ar.), ejaculation akin to "Woe upon us."

Baidayiah (Ar.), vest-like garment worn by men.
Balak (Ar.), make way.
Basha (Ar.), governor of town or province.
Bedouin (Ar.), certain tribes of the Sahara.
Bey (Ar.), governor of province.
Bilghai (Ar.), heelless slippers worn by men.
Bismillah (Ar.), in the name of Allah.
Blad (Ar.), territory.
Burrico (Sp.), donkey.
B'zaum (Ar.), woman's brooch.

Cache (Sp.), hiding-place.
Carramba (Sp.), Spanish expletive.
Casbah (Ar.), prison, or fortified portion of town.
Comité des Travaux Publiques (Fr.), Committee of Public Works.
Comment vous portez-vous? (Fr.), how do you do?
Como esta Usted? (Sp.), how are you?
Conoce Usted? (Sp.), do you know?
Coup (Fr.), stroke

Daba (Ar.), now.
Daba-daba (Ar.), quickly.
Dar-el-Baida (Ar.), White House, Casablanca.
Demi-monde (Fr.), half world.
D'fhair (Ar.), artificial hair plaits.
D'fun (Ar.), tunic.
Dibalj (Ar.), woman's bracelet.
Dios me libre (Sp.), Spanish expletive.
Djellab (Ar.), cloak or garment common to lower class of Moors.
Djibel Kebeer (Ar.), big hill.
Djibel Musa (Ar.), Hill of Musa. Ape's Hill, Morocco.
Djibel Tarik (Ar.), Hill of Tarik, Gibraltar.
Djinn (Ar.), spirit, pl. *djinnoon.*
Duro (Sp.), dollar.

Ed verdad (Sp.), it is the truth.
El Koran (Ar.), the Koran, Mohammedan Bible.
El Tebib (Ar.), the doctor.
En passant (Fr.), in passing.
En règle (Fr.), in order, proper.
Entente (Fr.), understanding, agreement.
Esta (Sp.), this, or it is (temporarily).

Facsimile (Fr.), reproduction, copy.
Fahil, or *f'kee* (Ar.), doctor of law.
Fahs (Ar.), the district of Fez.
Fantasia (Sp.), celebration, powder-play.
Farrijiah (Ar.), man's garment.
Fête (Fr.), celebration.
Fez, of *shashia* (Ar.), red cap, or tarboosh.
Fooa (Ar.), a plant used in tanning.
Fotah (Ar.), sort of towel used by women as garment.

Ghaiatah (Ar.), wind instrument, something like a clarinet.
Gimbri (Ar.), small mandolin with two or three strings.

Hadj (Ar.), name given those who have made the Mekkan pilgrimage.
Haik (Ar.), outer wrap of the women.
Halluf (Ar.), pig.
Hambel (Ar.), cross-woven carpet.
Hammam (Ar.), bath.
Harem (Ar.), quarters of the women.

Hasheesh (Ar.), Indian hemp, a strong narcotic.
Hazzam (Ar.), woman's belt.
Henna (Ar.), brown stain with which the women mark hands and faces.
Hoi polloi (Gr.), rabble.
Honaya (Ar.), here.

Incognito (Sp.), unknown, unrecognized.
Ipso facto (Lat.), in itself.

Jhiblee (Ar.), bring me.

Kadi (Ar.), judge.
Kaftan (Ar.), long garment worn by both men and women.
Kaid (Ar.), chieftain.
Karmus (Ar.), figs.
Kaseeda (Ar.), a form of poetry.
Kass (Ar.), glass, tumbler.
Kawha (Ar.), coffee.
K'china (Ar.), cochineal.
Keef (Ar.), smoking mixture of Indian hemp and tobacco.
Keef-keef (Ar.), it's all the same ; no matter.
Kesk'soo (Ar.), national dish of the Moors ; semolina.
Khakhil (Ar.), ankle-bands, anklets.
Khalifa (Ar.), representative, agent.
Khawatim (Ar.), finger-rings.
Khol (Ar.), antimony, used for colouring eyebrows and lashes.
Khoobz (Ar.), bread.
Koob (Ar.), hood of the *djellab*.
Koran (Ar.), Bible of the Mohammedans.
K'sa (Ar.), toga-like wrap worn by old men.
K'tifa (Ar.), form of carpet, mixture of hambel and zirbia.
Kumiah (Ar.), curved knife, in sheath.

La Allah il Allah, Mohamet resoul Allah (Ar.), there is no God but God, and Mohamet is His Prophet.
L'Affaire Perdicaris (Fr.), the Perdicaris affair.
La Banque d'Etat (Fr.), the State Bank.
La Dépêche Marocaine (Fr.), the Moroccan despatch.
Le docteur (Fr.), the doctor.
Légion d'Honneur (Fr.), the Legion of Honour of France.
Légion Étrangère (Fr.), the Foreign Legion.
Litham (Ar.), veil worn by women.

Maa (Ar.), water.
Madrasah (Ar.), college.
Maghzen (Ar.), the Moorish Government.
Maktoob (Ar.), it is written.
Mantilla (Sp.), shawl worn by Spanish women.
Marshan (Ar.), the elevated plateau overlooking Tangier.
Mashaiyat (Ar.), red slippers worn by women.
Mayordomo (Sp.), chamberlain.
M'dammah (Ar.), belt worn by men.
Mellah (Ar.), Jewish quarter of town.
Ménage (Fr.), establishment.
M'fatil (Ar.), ear-ring.
M'halla, or *emhalla* (Ar.), Government troops.
M'kadem (Ar.), headman.
Moalud (Ar.), birth-month of Mohammed.
Modiste (Fr.), dressmaker.
Moghreb (Ar.), a land, or country.
Moheba (Ar.), form of poetry.
Mouzuna (Ar.), coin.
M'sallah (Ar.), public prayer.
M'shamizien (Ar.), very bad.
Muchisimas gracias (Sp.), many thanks.
Mueddin (Ar.), call to prayer.
Mullah (Ar.), religious leader.

Na' ma' que la verda' (Sp.), nothing more than the truth.
Catalonia dialect for "Nada mas que la verdad."
N'est-ce pas? (Fr.), is it not so?
Nil (Lat.), a negative quantity.
N'zerene (Ar.), Christian.

Okea (Ar.), about three cents.
Opera bouffe (Fr.), comedy.
Opia (Ar. and Sp.), opium and its various forms.

Pannier (Fr.), double basket used on beasts of burden.
Patio (Sp.), inner courtyard.
Pénétration pacifique (Fr.), pacific penetration; otherwise "guerre."
Peseta (Sp.), silver coin worth about 19.3 cents American.
Policia (Sp.), police.
Por el Gracia de Dios (Sp.), through the Grace of God.
Porque (Sp.), why or because.
Pot pourri (Fr.), mixture.

Pourparler (Fr.), confabs ; diplomatic discussions.
Protégé (Fr.), protected person.

Quai d'Orsay (Fr.), headquarters of the French Foreign Office.
Querida (Sp.), dear, fem.

Rakkas (Ar.), courier.
Ramadan (Ar.), the annual fast of one lunar month.
Real (Sp.), monetary denomination, worth about 4 cents. Equivalent to the Arabic *bilyone*.
Résumé (Fr.), summary.
Rida (Ar.), indoor head-covering.
Rif (Ar.), district lying along Mediterranean coast of Morocco.
Roumi (Ar.), literally Romans ; used to designate all Christians.
Ruahi (Ar.), ordinary slippers used by women.
Rubie reconstruido (Sp.), reconstructed ruby.

Sahibi (Ar.), friend.
Salaam alekum (Ar.), greeting between Mohammedans.
Sanussi (Ar.), follower of Sanussi Ahmed el-Shareef. Pl. *Sanussiyah*.
Señor (Sp.), Mister.
Señora (Sp.), Madam.
Señorita (Sp.), Miss.
Shakarah (Ar.), leather bag worn to take place of pockets.
Shareef (Ar.), descendant of the Prophet.
Shawia (Ar.), the Casablanca district.
Shilha (Ar.), language spoken by the Shluh, or Southern Berbers.
Shoof (Ar.), look.
Shraa (Ar.), the Moorish court.
Shrabel (Ar.), decorated slippers for women.
Shurgy (Ar.), Eastern Trade wind. (Sp.) Levanter.
Si (Ar.), the common form of Mister. Others are *Sid* and *Sidi*.
Siageen (Ar.), main street.
Sidna (Ar.), used only for the Sultan ; about the same as Your Majesty or His Majesty.
Signora (It.), Madam.
Socco (Sp.), market-place.
Socco chico (Sp.), little market-place.
Socco grande (Sp.), great market-place.
Son Excellence (Fr.), His Excellency.
Sok (Ar.), market-place.
Sok el-Kebeer (Ar.), great market-place.

Sulham (Ar.), outer garment worn by well-to-do Moors; demanded at Court.
Sûs (Ar.), south: Southern Morocco.
Swarri (Ar.), pannier.

Taboo (Ar.), prohibited.
Taleb (Ar.), schoolmaster, teacher.
Tanjaa Bailah (Ar.), Old Tangier.
Tarboosh (Turk.), flat-topped red cap.
Tarde (Sp.), afternoon, late.
Tebib (Ar.), doctor.
T'mar (Ar.), dates.

Ulema (Ar.), city fathers, wise men.
Usted ha visto (Sp.), you have seen.
Uzza (Ar.), plant used in tanning.

Vous êtes très bien (Fr.), you are very well.

Wahid (Ar.), one.
Wahk'a (Ar.), all right; it is well.
Wild-el-Sheetan (Ar.), sons of the Evil One.
Wilhelmstrasse (Germ.), situation of German Foreign Office.

Yallah (Ar.), come on; go ahead.
Y su familia? (Sp.), and your family.

Zirbia (Ar.), tufted carpet.

THE END

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